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By Edith Wharton

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THIS is the story that, in the dining-room of the old Beacon Street house (now the Aldebaran Club), Judge Anthony Bracknell, of the famous East India firm of Bracknell & Saulsbee, when the ladies had withdrawn to the oval parlour (and Maria's harp was throwing its gauzy web of sound across the Common), used to relate to his grandsons, about the year that Buonaparte marched upon Moscow.

I

"Him Venice!" said the Lascar with the big earrings; and Tony Bracknell, leaning on the high gunwale of his father's East Indiaman, the Hepzibah B., saw far off, across the morning sea, a faint vision of towers and domes dissolved in golden air.

It was a rare February day of the year 1760, and young Tony, newly of age, and bound on the grand tour aboard the crack merchantman of old Bracknell's fleet, felt his heart leap up as the distant city trembled into shape. *Venice!* The name, since childhood, had been a magician's wand to him. In the hall of the old Bracknell house at Salem there hung a series of yellowing prints which Uncle Richard Saulsbee had brought home from one of his long voyages: views of heathen mosques and palaces, of the Grand Turk's Seraglio, of St. Peter's Church in Rome; and, in a corner—the corner nearest the rack where the old flintlocks hung—a busy merry populous scene, entitled: *St. Mark's Square in Venice.* This picture, from the first, had singularly taken little Tony's fancy. His unformulated criticism on the others

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was that they lacked action. True, in the view of St. Peter's an experienced-looking gentleman in a full-bottomed wig was pointing out the fairly obvious monument to a bashful companion, who had presumably not ventured to raise his eyes to it; while, at the doors of the Seraglio, a group of turbaned infidels observed with less hesitancy the approach of a veiled lady on a camel. But in Venice so many things were happening at once—more, Tony was sure, than had ever happened in Boston in a twelve-month or in Salem in a long lifetime. For here, by their garb, were people of every nation on earth, Chinamen, Turks, Spaniards, and many more, mixed with a parti-coloured throng of gentry, lacqueys, chapmen, hucksters, and tall personages in parsons' gowns who stalked through the crowd with an air of mastery, a string of parasites at their heels. And all these people seemed to be diverting themselves hugely, chaffering with the hucksters, watching the antics of trained dogs and monkeys, distributing doles to maimed beggars or having their pockets picked by slippery-looking fellows in black—the whole with such an air of ease and good-humour that one felt the cut-purses to be as much a part of the show as the tumbling acrobats and animals.

As Tony advanced in years and experience this childish mumming lost its magic; but not so the early imaginings it had excited. For the old picture had been but the spring-board of fancy, the first step of a cloud-ladder leading to a land of dreams. With these dreams the name of Venice remained associated; and all that observation or report subsequently brought him concerning the place seemed, on a sober warranty of fact, to confirm its claim to stand midway between reality and illusion. There was, for instance, a slender Venice glass, gold-powdered as with lily-pollen or the dust of sunbeams, that, standing in the corner cabinet betwixt two Lowestoft caddies, seemed, among its lifeless neighbours, to palpitate like an impaled butterfly. There was, farther, a gold chain of his mother's, spun of that same sun-pollen, so thread-like, impalpable, that it slipped through the fingers like light, yet so strong that it carried a heavy pendant which seemed held in air as if by magic. *Magic!* That was the word which the thought of Venice evoked. It was the kind of place, Tony felt, in which things elsewhere impossible might naturally happen, in which two and two might make five, a paradox elope with a syllogism, and a conclusion give the lie to its own premiss. Was there ever a young heart that did not, once and again, long to get away into such a world as that? Tony, at least, had felt the longing from the first hour when the axioms in his horn-book had brought home to him his heavy responsibilities as a Christian and a sinner. And now here was his wish taking shape before him, as the distant haze of gold shaped itself into towers and domes across the morning sea!

The Reverend Ozias Mounce, Tony's governor and bear-leader, was just putting a hand to the third clause of the fourth part of a sermon on Free-Will and Predestination as the Hepzibah B.'s anchor rattled overboard. Tony, in his haste to be ashore, would have made one plunge with the anchor; but the Reverend Ozias, on being roused from his lucubrations, earnestly protested against leaving his argument in suspense. What was the trifle of an arrival at some Papistical foreign city, where the very churches wore turbans like so many Moslem idolators, to the important fact of Mr. Mounce's summing up his conclusions before the Muse of Theology took flight? He should be happy, he said, if the tide served, to visit Venice with Mr. Bracknell the next morning.

The next morning, ha!—Tony murmured a submissive "Yes, sir," winked at the subjugated captain, buckled on his sword, pressed his hat down with a flourish, and before the Reverend Ozias had arrived at his next deduction, was skimming merrily shoreward in the Hepzibah's gig.

A moment more and he was in the thick of it! Here was the very world of the old print, only suffused with sunlight and colour, and bubbling with merry noises. What a scene it was! A square enclosed in fantastic painted buildings, and peopled with a throng as fantastic: a bawling, laughing, jostling, sweating mob, parti-coloured, parti-speeched, crackling and sputtering under the hot sun like a dish of fritters over a kitchen fire. Tony, agape, shouldered his way through the press, aware at once that, spite of the tumult, the

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shrillness, the gesticulation, there was no undercurrent of clownishness, no tendency to horse-play, as in such crowds on market-day at home, but a kind of facetious suavity which seemed to include everybody in the circumference of one huge joke. In such an air the sense of strangeness soon wore off, and Tony was beginning to feel himself vastly at home, when a lift of the tide bore him against a droll-looking bell-ringing fellow who carried above his head a tall metal tree hung with sherbet-glasses. The encounter set the glasses spinning, and three or four spun off and clattered to the stones. The sherbet-seller called on all the saints, and Tony, clapping a lordly hand to his pocket, tossed him a ducat by mistake for a sequin. The fellow's eyes shot out of their orbits, and just then a personable-looking young man who had observed the transaction stepped up to Tony and said pleasantly, in English:

"I perceive, sir, that you are not familiar with our currency."

"Does he want more?" says Tony, very lordly; whereat the other laughed and replied: "You have given him enough to retire from his business and open a gaming-house over the arcade."

Tony joined in the laugh, and this incident bridging the preliminaries, the two young men were presently hobnobbing over a glass of Canary in front of one of the coffee-houses about the square. Tony counted himself lucky to have run across an English-speaking companion who was good-natured enough to give him a clue to the labyrinth; and when he had paid for the Canary (in the coin his friend selected) they set out again to view the town. The Italian gentleman, who called himself Count Rialto, appeared to have a very numerous acquaintance, and was able to point out to Tony all the chief dignitaries of the state, the men of ton and ladies of fashion, as well as a number of other characters of a kind not openly mentioned in taking a census of Salem.

Tony, who was not averse from reading when nothing better offered, had perused the "Merchant of Venice" and Mr. Otway's fine tragedy; but though these pieces had given him a notion that the social usages of Venice differed from those at home, he was unprepared for the surprising appearance and manners of the great people his friend named to him. The gravest Senators of the Republic went in prodigious striped trousers, short cloaks and feathered hats. One nobleman wore a ruff and doctor's gown, another a black velvet tunic slashed with rose-colour; while the President of the dreaded Council of Ten was a terrible strutting fellow with a rapier-like nose, a buff leather jerkin and a trailing scarlet cloak that the crowd was careful not to step on.

It was all vastly diverting, and Tony would gladly have gone on forever; but he had given his word to the captain to be at the landing-place at sunset, and here was dusk already creeping over the skies! Tony was a man of honour; and having pressed on the Count a handsome damascened dagger selected from one of the goldsmiths' shops in a narrow street lined with such wares, he insisted on turning his face toward the Hepzibah's gig. The Count yielded reluctantly; but as they came out again on the square they were caught in a great throng pouring toward the doors of the cathedral.

"They go to Benediction," said the Count. "A beautiful sight, with many lights and flowers. It is a pity you cannot take a peep at it."

Tony thought so too, and in another minute a legless beggar had pulled back the leathern flap of the cathedral door, and they stood in a haze of gold and perfume that seemed to rise and fall on the mighty undulations of the organ. Here the press was as thick as without; and as Tony flattened himself against a pillar, he heard a pretty voice at his elbow:—"Oh, sir, oh, sir, your sword!"

He turned at sound of the broken English, and saw a girl who matched the voice trying to disengage her dress from the tip of his scabbard. She wore one of the voluminous black hoods which the Venetian ladies affected, and under its projecting eaves her face spied out at him as sweet as a nesting bird.

In the dusk their hands met over the scabbard, and as she freed herself a shred of her lace flounce clung to Tony's enchanted fingers. Looking after her, he saw she was on the arm of a pompous-looking graybeard in a long black gown and scarlet stockings, who, on perceiving the exchange of glances between the young

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people, drew the lady away with a threatening look.

The Count met Tony's eye with a smile. "One of our Venetian beauties," said he; "the lovely Polixena Cador. She is thought to have the finest eyes in Venice."

"She spoke English," stammered Tony.

"Oh — ah — precisely: she learned the language at the Court of Saint James's, where her father, the Senator, was formerly accredited as Ambassador. She played as an infant with the royal princes of England."

"And that was her father?"

"Assuredly: young ladies of Donna Polixena's rank do not go abroad save with their parents or a duenna."

Just then a soft hand slid into Tony's. His heart gave a foolish bound, and he turned about half-expecting to meet again the merry eyes under the hood; but saw instead a slender brown boy, in some kind of fanciful page's dress, who thrust a folded paper between his fingers and vanished in the throng. Tony, in a tingle, glanced surreptitiously at the Count, who appeared absorbed in his prayers. The crowd, at the ringing of a bell, had in fact been overswept by a sudden wave of devotion; and Tony seized the moment to step beneath a lighted shrine with his letter.

"I am in dreadful trouble and implore your help. Polixena"—he read; but hardly had he seized the sense of the words when a hand fell on his shoulder, and a stern-looking man in a cocked hat, and bearing a kind of rod or mace, pronounced a few words in Venetian.

Tony, with a start, thrust the letter in his breast, and tried to jerk himself free; but the harder he jerked the tighter grew the other's grip, and the Count, presently perceiving what had happened, pushed his way through the crowd, and whispered hastily to his companion: "For God's sake, make no struggle. This is serious. Keep quiet and do as I tell you."

Tony was no chicken-heart. He had something of a name for pugnacity among the lads of his own age at home, and was not the man to stand in Venice what he would have resented in Salem; but the devil of it was that this black fellow seemed to be pointing to the letter in his breast; and this suspicion was confirmed by the Count's agitated whisper.

"This is one of the agents of the Ten.—For God's sake, no outcry." He exchanged a word or two with the mace-bearer and again turned to Tony. "You have been seen concealing a letter about your person——"

"And what of that?" says Tony furiously.

"Gently, gently, my master. A letter handed to you by the page of Donna Polixena Cador.—A black business! Oh, a very black business! This Cador is one of the most powerful nobles in Venice—I beseech you, not a word, sir! Let me think—deliberate——"

His hand on Tony's shoulder, he carried on a rapid dialogue with the potentate in the cocked hat.

"I am sorry, sir—but our young ladies of rank are as jealously guarded as the Grand Turk's wives, and you must be answerable for this scandal. The best I can do is to have you taken privately to the Palazzo Cador, instead of being brought before the Council. I have pleaded your youth and inexperience"—Tony winced at this—"and I think the business may still be arranged."

Meanwhile the agent of the Ten had yielded his place to a sharp-featured shabby-looking fellow in black, dressed somewhat like a lawyer's clerk, who laid a grimy hand on Tony's arm, and with many apologetic gestures steered him through the crowd to the doors of the church. The Count held him by the other arm, and in this fashion they emerged on the square, which now lay in darkness save for the many lights twinkling under the arcade and in the windows of the gaming-rooms above it.

Tony by this time had regained voice enough to declare that he would go where they pleased, but that he must first say a word to the mate of the Hepzibah, who had now been awaiting him some two hours or more at the landing-place.

The Count repeated this to Tony's custodian, but the latter shook his head and rattled off a sharp denial.

"Impossible, sir," said the Count. "I entreat you not to insist. Any resistance will tell against you in the end."

Tony fell silent. With a rapid eye he was measuring his chances of escape. In wind and limb he was more than a mate

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for his captors, and boyhood's ruses were not so far behind him but he felt himself equal to outwitting a dozen grown men; but he had the sense to see that at a cry the crowd would close in on him. Space was what he wanted: a clear ten yards, and he would have laughed at Doge and Council. But the throng was thick as glue, and he walked on submissively, keeping his eye alert for an opening. Suddenly the mob swerved aside after some new show. Tony's fist shot out at the black fellow's chest, and before the latter could right himself the young New Englander was showing a clean pair of heels to his escort. On he sped, cleaving the crowd like a flood-tide in Gloucester bay, diving under the first arch that caught his eye, dashing down a lane to an unlit water-way, and plunging across a narrow hump-back bridge which landed him in a black pocket between walls. But now his pursuers were at his back, reinforced by the yelping mob. The walls were too high to scale, and for all his courage Tony's breath came short as he paced the masonry cage in which ill-luck had landed him. Suddenly a gate opened in one of the walls, and a slip of a servant wench looked out and beckoned him. There was no time to weigh chances. Tony dashed through the gate, his rescuer slammed and bolted it, and the two stood in a narrow paved well between high houses.

II

THE servant picked up a lantern and signed to Tony to follow her. They climbed a squalid stairway of stone, felt their way along a corridor, and entered a tall vaulted room feebly lit by an oil-lamp hung from the painted ceiling. Tony discerned traces of former splendour in his surroundings, but he had no time to examine them, for a figure started up at his approach and in the dim light he recognized the girl who was the cause of all his troubles.

She sprang toward him with outstretched hands, but as he advanced her face changed and she shrank back abashed.

"This is a misunderstanding—a dreadful misunderstanding," she cried out in her pretty broken English. "Oh, how does it happen that you are here?"

"Through no choice of my own, madam, I assure you!" retorted Tony, not overpleased by his reception.

"But why—how—how did you make this unfortunate mistake?"

"Why, madam, if you'll excuse my candour, I think the mistake was yours——"

"Mine?"

——"in sending me a letter——"

"*You*—a letter?"

——"by a simpleton of a lad, who must needs hand it to me under your father's very nose——"

The girl broke in on him with a cry. "What! It was *you* who received my letter?" She swept round on the little maid-servant and submerged her under a flood of Venetian. The latter volleyed back in the same jargon, and as she did so, Tony's astonished eye detected in her the doubleted page who had handed him the letter in Saint Mark's.

"What!" he cried, "the lad was this girl in disguise?"

Polixena broke off with an irrepressible smile; but her face clouded instantly and she returned to the charge.

"This wicked, careless girl—she has ruined me, she will be my undoing! Oh, sir, how can I make you understand? The letter was not intended for you—it was meant for the English Ambassador, an old friend of my mother's, from whom I hoped to obtain assistance—oh, how can I ever excuse myself to you?"

"No excuses are needed, madam," said Tony bowing; "though I am surprised, I own, that any one should mistake me for an ambassador."

Here a wave of mirth again overran Polixena's face. "Oh, sir, you must pardon my poor girl's mistake. She heard you speaking English, and—and—I had told her to hand the letter to the handsomest foreigner in the church." Tony bowed again, more profoundly. "The English Ambassador," Polixena added simply, "is a very handsome man."

"I wish, madam, I were a better proxy!"

She echoed his laugh, and then clapped her hands together with a look of anguish. "Fool that I am! How can I jest at such a moment? I am in dreadful trouble, and now perhaps I have brought trouble on you also—— Oh, my father! I hear my father coming!" She turned pale and leaned tremblingly upon the little servant

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Footsteps and loud voices were in fact heard outside, and a moment later the red-stockinged Senator stalked into the room attended by half-a-dozen of the magnificoes whom Tony had seen abroad in the square. At sight of him, all clapped hands to their swords and burst into furious outcries; and though their jargon was unintelligible to the young man, their tones and gestures made their meaning unpleasantly plain. The Senator, with a start of anger, first flung himself on the intruder; then, snatched back by his companions, turned wrathfully on his daughter, who, at his feet, with outstretched arms and streaming face, pleaded her cause with all the eloquence of young distress. Meanwhile the other nobles gesticulated vehemently among themselves, and one, a truculent-looking personage in ruff and Spanish cape, stalked apart, keeping a jealous eye on Tony. The latter was at his wit's end how to comport himself, for the lovely Polixena's tears had quite drowned her few words of English, and beyond guessing that the magnificoes meant him a mischief he had no notion what they would be at.

At this point, luckily, his friend Count Rialto suddenly broke in on the scene, and was at once assailed by all the tongues in the room. He pulled a long face at sight of Tony, but signed to the young man to be silent, and addressed himself earnestly to the Senator. The latter, at first, would not draw breath to hear him; but presently, sobering, he walked apart with the Count, and the two conversed together out of earshot.

"My dear sir," said the Count, at length turning to Tony with a perturbed countenance, "it is as I feared, and you are fallen into a great misfortune."

"A great misfortune! A great trap, I call it!" shouted Tony, whose blood, by this time, was boiling; but as he uttered the word the beautiful Polixena cast such a stricken look on him that he blushed up to the forehead.

"Be careful," said the Count, in a low tone. "Though his Illustriousness does not speak your language, he understands a few words of it, and——"

"So much the better!" broke in Tony; "I hope he will understand me if I ask him in plain English what is his grievance against me."

The Senator, at this, would have burst forth again; but the Count, stepping between, answered quickly: "His grievance against you is that you have been detected in secret correspondence with his daughter, the most noble Polixena Cador, the betrothed bride of this gentleman, the most illustrious Marquess Zanipolo——" and he waved a deferential hand at the frowning hidalgo of the cape and ruff.

"Sir," said Tony, "if that is the extent of my offence, it lies with the young lady to set me free, since by her own avowal——" but here he stopped short, for, to his surprise, Polixena shot a terrified glance at him.

"Sir," interposed the Count, "we are not accustomed in Venice to take shelter behind a lady's reputation."

"No more are we in Salem," retorted Tony in a white heat. "I was merely about to remark that, by the young lady's avowal, she has never seen me before."

Polixena's eyes signalled her gratitude, and he felt he would have died to defend her.

The Count translated his statement, and presently pursued: "His Illustriousness observes that, in that case, his daughter's misconduct has been all the more reprehensible."

"Her misconduct? Of what does he accuse her?"

"Of sending you, just now, in the church of Saint Mark's, a letter which you were seen to read openly and thrust in your bosom. The incident was witnessed by his Illustriousness the Marquess Zanipolo, who, in consequence, has already repudiated his unhappy bride."

Tony stared contemptuously at the black Marquess. "If his Illustriousness is so lacking in gallantry as to repudiate a lady on so trivial a pretext, it is he and not I who should be the object of her father's resentment."

"That, my dear young gentleman, is hardly for you to decide. Your only excuse being your ignorance of our customs, it is scarcely for you to advise us how to behave in matters of punctilio."

It seemed to Tony as though the Count were going over to his enemies, and the thought sharpened his retort.

"I had supposed," said he, "that men of sense had much the same behaviour in all countries, and that, here as elsewhere, a gentleman would be taken at his word. I solemnly affirm that the letter I was seen

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to read reflects in no way on the honour of this young lady, and has in fact nothing to do with what you suppose."

As he had himself no notion what the letter was about, this was as far as he dared commit himself.

There was another brief consultation in the opposing camp, and the Count then said: —"We all know, sir, that a gentleman is obliged to meet certain enquiries by a denial; but you have at your command the means of immediately clearing the lady. Will you show the letter to her father?"

There was a perceptible pause, during which Tony, while appearing to look straight before him, managed to deflect an interrogatory glance toward Polixena. Her reply was a faint negative motion, accompanied by unmistakable signs of apprehension.

"Poor girl!" he thought, "she is in a worse case than I imagined, and whatever happens I must keep her secret."

He turned to the Senator with a deep bow. "I am not," said he, "in the habit of showing my private correspondence to strangers."

The Count interpreted these words, and Donna Polixena's father, dashing his hand on his hilt, broke into furious invective, while the Marquess continued to nurse his outraged feelings aloof.

The Count shook his head funereally. "Alas, sir, it is as I feared. This is not the first time that youth and propinquity have led to fatal imprudence. But I need hardly, I suppose, point out the obligation incumbent upon you as a man of honour."

Tony stared at him haughtily, with a look which was meant for the Marquess. "And what obligation is that?"

"To repair the wrong you have done—in other words, to marry the lady."

Polixena at this burst into tears, and Tony said to himself: "Why in heaven does she not bid me show the letter?" Then he remembered that it had no superscription, and that the words it contained, supposing them to have been addressed to himself, were hardly of a nature to disarm suspicion. The sense of the girl's grave plight effaced all thought of his own risk, but the Count's last words struck him as so preposterous that he could not repress a smile.

"I cannot flatter myself," said he, "that the lady would welcome this solution."

The Count's manner became increasingly ceremonious. "Such modesty," he said, "becomes your youth and inexperience; but even if it were justified it would scarcely alter the case, as it is always assumed in this country that a young lady wishes to marry the man whom her father has selected."

"But I understood just now," Tony interposed, "that the gentleman yonder was in that enviable position."

"So he was, till circumstances obliged him to waive the privilege in your favour."

"He does me too much honour; but if a deep sense of my unworthiness obliges me to decline——"

"You are still," interrupted the Count, "labouring under a misapprehension. Your choice in the matter is no more to be consulted than the lady's. Not to put too fine a point on it, it is necessary that you should marry her within the hour."

Tony, at this, for all his spirit, felt the blood run thin in his veins. He looked in silence at the threatening visages between himself and the door, stole a side-glance at the high barred windows of the apartment, and then turned to Polixena, who had fallen sobbing at her father's feet.

"And if I refuse?" said he.

The Count made a significant gesture. "I am not so foolish as to threaten a man of your mettle. But perhaps you are unaware what the consequences would be to the lady."

Polixena, at this, struggling to her feet, addressed a few impassioned words to the Count and her father; but the latter put her aside with an obdurate gesture.

The Count turned to Tony. "The lady herself pleads for you—at what cost you do not guess—but as you see it is vain. In an hour his Illustriousness's chaplain will be here. Meanwhile his Illustriousness consents to leave you in the custody of your betrothed."

He stepped back, and the other gentlemen, bowing with deep ceremony to Tony, stalked out one by one from the room. Tony heard the key turn in the lock, and found himself alone with Polixena.

III

THE girl had sunk into a chair, her face hidden, a picture of shame and agony. So moving was the sight that Tony once again forgot his own extremity in the view of her

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distress. He went and kneeled beside her, drawing her hands from her face.

"Oh, don't make me look at you!" she sobbed; but it was on his bosom that she hid from his gaze. He held her there a breathing-space, as he might have clasped a weeping child; then she drew back and put him gently from her.

"What humiliation!" she lamented.

"Do you think I blame you for what has happened?"

"Alas, was it not my foolish letter that brought you to this plight? And how nobly you defended me! How generous it was of you not to show the letter! If my father knew I had written to the Ambassador to save me from this dreadful marriage his anger against me would be even greater."

"Ah—it was that you wrote for?" cried Tony with unaccountable relief.

"Of course—what else did you think?"

"But is it too late for the Ambassador to save you?"

"From *you?*" A smile flashed through her tears. "Alas, yes." She drew back and hid her face again, as though overcome by a fresh wave of shame.

Tony glanced about him. "If I could wrench a bar out of that window——" he muttered.

"Impossible! The court is guarded. You are a prisoner, alas.—Oh, I must speak!" She sprang up and paced the room. "But indeed you can scarce think worse of me than you do already——"

"I think ill of you?"

"Alas, you must! To be unwilling to marry the man my father has chosen for me——"

"Such a beetle-browed lout! It would be a burning shame if you married him."

"Ah, you come from a free country. Here a girl is allowed no choice."

"It is infamous, I say—infamous!"

"No, no—I ought to have resigned myself, like so many others."

"Resigned yourself to that brute! Impossible!"

"He has a dreadful name for violence—his gondolier has told my little maid such tales of him! But why do I talk of myself, when it is of you I should be thinking?"

"Of me, poor child?" cried Tony, losing his head.

"Yes, and how to save you—for I *can* save you! But every moment counts—and yet what I have to say is so dreadful."

"Nothing from your lips could seem dreadful."

"Ah, if he had had your way of speaking!"

"Well, now at least you are free of him," said Tony, a little wildly; but at this she stood up and bent a grave look on him.

"No, I am not free," she said; "but you are, if you will do as I tell you."

Tony, at this, felt a sudden dizziness; as though, from a mad flight through clouds and darkness, he had dropped to safety again, and the fall had stunned him.

"What am I to do?" he said.

"Look away from me, or I can never tell you."

He thought at first that this was a jest, but her eyes commanded him, and reluctantly he walked away and leaned in the embrasure of the window. She stood in the middle of the room, and as soon as his back was turned she began to speak in a quick monotonous voice, as though she were reciting a lesson.

"You must know that the Marquess Zanipolo, though a great noble, is not a rich man. True, he has large estates, but he is a desperate spendthrift and gambler, and would sell his soul for a round sum of ready money.—If you turn round I shall not go on!—He wrangled horribly with my father over my dowry—he wanted me to have more than either of my sisters, though one married a Procurator and the other a grandee of Spain. But my father is a gambler too—oh, such fortunes as are squandered over the arcade yonder! And so—and so—don't turn, I implore you—oh, do you begin to see my meaning?"

She broke off sobbing, and it took all his strength to keep his eyes from her.

"Go on," he said.

"Will you not understand? Oh, I would say anything to save you! You don't know us Venetians—we're all to be bought for a price. It is not only the brides who are marketable—sometimes the husbands sell themselves too. And they think you rich—my father does, and the others—I don't know why, unless you have shown your money too freely—and the English are all rich, are they not? And—oh, oh—do you understand? Oh, I can't bear your eyes!"

She dropped into a chair, her head on

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her arms, and Tony in a flash was at her side.

"My poor child, my poor Polixena!" he cried, and wept and clasped her.

"You *are* rich, are you not? You would promise them a ransom?" she persisted.

"To enable you to marry the Marquess?"

"To enable you to escape from this place. Oh, I hope I may never see your face again." She fell to weeping once more, and he drew away and paced the floor in a fever.

Presently she sprang up with a fresh air of resolution, and pointed to a clock against the wall. "The hour is nearly over. It is quite true that my father is gone to fetch his chaplain. Oh, I implore you, be warned by me! There is no other way of escape."

"And if I do as you say——?'

"You are safe! You are free! I stake my life on it."

"And you—you are married to that villain?"

"But I shall have saved you. Tell me your name, that I may say it to myself when I am alone."

"My name is Anthony. But you must not marry that fellow."

"You forgive me, Anthony? You don't think too badly of me?"

"I say you must not marry that fellow."

She laid a trembling hand on his arm. "Time presses," she adjured him, "and I warn you there is no other way."

For a moment he had a vision of his mother, sitting very upright, on a Sunday evening, reading Dr. Tillotson's sermons in the best parlour at Salem; then he swung round on the girl and caught both her hands in his. "Yes, there is," he cried, "if you are willing. Polixena, let the priest come!"

She shrank back from him, white and radiant. "Oh, hush, be silent!" she said.

"I am no noble Marquess, and have no great estates," he cried. "My father is a plain India merchant in the colony of Massachusetts—but if you——"

"Oh, hush, I say! I don't know what your long words mean. But I bless you, bless you, bless you on my knees!" And she knelt before him, and fell to kissing his hands.

He drew her up to his breast and held her there.

"You are willing, Polixena?" he said.

"No, no!" She broke from him with outstretched hands. "I am not willing. You mistake me. I must marry the Marquess, I tell you!"

"On my money?" he taunted her; and her burning blush rebuked him.

"Yes, on your money," she said sadly.

"Why? Because, much as you hate him, you hate me still more?"

She was silent.

"If you hate me, why do you sacrifice yourself for me?" he persisted.

"You torture me! And I tell you the hour is past."

"Let it pass. I'll not accept your sacrifice. I will not lift a finger to help another man to marry you."

"Oh, madman, madman!" she murmured.

Tony, with crossed arms, faced her squarely, and she leaned against the wall a few feet off from him. Her breast throbbed under its lace and falbalas, and her eyes swam with terror and entreaty.

"Polixena, I love you!" he cried.

A blush swept over her throat and bosom, bathing her in light to the verge of her troubled brows.

"I love you! I love you!" he repeated.

And now she was on his breast again, and all their youth was in their lips. But her embrace was as fleeting as a bird's poise and before he knew it he clasped empty air, and half the room was between them.

She was holding up a little coral charm and laughing. "I took it from your fob," she said. "It is of no value, is it? And I shall not get any of the money, you know."

She continued to laugh strangely, and the rouge burned like fire in her ashen face.

"What are you talking of?" he said.

"They never give me anything but the clothes I wear. And I shall never see you again, Anthony!" She gave him a dreadful look. "Oh, my poor boy, my poor love—'*I love you, I love you, Polixena!*'"

He thought she had turned light-headed, and advanced to her with soothing words; but she held him quietly at arm's length, and as he gazed he read the truth in her face.

He fell back from her, and a sob broke from him as he bowed his head on his hands.

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"Only, for God's sake, have the money ready, or there may be foul play here," she said.

As she spoke there was a great tramping of steps outside and a burst of voices on the threshold.

"It is all a lie," she gasped out, "about my marriage, and the Marquess, and the Ambassador, and the Senator—but not, oh, not about your danger in this place—or about my love," she breathed to him. And as the key rattled in the door she laid her lips on his brow.

The key rattled, and the door swung open—but the black-cassocked gentleman who stepped in, though a priest indeed, was no votary of idolatrous rites, but that sound orthodox divine, the Reverend Ozias Mounce, looking very much perturbed at his surroundings, and very much on the alert for the Scarlet Woman. He was supported, to his evident relief, by the captain of the Hepzibah B., and the procession was closed by an escort of stern-looking fellows in cocked hats and small-swords, who led between them Tony's late friends the magnificoes, now as sorry a looking company as the law ever landed in her net.

The captain strode briskly into the room, uttering a grunt of satisfaction as he clapped eyes on Tony.

"So, Mr. Bracknell," said he, "you have been seeing the Carnival with this pack of mummers, have you? And this is where your pleasuring has landed you? H'm—a pretty establishment, and a pretty lady at the head of it." He glanced about the apartment, and doffed his hat with mock ceremony to Polixena, who faced him like a princess.

"Why, my girl," said he, amicably, "I think I saw you this morning in the square, on the arm of the Pantaloon yonder; and as for that Captain Spavent——" and he pointed a derisive finger at the Marquess—"I've watched him drive his bully's trade under the arcade ever since I first dropped anchor in these waters. Well, well," he continued, his indignation subsiding, "all's fair in Carnival, I suppose, but this gentleman here is under sailing orders, and I fear we must break up your little party."

At this Tony saw Count Rialto step forward, looking very small and explanatory, and uncovering obsequiously to the captain.

"I can assure you, sir," said the Count in his best English, "that this incident is the result of an unfortunate misunderstanding, and if you will oblige us by dismissing these myrmidons, any of my friends here will be happy to offer satisfaction to Mr. Bracknell and his companions."

Mr. Mounce shrank visibly at this, and the captain burst into a loud guffaw.

"Satisfaction?" says he. "Why, my cock, that's very handsome of you, considering the rope's at your throats. But we'll not take advantage of your generosity, for I fear Mr. Bracknell has already trespassed on it too long. You pack

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of galley-slaves, you!" he spluttered suddenly, "decoying young innocents with that devil's bait of yours——" His eye fell on Polixena, and his voice softened unaccountably. "Ah, well, we must all see the Carnival once, I suppose," he said. "All's well that ends well, as the fellow says in the play; and now, if you please, Mr. Bracknell, if you'll take the reverend gentleman's arm there, we'll bid adieu to our hospitable entertainers, and right about face for the Hepzibah."

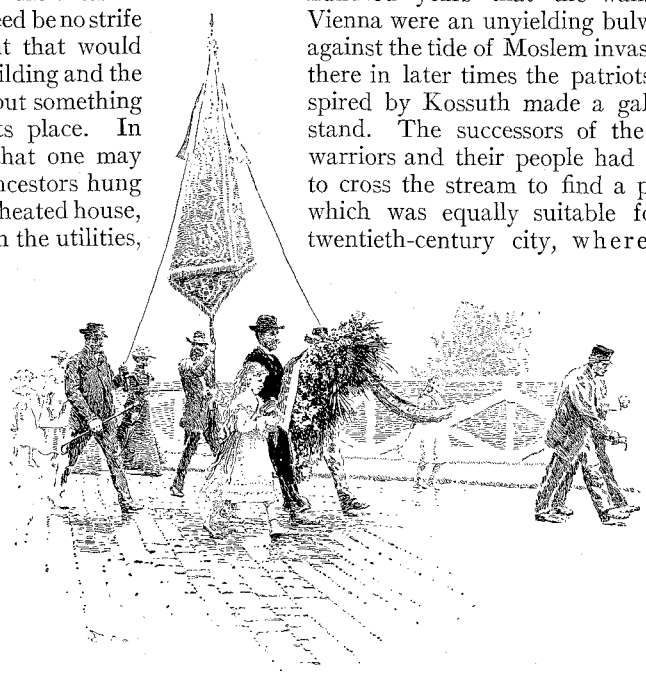
BUDA AND PEST

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

SITUATED on a river which hears more tongues than any other on its long journey to the sea, feeling the influence of the Orient as well as the Occident, expressive of the progress of a race whose heart is young, is Pest, one of the newest of cities, joined by a hyphen and five bridges to Buda, one of the oldest of capitals. Here there need be no strife between the sentiment that would preserve an ancient building and the enterprise that would put something more serviceable in its place. In much the same way that one may have portraits of his ancestors hung on the walls of a steam-heated house, without interfering with the utilities, so the Magyar from a comfortable chair in his café, while he listens to stock exchange quotations or the opera over the telephone, may look across the Danube at the monuments of the Hungarian past. On our part we should have a parallel if Washington were the commercial metropolis as well as the capital and we moved the heights of Arlington farther down the Potomac and crowned them with Liberty Hall, Castle William, and Old South Church.

In other European cities where an old municipal site adjoins a modern, though hills are levelled and moats filled, the cramping effect of narrow alley-ways and crooked streets still remains. The heights of the Buda side formed a natural stronghold in the Middle Ages. There the first Hungarian king was crowned; there the Turkish janissaries were encamped for the hundred years that the walls of Vienna were an unyielding bulwark against the tide of Moslem invasion; there in later times the patriots inspired by Kossuth made a gallant stand. The successors of the old warriors and their people had only to cross the stream to find a plain which was equally suitable for a twentieth-century city, where in peace they have won successes that they failed to win in war. It is unfortunate that when nature was so kindly in providing a pedestal for historical landmarks, so few of



Flowers for Kossuth's grave.

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Sweeping—always sweeping.

them should remain. For the visitor is disappointed in Buda as seen from the Buda side, if not with Buda as seen from the Pest side. The passion of the race for its sacred places, the patriotic imagination which finds a spot attractive because of what was once there, does not hold with him except in countries with whose history he is familiar by the absorption of a lifetime. He seeks more and more as he travels, especially if he is leaving other mediæval cities behind him, the picturesque, the artistic, and the sheerly old. Archaic and ill-proportioned St. Matthias restored from the havoc of shell fire can have no more charm for him than Faneuil Hall for one to whom our history is as distant in his daily life as the Austro-Hungarian Compromise is to that of the average American.

But once *en rapport* with the Hungarian spirit, you fully understand how the Hungarian, however widely travelled, has found nothing from the Bay of Naples to the Harbor of Hong Kong, which approaches the view of Buda from the terrace of the Houses of Parliament; and while not fully sharing his enthusiasm, you agree that it is magnificent and unique, and worth coming far to see. The Palace dominates Budapest as the Capitol does Washington, while the scaffolding about one of its wings is as suggestive of its story as the golden crown that surmounts the main cupola. Hungary keeps on adding to the huge pile of stone out of national pride. Every new room is another reason in the national mind why Francis Joseph should spend more of his time at Buda. Not that Pest is fond of Francis Joseph; but having a king, it will be satisfied only when it has as much of him as Vienna.

Nothing is so pleasing to the Magyar eye as to see the sun—the rising sun—shining on the crown when the rest of the palace is in shadow. It is the superlative influence in the life of a city of inveterate politicians and café disputants. It stands for more than sovereignty: for lost sovereignty and a national independence, which sentiment would like to regain, however much wisdom may scout, as it does, the separate state with overwhelmingly large neighbors. To an Irishman, the harp and the shamrock represent something of the same idea. Where in other countries you would see the arms of the nation or a portrait of the ruler, here you see the crown—the crown which was placed on the head of a Hapsburg, not the Hapsburgs' crown. And always, whether on a mail box or in a show window, the surmounting cross is bent just as that on the original in the regalia on the hill of Buda is. They say that St.

Flower sellers.

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Stephen, who brought his people into the path of Christianity with an iron hand, once in an outburst of rage removed the sacred insignia of sovereignty which the Pope had given him, with the result which

unfinished state such as upheaved streets and sidewalks blocked by building material, which are supposedly common to growing places, one has to keep reminding himself of the fact, then the newness is only

Looking towards Margaret's Island from the Palace.

can be seen to this day. The Hungarians are fond of this story. It pleases the swarthy descendants of his people to believe that their Stephen was no drawing-room dandy, but a man of passion and primitive vigor.

With all their fondness for an heirloom and their treasured pride in a past line of kings, here is a people, the newest-come of any in Europe to confidence in a great future. I have first dwelt upon Buda because, to understand urban as well as rural Hungary, you must keep in mind this crown with its bent cross which looks down upon Pest, a city larger than St. Louis and little older than Chicago. If in the presence of a seemingly leisurely existence and the absence of those outward signs of an

the more remarkable. Of all modern cities, Chicago, on account of its quick growth and its location as the centre of one of the world's granaries, should suggest Pest. But comparison here can be particularly odious, not to Chicago's discredit according to American ideas, and not to Pest's according to Hungarian. They represent two theories of existence as different as they well can be within the bounds of Christian civilization. In one, public comfort waits on individual strife, and in the other, individual strife waits on public comfort. To the Hungarian it was left to make, with more telling effect than any other one nationality, the simple discovery that the entire land surface on the face of the earth is immense compared with the area of cities.

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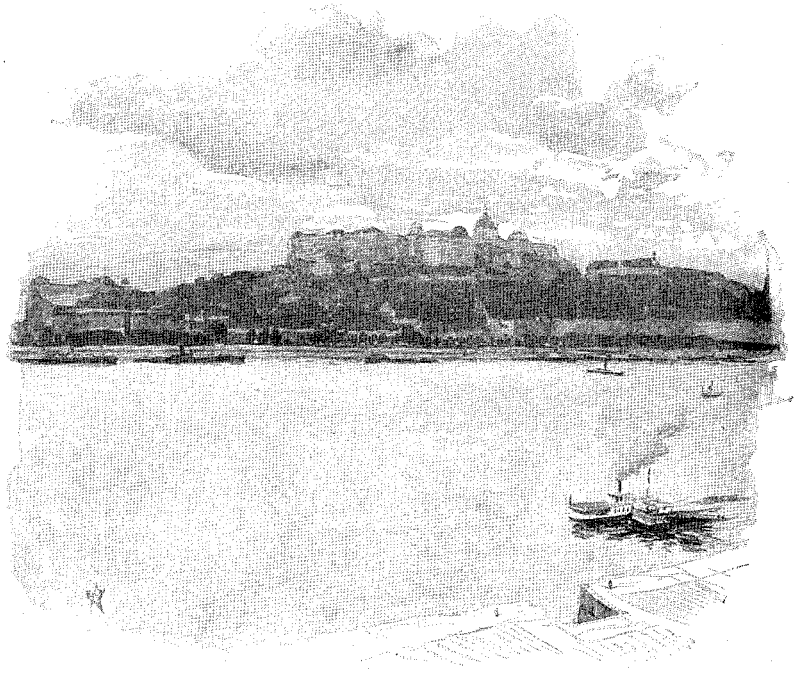
"To look at it in the practical way of Americans, and to speak in parables as you do," said one citizen of Pest, "Manhattan Island would grow little wheat. You crowd upon it and fling tiny low-ceilinged rooms to the sky in a way that would indicate that it was forbidden to live on the other side of the river. Yet such is not the case. Within a short distance there is plenty of land untilled and unoccupied. When you have worked hard in town you rush away by train at a break-neck rate instead of having a little of the country with you all the time."



The Palace from the Pest side of the Danube.

This view is peculiarly explanatory of Pest. The value of proximity to the throbbing centre of business affairs is relatively negligible. A Pestian thinks of having his office near the opera or the theatre as well as near his house. When I asked where the Wall Street was I was told that I was living on it, and the Bourse was just across the street from the hotel. Business is done everywhere—not a little of it in the cafés, and in a holiday manner, the more attractive considering the large amount accomplished. A step from the Bourse is the Corso. Elsewhere this mile of water front in the heart of a city would have been given over to commerce, and parks or playgrounds in the suburbs would have been carried farther down and farther up stream. Naturally the Pestian did the reverse. The stretch of the Danube's bank which gave him the best view of his beloved Buda he reserved for a promenade. All day long it is as quiet as a residence street of one of our great cities. Toward evening it becomes as animated as a lobby of a theatre between the acts. Instead of rushing to the train or the electric car after work hours, the Pestian crosses the street to a café or a restaurant, where very likely his wife meets him. If Broadway were lined with verdure and tables, and the outpouring thousands from the congested districts should stop at their favorite places to eat and drink and chat on the way home, it would go far toward solving the rapid-transit problem. For the crowd

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

From the Royal Terrace looking down the Danube, with the fortress on the right.

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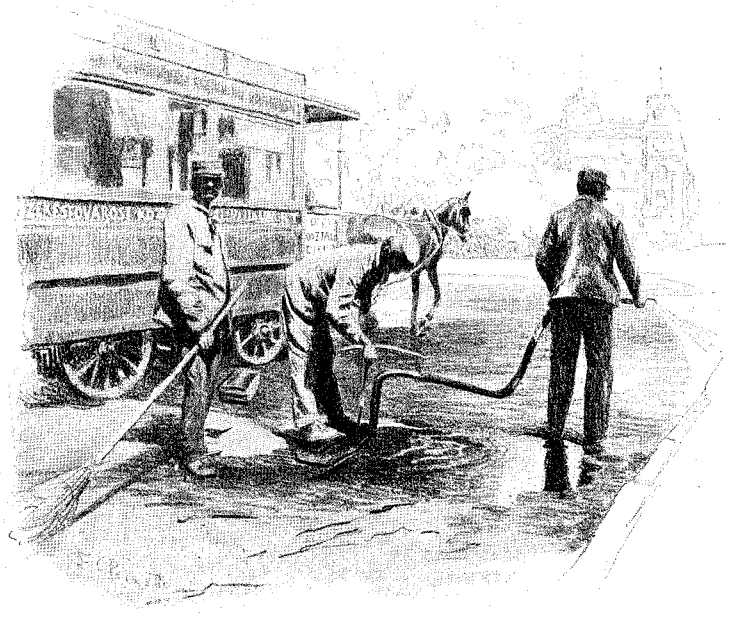
would be moved by degrees, between six and eleven in the evening.

Possibly you are already thinking of another city, and saying that Pest is a Hungarian Paris or Vienna. The trees and the cafés are Parisian; only there are more trees and more cafés, and in Pest the cafés do not have a crowded existence. There is never the impression of a few tables and a few chairs forced into a narrow space. It seems as if, when the city was laid out and when the buildings were erected, special provision had been made for tables and shrubbery in front of them, in the same way that space is calculated for gardens and fountains and lakes in laying out an exposition ground. If old Paris were all on a hill on one side of the Seine, and new Paris had been built since '60, and the Parisian had the free life of the gypsy in his heart, and the Russian's fondness for room whether outdoors or in, and art and architecture had flourished in Hungary for centuries, there might be some reason for that comparison which frequently occurs to the hurrying tourist.



The ubiquitous men with the hose.

As often as I have breakfasted in the open in the heart of Paris, preferably early, when all things seem fresh from the matutinal bath, and Madame from the kiosk window gives you a sou's worth of news and a franc's worth of cheery greeting, by luncheon time, unless I was in the suburbs, I have found the quality and the quantity of dust such that I preferred to eat within doors. In Pest if your hat drops or is knocked off the chair where you laid it you feel that properly it ought to have been brushed before instead of after it fell. If you never looked up from the pavement you would be forever thinking that it had just been raining, and hopefully with such a bright sun the pavement would dry soon. With a Turkish fondness for having things brought to him where he sits, the Hungarian has combined a mania for the immersion of all inanimate, if not animate, objects, which is anything but Turkish. The scrubbing which the Dutch housewife applies to her stoop is carried into the middle of the street, only the city does stoop and all. The municipality's ubiquitous servants are the men with the hose and the men and women with the broom, who even sweep up the petals of the flowers in the parks as they fall. The promptness of units in performing their tasks is such that you might well believe that you are living in the horseless age. One thing to be avoided, it seems, is any lack in numbers of the legionaries. If the postman does not hurry, there are enough of him to collect the mails often and on time.

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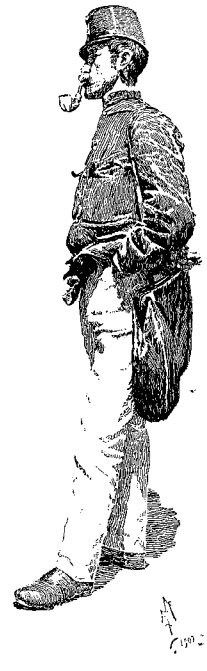
A café facing the Danube.

The abundance of labor is evident in the numerous small trucks drawn by hand, and particularly and picturesquely in the messengers, who, as all visitors to continental cities know, are waiting about the streets instead of at the end of a wire running into an electric call box. Only the Pestian *Dienstman* is distinct and omnipresent. A streak of gray, at least, seems a qualification of entrance to his charmed circle. Always he is old, always unusually short of stature, it seems to me. You have only to look up from your table at the café to have one lift his red cap in polite reminder of his presence and his readiness as the invaluable aide-de-camp of human communication. Possessed by the fancy that I was actually employing the little men who were the companions of Rip Van Winkle in his long sleep, I found myself inventing errands for them.

But the *Dienstman* does not belong to the municipality. He is only a licensed individual whose honesty is insured by a trust company. The hose bearers are the real rulers of the city. They go in pairs from spigot to spigot, and each has his beaurocratic part in the operation as carefully prescribed as if he were in a gun's crew of a man-of-war. There is room enough on the main thoroughfares so that the marksman always skips about between people with the stream, in a way that is proof of his training and experience. This passion to use as much of the Danube as possible every day, while it keeps any dust from falling on the café tables (where the people spend so much of their time), gives the rooms of the houses (where they spend so little) the dampness of cellars except on the sunniest days. The trees are watered as systematically as the plants in a greenhouse, and are provided with saucer-shaped mouths rimmed with sod so they may drink their fill. There is rarely a street without its two rows, and the boulevards have four and even six. Outside of the Park proper one seeks in vain for an old or a maimed one; even there he found none with withering or yellow leaves being nursed with scientific



A postman.

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In the market-place.

care, as if its fading life were more valuable than a young forest. Each is as green as the willows by the brookside, thanks to the eternal rain-shower about its roots. Each is in the full vigor of youth, like the young conscript soldiers of the land, and all have the uniformity of columns and divisions which had been especially selected.

One wonders if this verdure-loving people has not a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Trees, and as soon as one turns sere or loses a limb it is not cut into cord-wood as a matter of mercy. If so, the vacant places are filled over-night, and morning finds no break in the ranks. Why should a tree have individuality of knots and scars by which you could recognize it and watch its changes each year, under a bureaucratic continental system in which everybody sits in the same dining-room? Wherever two streets come diagonally together, wherever, indeed, there is any excuse whatsoever, is a little park continually drenched by the solicitous hosemen, whose mania demonstrably has method, because I never saw them trying to wash off the surface of the Danube. A creation of gingerbread tiles set in a park under the trees of the Boulevard is not, as you would think at first sight, a kiosk for the sale of flowers, but a station of the underground. It is pleasant to know that the cleanliness is carried into the big central market, whence the State railways, all in State-directed order, bring the food for the city. Stout market-women who set up their booths on the pavement leave lanes through which the sprinkling cart regularly passes. The difficulty is to realize that it is not always summer in Budapest, and one

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feels a pang of real sympathy with the native at thought that water perforce will freeze and the hose may not be played the year round. The winter is severe and its winds are fierce. For months every café must have its doors closed.

European paternalism, which would select a site for a city, lay out streets, erect buildings—as Germany has actually done at Kiao-chou, and Russia at Dalny—and then place a population there as systematically as it would furnish an office, has its advantages, and these are aggrandized among a people who live so much in the streets that they take the same interest in public matters that an American does in his home. Moreover, the history of his country makes every Hungarian a politician as surely as it does every Irishman and every Pole. No municipality is probably outwardly more expressive of the nature of its inhabitants. With the Germans pressing them from two sides, Pest is from sheer force of association more like Vienna than like any other capital. Yet one who would be polite does well not to compliment a Hungarian on this fact. The city, as the heart of Hungary, is waging a continual battle against German influence. With a solidarity which forms a model of thorough-going patriotism, every Hungarian is fighting for the preservation and extension of his language. Only Hungarian is taught in the schools, only Hungarian is used in public signs and public business. At the municipal opera Wagner is always sung in Magyar. The large Magyar-German population must speak the native tongue or be wholly isolated, and the boast of the Hungarian is that the second generation does speak it by preference. If you ask a street-car conductor a question in German he very likely will not answer you; but if you begin it with "Please" in Hungarian and continue in German he will suddenly find his tongue. This uncompromising attitude makes the welcome which, in the name of his dollars or pounds sterling the tourist receives elsewhere on the Continent, less palpable here. The Pestian is perfectly sure that his is the most wonderful city in the world. That being true, why should not the outlander know Hungarian as well as English, French, and German?

Those reformers who see an attractive feature in foreign life and would immediately transfer it to their own country often forget the widely differing habits of people. I imagine that the heavy traffic of the streets of one of our large cities would soon play havoc with the municipal arrangements of Budapest. With different meal hours alone it would be a vastly different place. Actually the Hungarian seems to be eating at all times. Officially he is most regular, with something of a growing boy's appetite for a piece between meals. He begins his day with coffee and his paper at the café. His dinner is taken at midday. At six the bread baskets and the paprika cellars, and the water bottles mounting guard over them, are placed in soldierly rows on the café tables. Then

A flirtation.

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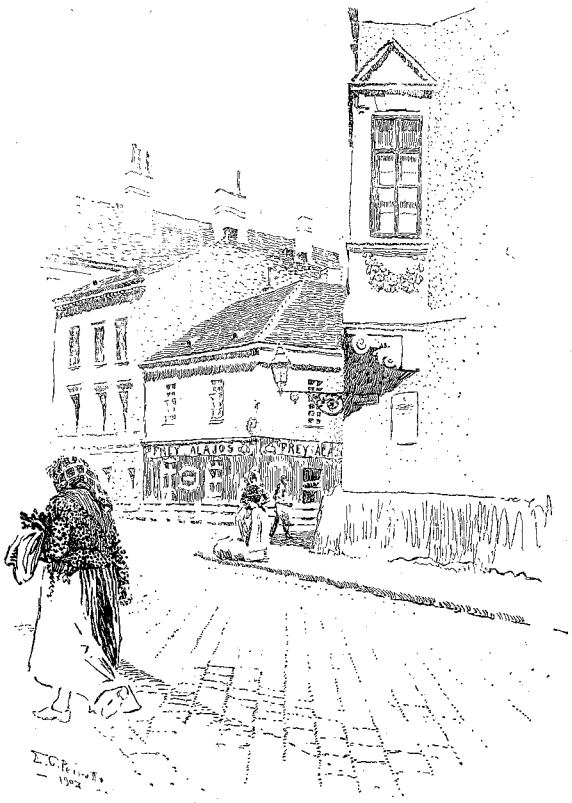
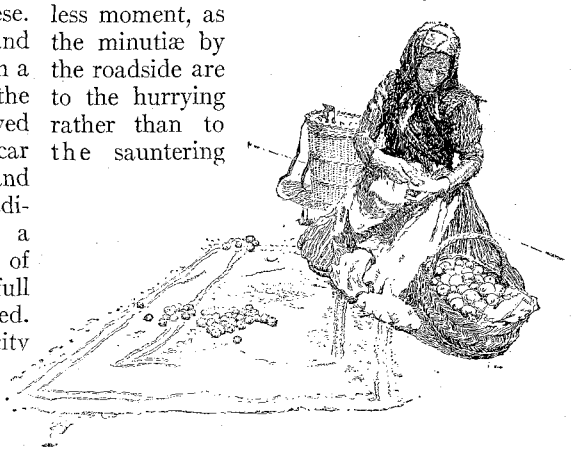


In Old Buda.

begins a new day, or the second day in the twenty-four hours, which is as fresh in its surroundings as that which begins with the morning, thanks to the deluge of water. Bread eating is as much a habit with the Magyar as iced-water drinking is with us. Indeed, he even surpasses the Viennese. A table where he could not reach out and take a roll as one does an envelope from a pigeon-hole in his desk, would give the same impression of a function unobserved as if the waiter on a Pullman dining car did not bring a glassful of cracked ice and fill the crevices from a decanter immediately you were seated. Though not a victim of iced water, the Hungarian is of ices. The cans in the café chest are full at the time that the breads are placed. While the people of an Anglo-Saxon city are rushing home, suspended from car straps, the Magyar is dipping a spoon in something pink or white or coffee-colored, with a piece of bread swelling his cheek, and enjoying twilight in the open.

The idea of finishing the day's grind by the labor of putting on a dinner jacket and swallowing an appetizer at a gulp would strike him as a punishment. When you observe a portly dame and her daughters each consuming three or four ices, you realize that the gum-chewing and the ice-cream-soda habits are not the only inflictions of modern life. For the price of a light refreshment one may sit as long as he pleases with the whole world of Pest moving before his eyes. Nothing is more noticeable than the absence of boredom on the faces of old as well as young. This nightly function ever has the charm of novelty. That great consideration in making life pleasant which takes a vital interest in its little fixtures day in and day out is as strong in this young and in a sense restless race as in the French. They live for the purpose of enjoying what they produce, not for the joy of producing the more. In other words, existence is not the strife to turn some new luxury into a necessity, but the art of drawing out all possible pleasure from its simple requirements. This may account for the interesting example of a large city having been built in such a short time and yet seeming so clean and finished. The intensity of effort which would make the earning power of a place of similar size at home much greater, thanks to high wages and labor-saving machinery, must necessarily leave more litter, which accordingly is of less moment, as the minutiæ by the roadside are to the hurrying rather than to the sauntering



A fruit shop on the pavement.

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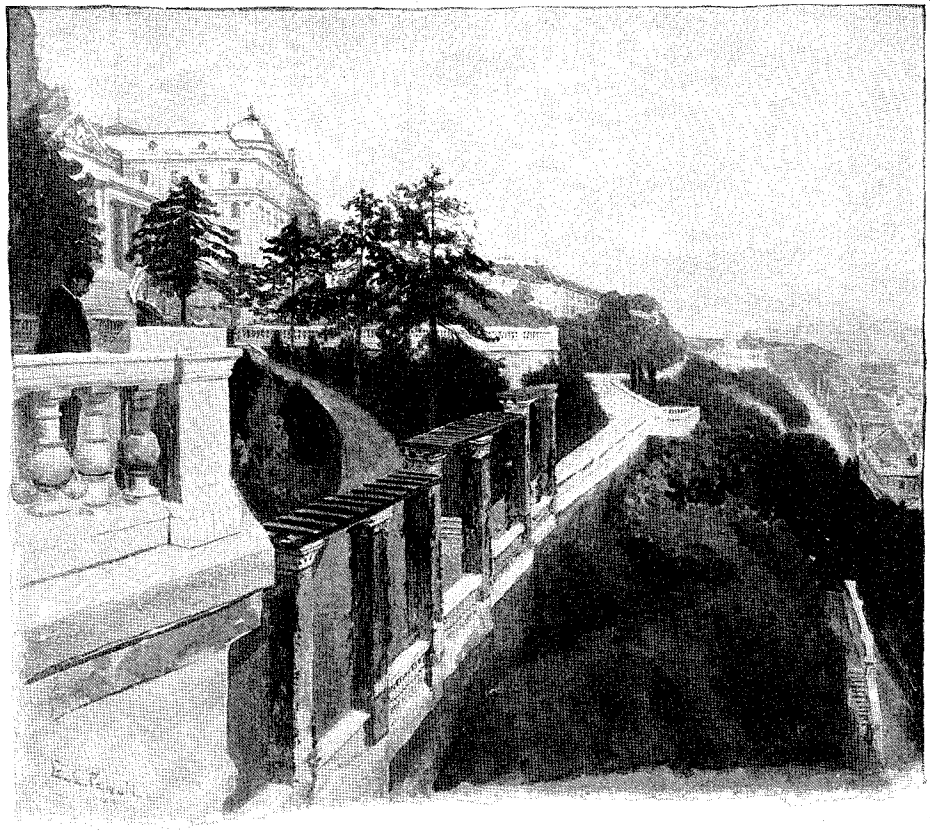

Terrace of the King's Palace.

pedestrian. It is thoroughly characteristic that one hears the opera over the telephone and that it takes half an hour to get a letter of credit cashed at a bank, where sand is still used for blotting. The telephone newspaper, which delivers the news from certain sources at certain hours—seeming at first thought a most enterprising affair—is slow beside the quick glance up and down the columns of the successive editions of an afternoon paper. Not that there are not afternoon papers in Pest. There are, with political articles on the first page, as elsewhere on the Continent.

Dress is far from a fetich with either sex, as one who watches the evening promenade will soon see. In combinations of color of Oriental brightness the women are quite independent of the fashions of Paris. The abundant proportions of feminine distinction are not hampered by high corsets. Possibly the reaction from the stiffness of his life as a conscript may account for the lack of uniformity of the Continental man's dress, which reaches its extreme here. There are many kinds of hats in Hungary, but not more than of colored waistcoats, self-evident jewelry, or the silver-headed walking sticks, which seem as much a part of a Hungarian's life as shucking beads to the Turk. Impersonality is a racial characteristic almost as pronounced as in the Japanese. When the Magyar turns and examines the foreigner from head to foot he is not rude, for if you treated him to the same scrutiny he would not feel the slightest embarrassment. He is the most gregarious of beings. Dining alone or sitting alone he regards as an outlandish barbarity most in favor with Englishmen. The theory that what is natural is best, is practised in many ways which remind the visitor by the very fact that they attract his attention how the artifices and manners in which he is trained have become second nature. An officer may be the model

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of jacket-compressed rigidity as he promenades; but if the soup is good, why shouldn't he enjoy it, though the medals he wears tinkle on the rim of his plate? If a man is engaged to a girl, why should he conceal the fact? At a folk-lore play which I attended I saw that city life, however, has had its artificial effect here as well as elsewhere, and sensuous Pest is only limitedly natural. In the country there is no such thing as false modesty in word or action.

At half-past six the lights begin to show yellow in the Municipal Opera House, and the long lines of promenaders send their contingents thither and to the theatres, whose performances begin at seven. At eight the white cloths are laid on the tables, the paprika and mustard dishes and the bread baskets are refilled, and Pest has its supper from then until after the theatres are out. Of course many people eat at home, but a proportion so much smaller than in an Anglo-Saxon country, that one inevitably thinks that none do. If the weather is fair and all the tables are occupied, the restaurateur merely brings one from a seemingly inexhaustible storehouse within and places it in the street. To interfere with the pleasure of a fellow-being who is merely taking up a little room in a broad thoroughfare never occurs to the Magyar, who, moving simply for the sake of seeing, does not mind if his course bends a little, provided that he is always in sight of the multitude and rubbing elbows with them. For a merchant to pile up boxes on the sidewalk would be an entirely different matter and call forth a protest.

District messengers.

If you will go into the country you will find the origin of that love of open-air life which the city has only qualified. The peasant is fond of sipping his wine and eating his bread in the open. At rural inns there is music until one and two in the morning, and indeed, if you want it as you have imagined it, played with unrestrained passion by fiddlers in native costume, you must get away from the great centres. It would seem from a superficial glimpse of Pest that most of the Hungarian orchestras had been exported to the hotels and summer gardens of other lands. Relatively few of the cafés have music, and in the big restaurant the ear of the visitor is too often greeted with selections with which he is too familiar at home, but which are, of course, novelties to the native. Even in Pest, if you will go to the theatres or seek characteristic places, you will hear the wild gypsy tunes given with all the abandon of players the sway of whose bodies and the sparkle of whose eyes show that they are "living" their tunes. Only one can not quite recover from the disappointment of his preconceived idea that the orchestras were as numerous as the cafés, and the boulevards were one revel of melody.

Why shouldn't we too dine in the open? is the question which everyone asks on his first visit to Paris. He asks it the more emphatically at Pest. The reason is that the next time that you invite a friend to dinner you will seek the table in the far corner of the dining room where you may have him *tête-a-tête*. In Pest it is the tables under the limelight, as it were, which are

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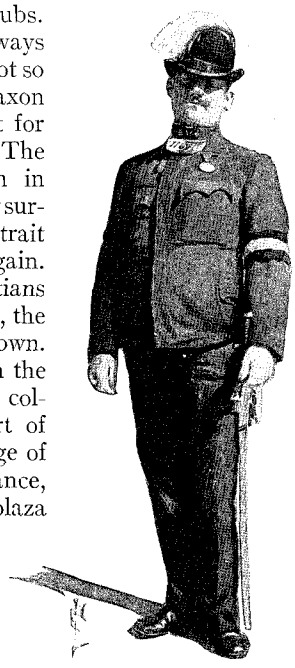
taken first. If we rub elbows we prefer to do it in our clubs. The passing throng is always interesting, it is true, but not so interesting to the Anglo-Saxon that he wants to watch it for three or four hours a day. The American who has been in Pest a week will very likely surprise himself at a racial trait by dining within doors again.

While the mass of Pestians are walking up and down, the few are riding up and down. Andrassy Boulevard, with the needle of the millennial column—alone in this part of Pest—suggestive of the age of Buda showing in the distance, where it breaks into the plaza at the Park entrance, is surely one of the most beautiful avenues in the world. This is the residence of the new nobility, in contradistinction to the old, which dwells in the Magnates' Quarter, where the trees are behind walls and gardens have gates surmounted by wrought-iron coats of arms, and the whole effect is one of age and exclusiveness in comparison with the activity and the broad tree-studded way of the Andrassy. If interior grandeur is always equal to that of the exterior, few capitals have greater mansions. The taste that puts the bas-relief of an ancestor in the outer wall may strike us oddly; but why not put it there as well as in the hall? the casuist asks. No house is without its balcony, where the table may be set for the ices at the same hour that they are in the cafés. Exterior statuary and decorations are as indispensable, it would seem, as a front door. On the Varosliget, the fashionable driving road in the Park, you may see the faces of the nobles, the notabilities, and the wealthy pass and repass, as you do in Hyde Park and on the Roman Pincio. Among them are occasional officers in uniform, who plainly do not live on their pay, and coachmen in the picturesque national costume of the narrow-rimmed hat with feather and the short, brass-button studded jacket and trousers with the scroll on the legs. The Varosliget is in one sense both Fifth Avenue and Broadway, Newport. For the heated months the Pestian of position, if he does not go to the baths or abroad, goes to his country estate. The possession of an inherited country estate in an agricultural country of great landowners is one of the prime tests of gentility. The big Park Club serves much the same purpose as the Newport Reading Room, which is the resort of a shorter season entirely separate from metropolitan life. Its veranda is the café of the noblesse, visible between grill-work as well as shrubbery. The national passion which, generally speaking, finds its expression in lotteries, here resolves itself into gambling, which has the robustiousness of mediæval days when a man staked his fortune on a throw. Only a few hundred yards away, at the other end of the Park, is the people's ground, where not all the maids are in machine prints, but some still wear velvet aprons and short skirts and boots, and on the arms of the dapper little soldiers of Hungary pass down the line of peep-shows, having many features which are universal and some which are peculiarly Magyar, all being barked in good Coney Island style. The people do not bore themselves with the Varosliget any more than the Varosliget bores itself with the people.



A policeman.

Street vender.

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With the abundance of verdure and its freshness, and the universal cleanliness ever appealing to the visitor, at times he feels resentful toward the architecture on the Pest side (except the Houses of Parliament and the University), on account of its garish boldness of gold and blues which ever intrude upon the beauty of a huge village of capacious houses set in a park. The Buda side, seen from the opposite bank, with the old fortress on the highest hill, the Palace on a second, and St. Matthias (imposing in its altitude and its distance) on a third; with gray masonry and terraces among trees rising from the broad street by the river's side—that is the product of time, situation, and a bold simplicity which would make the absence of any fine buildings in Pest excusable, and perhaps illy prepares one to appreciate those which exist within sight of the golden crown and its magnificent setting.

When we consider how very young art is in modern Hungary, we marvel at what has been done, and recall the words of one of her leaders about a future that shall be greater than the past. It is only forty years since Pest had an Academy. When the people of the city wanted a statue of their beloved poet Petofi, whom they honor as much as any hero, they found that they had not a single sculptor of repute either at home or abroad. Petofi done by a foreign hand was not to be considered. They brought out of obscurity a young man who had done a little modelling and set him the task, which he performed creditably, as the promenaders on the Corso may see every evening. In their insistence upon having their own or nothing at all, this patriotic race has taken the first step toward a school of its own, which shall be worthy the high ambitions and impulses of its national life. When they learned that the chandeliers in the new Houses of Parliament were Viennese, the people were as inflamed as if a blow had been struck at their constitutional rights. The offenders were pulled down and replaced by chandeliers which, if not so beautiful, diffused a loyal light. Everything, inclusive of the lavish gold decorations, in these massive buildings is of native origin and manufacture, a distinction that is doubtless unique.

Because by making two days out of twenty-four hours the Pestians have every other one for a holiday in their park-like avenues, you must not make the mistake of presuming that they have no suburban resorts. On the contrary, they have all the more. If they have no other excuse for a trip on one of the little steamers ever puffing up and down and across the Danube, they go to one of the numerous baths. They no more think of bathing at home than the ancient Romans did. The foreign habit of a tub in your own house appeals to them like dining alone. Sulphur baths and steam baths flow out of the rocks for them; and as if with this, and cutting away the earth from a mountain for an ancient fortress on one side and making a level plain on the other, Mother Danube had not done enough for the Pestians, she placed within ten minutes' sail—and yet far enough away to be out of the city's noise and smoke, and in the heart of the country—Margaret's Island, which is a lovely wood with shaded walks and cafés. In this rural setting, the bands playing gypsy music, there is the same scene of sauntering, eating, drinking, chatting, laughing and gesticulating as on the boulevards. While the purling paddle wheels take the diners-out homeward, the five bridges form sparkling chains between the long line of lights on the Pest side and the scattered lights of the heights of Buda rising toward the stars. If only the palace were ablaze half the year in token that the head of the dual monarchy slept under the Hungarian as often as under the Austrian crown, the Magyar's sentimental happiness would be complete. I would add the boon of an eternal summer, for at heart this is a warm-weather people.

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ODE TO MUSIC

By Henry van Dyke

Decorations by G. Alden Peirson

Daughter of Psyche, pledge of that last night
When, pierced with pain and bitter-sweet delight,
She knew her Love and saw her Lord depart,
Then breathed her wonder and her woe forlorn
Into a single cry, and thou wast born!
Thou flower of rapture and thou fruit of grief;
Invisible enchantress of the heart;
Mistress of charms that bring relief
To sorrow, and to joy impart
A heavenly tone that keeps it undefiled,—
Thou art the child
Of Amor, and by right divine
A throne of love is thine,
Thou flower-folded, golden-girdled, star-crowned Queen,
Whose bridal beauty mortal eyes have never seen!

II

Thou art the Angel of the pool that sleeps,
While peace and joy lie hidden in its deeps,
Waiting thy touch to make the waters roll
In healing murmurs round the weary soul.
Ah, when wilt thou draw near,
Thou messenger of mercy robed in song?
My lonely heart has listened for thee long;
And now I seem to hear
Across the crowded market-place of life,
Thy measured foot-fall, ringing light and clear
Above the unmeaning noises and the unruly strife.
In quiet cadence, sweet and slow,
Serenely pacing to and fro,
Thy far-off steps are magical and dear.
Ah, turn this way, come close and speak to me,
From this dull bed of languor set my spirit free,
And bid me rise, and let me walk awhile with thee.

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III

Where wilt thou lead me first?
In what still region
Of thy domain,
Whose provinces are legion,
Wilt thou restore me to myself again,
And quench my heart's long thirst?
I pray thee lay thy golden girdle down,
And put away thy starry crown:
For one dear restful hour
Assume a state more mild.
Clad only in thy blossom-broidered gown
That breathes familiar scent of many a flower,
Take the low path that leads thro' pastures green;
And though thou art a Queen,
Be Rosamund awhile, and in thy bower,
By tranquil love and simple joy beguiled,
Sing to my soul, as mother to her child.

IV

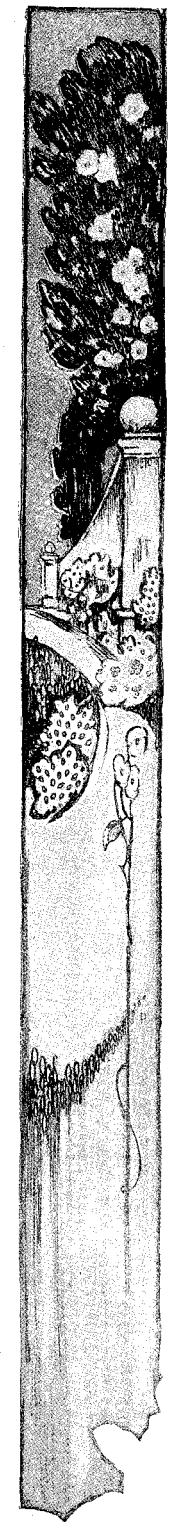
O lead me by the hand,
And let my heart have rest,
And bring me back to childhood land,
To find again the long-lost band
Of playmates blithe and blest.

Some quaint, old-fashioned air,
That all the children knew,
Shall run before us everywhere,
Like a little maid with flying hair,
To guide the merry crew.

Along the garden ways
We chase the light-foot tune,
And in and out the flowery maze,
With eager haste and fond delays,
In pleasant paths of June.

For us the fields are new,
For us the woods are rife
With fairy secrets, deep and true,
And heaven is but a tent of blue
Above the game of life.

The world is far away:
The fever and the fret
And all that makes the heart grow grey
Is out of sight and far away,
Dear Music, while I hear thee play
That olden, golden roundelay,
"Remember and forget!"



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V

Forget, forget!
The tide of life is turning;
The waves of light ebb slowly down the west:
Along the edge of dark some stars are burning
To guide thy spirit safely to an isle of rest.
A little rocking on the tranquil deep
Of song, to soothe thy yearning,
A little slumber and a little sleep,
And so, forget, forget!

Forget, forget,—
The day was long in pleasure;
Its echoes die away across the hill;
Now let thy heart beat time to their slow measure,
That swells, and sinks, and faints, and falls, till all is still.
Then, like a weary child that loves to keep
Locked in its arms some treasure,
Thy soul in calm content shall fall asleep,
And so forget, forget.

Forget, forget,—
And if thou hast been weeping,
Let go the thoughts that bind thee to thy grief:
Lie still, and watch the singing angels, reaping
The golden harvest of life's sorrow, sheaf by sheaf;
Or count thy joys like flocks of snow-white sheep
That one by one come creeping
Into the quiet fold, until thou sleep,
And so forget, forget!

Forget, forget,—
Thou art a child and knowest
So little of thy life! But music tells
One secret of this world through which thou goest
To work with morning song, to rest with evening bells.
Life is in tune with harmony so deep
That when the notes sink lowest,
Thou still canst lay thee down in peace and sleep,
For God will not forget.

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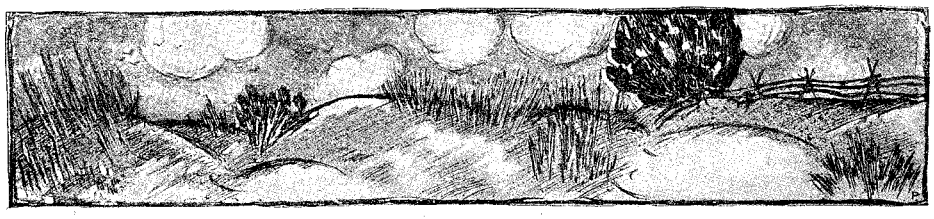
VI

Out of the garden of play-time, out of the bower of rest,
Fain would I follow at daytime, music that calls to a quest.
Hark! How the galloping measure
Quickens the pulses of pleasure;
Gaily saluting the morn
With the long, clear note of the hunting-horn,
Echoing up from the valley,
Over the mountain side,—
Rally, you hunters, rally,
Rally, and ride!

Drink of the magical potion music has mixed with her wine,
Full of the madness of motion, joyful, exultant, divine!
Leave all your troubles behind you,
Ride where they never can find you,
Into the gladness of morn,
With the long, clear note of the hunting-horn,
Swiftly o'er hillock and hollow,
Sweeping along with the wind,—
Follow, you hunters, follow,
Follow and find!

What will you reach with your riding? What is the charm of the chase?
Just the delight and the striding swing of the jubilant pace.
Danger is sweet when you front her,—
In at the death, every hunter!
Now on the breeze the mort is borne,
In the long, clear note of the hunting-horn,
Winding merrily, over and over,—
Come, come, come!
Home again, Ranger! home again, Rover!
Turn again, home!



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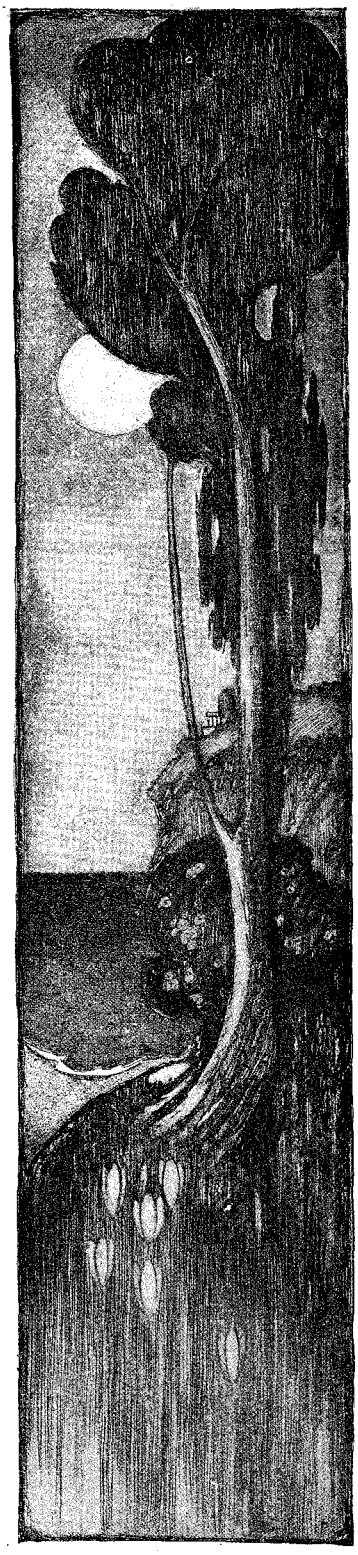
VII

Now let the sleep-tune blend with the play-tune,
Weaving the mystical spell of the dance;
Lighten the deep tune, soften the gay tune,
Mingle a tempo that turns in a trance.
Half of it sighing, half of it smiling,
Smoothly it swings, with a triplicate beat;
Calling, replying, yearning, beguiling,
Wooing the heart and bewitching the feet.
Every drop of blood
Rises with the flood,
Rocking on the waves of the strain;
Youth and beauty glide
Turning with the tide—
Music making one out of twain,
Bearing them away, and away, and away,
Like a tone and its te ce—
Till the chord dissolves, and the dancers stay,
And reverse.
Violins leading, take up the measure,
Turn with the tune again,—clarinets clear
Answer their pleading,—harps full of pleasure
Sprinkle their silver like light on the mere.
Semiquaver notes,
Merry little motes,
Tangled in the haze
Of the lamp's golden rays,
Quiver everywhere
In the air,
Like a spray,—
Till the fuller stream of the might of the tune,
Gliding like a dream in the light of the moon,
Bears them all away, and away, and away,
Floating in the trance of the dance.

Then begins a measure stately,
Languid, slow, serene;
All the dancers move sedately,
Stepping leisurely and straitly,
With a courtly mien;
Crossing hands and changing places,
Bowing low between,
While the minuet inlaces
Waving arms and woven paces,—
Glittering damaskeen.
Where is she whose form is folden
In its royal sheen?
From our longing eyes withholden
By her mystic girdle golden,—
Beauty sought but never seen,—
Music walks the maze, a queen.



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VIII

Music, they do thee wrong who say thine art
Is only to enchant the sense.
For every timid motion of the heart,
And every passion too intense
To bear the chain of the imperfect word,
And every tremulous longing, stirred
By spirit winds, that come we know not whence
And go we know not where,
And every inarticulate prayer
Beating about the depths of pain or bliss,
Like some bewildered bird
That seeks its nest but knows not where it is,
And every dream that haunts, with dim delight,
The drowsy hour between the day and night,
The wakeful hour between the night and day,—
Imprisoned, waits for thee,
Impatient, yearns for thee,
The queen who comes to set the captive free!
Thou lendest wings to grief to fly away,
And wings to joy to reach a heavenly height;
And every dumb desire that storms within the breast
Thou leadest forth to sob or sing itself to rest.

All these are thine, and therefore love is thine:
For love is joy and grief,
And trembling doubt, and certain-sure belief,
And fear, and hope, and longing unexpressed,
In pain most human, and in rapture brief
Almost divine.
Love would possess, yet deepens when denied;
And love would give, yet hungers to receive;
Love like a prince his triumph would achieve;
And like a miser in the dark his joys would hide.
Love is most bold:
He leads his dreams like armèd men in line;
Yet when the siege is set, and he must speak,
Calling the fortress to resign
Its treasure, valiant love grows weak,
And hardly dares his purpose to unfold:
Less with his faltering lips than with his eyes
He claims the longed-for prize:
Love fain would tell it all, yet leaves the best untold.

But thou shalt speak for love. Yea, thou shalt teach
The mystery of measured tone,
The Pentecostal speech
That every listener heareth as his own.
For on thy head the cloven tongues of fire,—
Diminished chords that quiver with desire,

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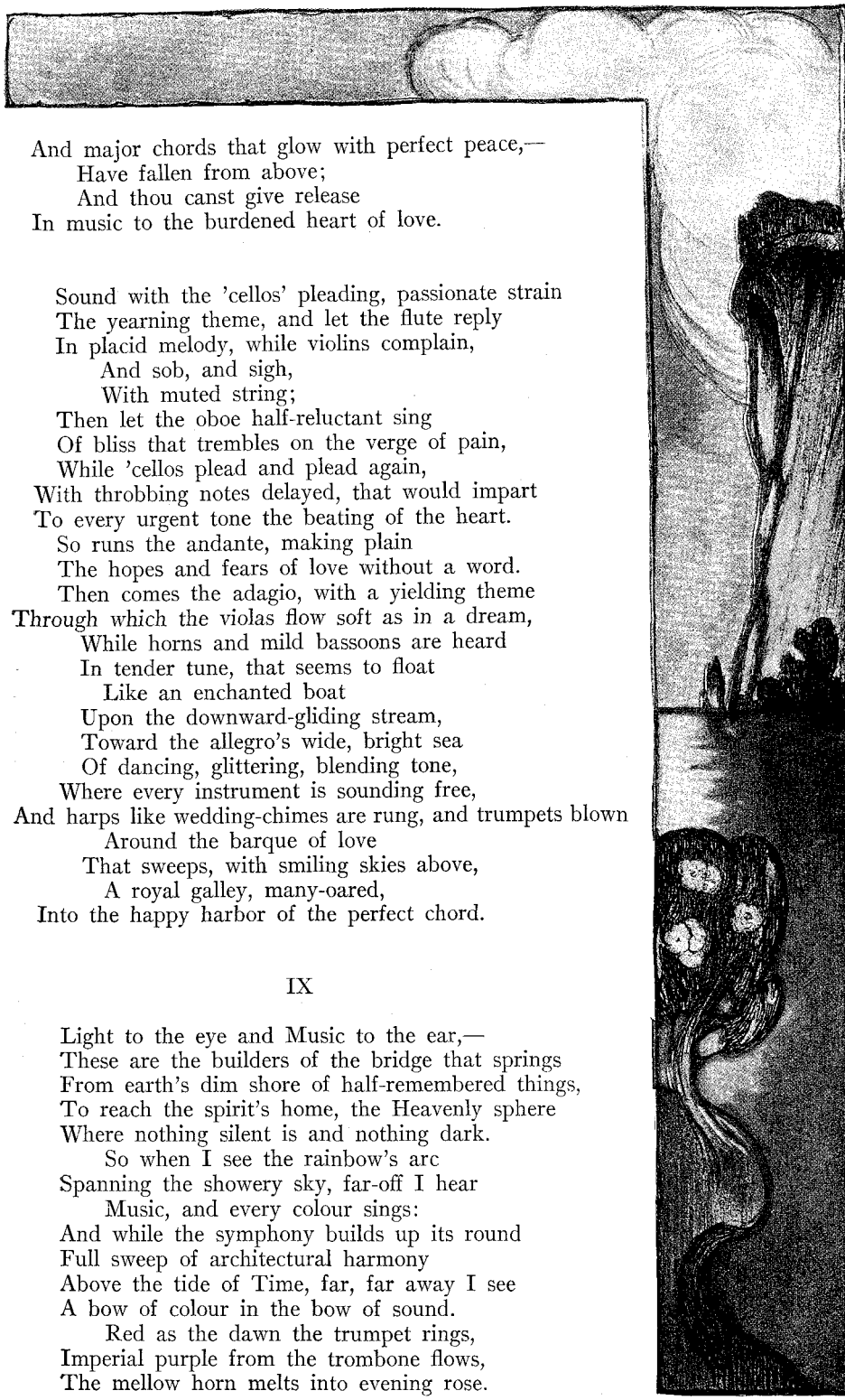

And major chords that glow with perfect peace,—
Have fallen from above;
And thou canst give release
In music to the burdened heart of love.

Sound with the 'cellos' pleading, passionate strain
The yearning theme, and let the flute reply
In placid melody, while violins complain,
And sob, and sigh,
With muted string;
Then let the oboe half-reluctant sing
Of bliss that trembles on the verge of pain,
While 'cellos plead and plead again,
With throbbing notes delayed, that would impart
To every urgent tone the beating of the heart.
So runs the andante, making plain
The hopes and fears of love without a word.
Then comes the adagio, with a yielding theme
Through which the violas flow soft as in a dream,
While horns and mild bassoons are heard
In tender tune, that seems to float
Like an enchanted boat
Upon the downward-gliding stream,
Toward the allegro's wide, bright sea
Of dancing, glittering, blending tone,
Where every instrument is sounding free,
And harps like wedding-chimes are rung, and trumpets blown
Around the barque of love
That sweeps, with smiling skies above,
A royal galley, many-oared,
Into the happy harbor of the perfect chord.

IX

Light to the eye and Music to the ear,—
These are the builders of the bridge that springs
From earth's dim shore of half-remembered things,
To reach the spirit's home, the Heavenly sphere
Where nothing silent is and nothing dark.
So when I see the rainbow's arc
Spanning the showery sky, far-off I hear
Music, and every colour sings:
And while the symphony builds up its round
Full sweep of architectural harmony
Above the tide of Time, far, far away I see
A bow of colour in the bow of sound.
Red as the dawn the trumpet rings,
Imperial purple from the trombone flows,
The mellow horn melts into evening rose.

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Blue as the sky, the choir of strings
Darkens in double-bass to ocean's hue,
Rises in violins to noon-tide's blue,
With arrows of quivering light shot through and through.
Green as the mantle that the summer flings
Around the world, the pastoral reeds in tune
Embroider melodies of May and June.
Yellow as gold,
Yea, thrice-refinèd gold,
And purer than the treasures of the mine,
Floods of the human voice divine
Along the arch in choral song are rolled.
So bends the bow complete:
And radiant rapture flows
Across the bridge, so full, so strong, so sweet,
That the uplifted spirit hardly knows
Whether the Music-Light that glows
Within the arch of tones and colours seven,
Is sunset-peace of earth, or sunrise-joy of Heaven.

X

Music, I yield to thee;
As swimmer to the sea
I give my spirit to the flood of song:
Bear me upon thy breast
In rapture and at rest,
Bathe me in pure delight and make me strong;
From strife and struggle bring release,
And draw the waves of passion into tides of peace.

Remember'd songs, most dear,
In living songs I hear,
While blending voices gently swing and sway
In melodies of love,
Whose mighty currents move,
With singing near and singing far away;
Sweet in the glow of morning light,
And sweeter still across the starlit gulf of night.

Music, in thee we float,
And lose the lonely note
Of self in thy celestial-ordered strain,
Until at last we find
The life to love resigned
In harmony of joy restored again;
And songs that cheered our mortal days
Break on the coast of light in endless hymns of praise.

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CHRISTMAS NIGHT WITH SATAN

By John Fox, Jr.

Illustrations by A. I. Keller

NO night was this in Hades with solemn-eyed Dante, for Satan was only a woolly little black dog, and surely no dog was ever more absurdly misnamed. When Uncle Carey first heard that name, he asked gravely:

"Why, Dinnie, where in h——," Uncle Carey gulped slightly, "did you get him?" And Dinnie laughed merrily, for she saw the fun of the question, and shook her black curls.

"He didn't come f'um *that place*."

Distinctly Satan had not come from that place. On the contrary, he might by a miracle have dropped straight from some Happy Hunting Ground, for all the signs he gave of having touched pitch in this or another sphere. Nothing human was ever born that was gentler, merrier, more trusting or more lovable than Satan. That was why Uncle Carey said again gravely that he could hardly tell Satan and his little mistress apart. He rarely saw them apart, and as both had black tangled hair and bright black eyes; as one awoke every morning with a happy smile and the other with a jolly bark; as they played all day like wind-shaken shadows and each won every heart at first sight—the likeness was really rather curious. I have always believed that Satan made the spirit of Dinnie's house, orthodox and severe though it was, almost kindly toward his great namesake. I know I have never been able, since I knew little Satan, to think old Satan as bad as I once painted him, though I am sure the little dog had many pretty tricks that the "old boy" doubtless has never used in order to amuse his friends.

"Shut the door, Saty, please," Dinnie would say, precisely as she would say it to Uncle Billy, the butler, and straightway Satan would launch himself at it—bang! He never would learn to close it softly, for Satan liked that—bang!

If you kept tossing a coin or marble in the air, Satan would keep catching it and putting it back in your hand for another throw, till you got tired. Then he would drop it on a piece of rag carpet, snatch the carpet with his teeth, throw the coin across the room and rush for it like mad, until he got tired. If you put a penny on his nose, he would wait until you counted, one—two—*three!* Then he would toss it up himself and catch it. Thus, perhaps, Satan grew to love Mammon right well, but for another and better reason than that he liked simply to throw it around—as shall now be made plain.

A rubber ball with a hole in it was his favorite plaything, and he would take it in his mouth and rush around the house like a child, squeezing it to make it whistle. When he got a new ball, he would hide his old one away until the new one was the worse worn of the two, and then he would bring out the old one again. If Dinnie gave him a nickel or a dime, when they went down town, Satan would rush into a store, rear up on the counter where the rubber balls were kept, drop the coin, and get a ball for himself. Thus, Satan learned finance. He began to hoard his pennies, and one day Uncle Carey found a pile of seventeen under a corner of the carpet. Usually he carried to Dinnie all coins that he found in the street, but he showed one day that he was going into the ball-business for himself. Uncle Carey had given Dinnie a nickel for some candy, and, as usual, Satan trotted down the street behind her. As usual, Satan stopped before the knick-knack shop.

"Tum on, Saty," said Dinnie. Satan reared against the door as he always did, and Dinnie said again:

"Tum on, Saty." As usual, Satan dropped to his haunches, but what was unusual, he failed to bark. Now Dinnie had got a new ball for Satan only that morning, so Dinnie stamped her foot.

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"I tell you to tum on, Saty." Satan never moved. He looked at Dinnie as much as to say:

"I have never disobeyed you before, little mistress, but this time I have an excellent reason for what must seem to you very bad manners—" and being a gentleman withal, Satan rose on his haunches and begged.

"You're des a pig, Saty," said Dinnie, but with a sigh for the candy that was not to be, Dinnie opened the door, and Satan, to her wonder, rushed to the counter, put his forepaws on it, and dropped from his mouth a dime. Satan had found that coin on the street. He didn't bark for change, nor beg for two balls, but he had got it in his woolly little head, somehow, that in that store a coin meant a ball, though never before nor afterward, did he try to get a ball for a penny.

Satan slept in Uncle Carey's room, for of all people, after Dinnie, Satan loved Uncle Carey best. Every day at noon he would go to an upstairs window and watch the cars come around the corner, until a very tall, square-shouldered young man swung to the ground, and down Satan would scamper—yelping—to meet him at the gate. If Uncle Carey, after supper and when Dinnie was in bed, started out of the house, still in his business clothes, Satan would leap out before him, knowing that he too might be allowed to go; but if Uncle Carey had put on black clothes that showed a big, dazzling shirt-front, and picked up his high hat, Satan would sit perfectly still and look disconsolate; for as there were no parties or theatres for Dinnie, so there were none for him. But no matter how late it was when Uncle Carey came home, he always saw Satan's little black nose against the window pane and heard his bark of welcome.

After intelligence, Satan's chief trait was lovableness—nobody ever knew him to fight, to snap at anything, or to get angry; after lovableness, it was politeness. If he wanted something to eat, if he wanted Dinnie to go to bed, if he wanted to get out of the door, he would beg—beg prettily on his haunches, his little red tongue out and his funny little paws hanging loosely. Indeed, it was just because Satan was so little less than human, I suppose, that old Satan began to be afraid he might have a soul. So the wicked old namesake with the Hoofs and Horns laid a trap for little Satan, and, as he is apt to do, he began laying it early—long, indeed, before Christmas.

When Dinnie started to kindergarten that autumn, Satan found that there was one place where he could never go. Like the lamb, he could not go to school; so while Dinnie was away, Satan began to make friends. He would bark, "Howdy-do?" to every dog that passed his gate. Many stopped to rub noses with him through the fence—even Hugo the mastiff, and nearly all, indeed, except one strange-looking dog that appeared every morning at precisely nine o'clock and took his stand on the corner. There he would lie patiently until a funeral came along, and then Satan would see him take his place at the head of the procession; and thus he would march out to the cemetery and back again. Nobody knew where he came from nor where he went, and Uncle Carey called him the "funeral dog" and said he was doubtless looking for his dead master. Satan even made friends with a scrawny little yellow dog that followed an old drunkard around—a dog that, when his master fell in the gutter, would go and catch a policeman by the coat-tail, lead the officer to his helpless master, and spend the night with him in jail.

By and by Satan began to slip out of the house at night, and Uncle Billy said he reckoned Satan had "jined de club"; and late one night, when he had not come in, Uncle Billy told Uncle Carey that it was "powerful slippery and he reckoned they'd better send de kerridge after him"—an innocent remark that made Uncle Carey send a boot after the old butler, who fled chuckling down the stairs, and left Uncle Carey chuckling in his room.

Satan had "jined de club"—the big club—and no dog was too lowly in Satan's eyes, for admission; for no priest ever preached the brotherhood of man better than Satan lived it—both with man and dog. And thus he lived it that Christmas night—to his sorrow.

Christmas Eve had been gloomy—the gloomiest of Satan's life. Uncle Carey had gone to a neighboring town at noon. Satan had followed him down to the station, and when the train started, Uncle Carey had ordered him to go home. Satan

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Satan would drop the coin and get a ball for himself.—Page 673.

took his time about going home, not knowing it was Christmas Eve. He found strange things happening to dogs that day. The truth was, that policemen were shooting all dogs found that were without a collar and a license, and every now and then a bang and a howl somewhere would stop Satan in his tracks. At a little yellow house on the edge of town he saw half a dozen strange dogs in a kennel, and every now and then a negro would lead a new one up to the house and deliver him to a big man at the door, who, in return, would drop something into the negro's hand. While Satan waited, the old drunkard came along with his little dog at his heels, paused before the door, looked a moment at his faithful follower, and went slowly on. Satan little knew the old drunkard's temptation, for in that yellow house kind-hearted people had offered fifteen cents for each dog brought to them, without a license, that they might mercifully put it to death, and fifteen cents was the precise price for a drink of good whiskey. Just then there was another bang and another howl somewhere, and Satan trotted home to meet a calamity. Dinnie was gone. Her mother had taken her out in the country to Grandmother Dean's to spend Christmas, as was the family custom, and Mrs. Dean would not wait any longer for Satan;

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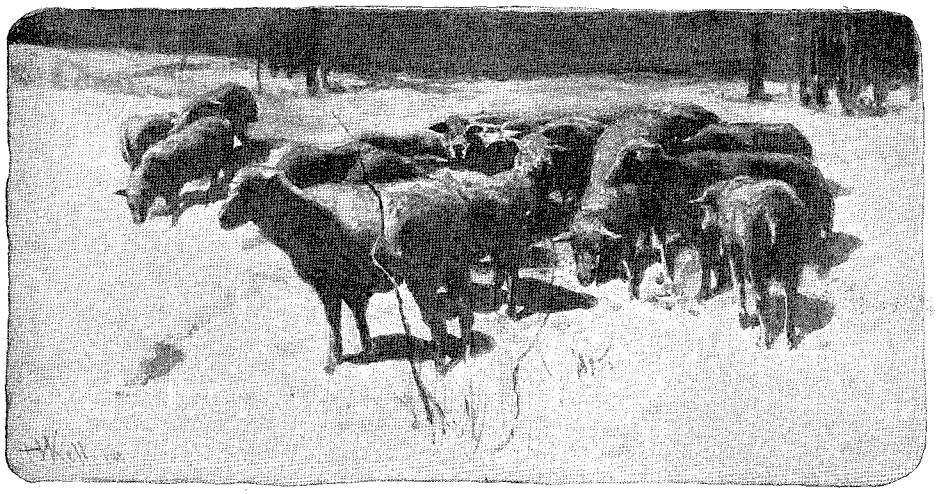
so she told Uncle Billy to bring him out after supper.

"Aint you 'shamed o' yo'self—suh—?" said the old butler, "keepin' me from ketchin' Christmas gifts dis day?"

Uncle Billy was indignant, for the negroes begin at four o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve to slip around corners and jump from hiding places to shout "Christmas Gif'—Christmas Gif'"; and the one who shouts first gets a gift. No wonder it was gloomy for Satan—Uncle Carey, Dinnie, and all gone, and not a soul but Uncle Billy in the big house. Every few minutes he would trot on his little black legs upstairs and downstairs, looking for his mistress. As dusk came on, he would every now and then howl plaintively. After begging his supper, and while Uncle Billy was hitching up a horse in the stable, Satan went out in the yard and lay with his nose between the close panels of the fence—quite heart-broken. When he saw his old friend, Hugo the mastiff, trotting into the gaslight, he began to bark his delight frantically. The big mastiff stopped and nosed his sympathy through the fence for a moment and walked slowly on, Satan frisking and barking along, inside. At the gate Hugo stopped, and raising one huge paw, playfully struck it. The gate flew open, and with a happy yelp Satan leaped into the street. The noble mastiff hesitated as though this were not quite regular. He did not belong to the club, and he didn't know that Satan had ever been away from home after dark in his life. For a moment he seemed to wait for Dinnie to call him back as she always did, but this time there was no sound, and Hugo walked majestically on, with absurd little Satan running in a circle about him. On the way they met the "funeral dog," who glanced inquiringly at Satan, shied from the mastiff, and trotted on. On the next block the old drunkard's yellow cur ran across the street, and after interchanging the compliments of the season, ran back after his staggering master. As they approached the railroad track a strange dog joined them, to whom Hugo paid no attention. At the crossing another new acquaintance bounded toward them. This one—a half-breed Shepherd—was quite friendly, and he received Satan's advances with affable condescension. Then another came and another, and little Satan's head got quite confused. They were a queer-looking lot of curs and half-breeds from the negro settlement at the edge of the woods, and though Satan had little experience, his instincts told him that all was not as it should be, and had he been human he would have wondered very much how they had escaped the carnage that day. Uneasy, he looked around for Hugo; but Hugo had disappeared. Once or twice Hugo had looked



They were in sore need of a shepherd now.—Page 679.

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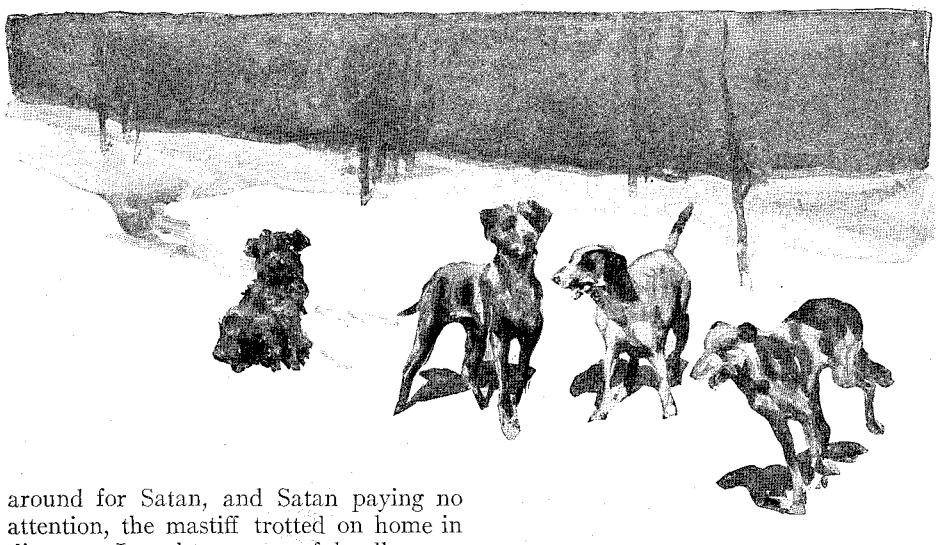

around for Satan, and Satan paying no attention, the mastiff trotted on home in disgust. Just then a powerful yellow cur sprang out of the darkness over the railroad track, and Satan sprang to meet him, and so nearly had the life scared out of him by the snarl and flashing fangs of the new-comer that he hardly had the strength to shrink back behind his new friend, the half-breed shepherd.

A strange thing then happened. The other dogs became suddenly quiet, and every eye was on the yellow cur. He sniffed the air once or twice, gave two or three peculiar low growls, and all those dogs except Satan lost the civilization of centuries and went back suddenly to the time when they were wolves and were looking for a leader. The cur was Lobo for that little pack, and after a short parley, he

He did not understand that sneaking.—Page 679.

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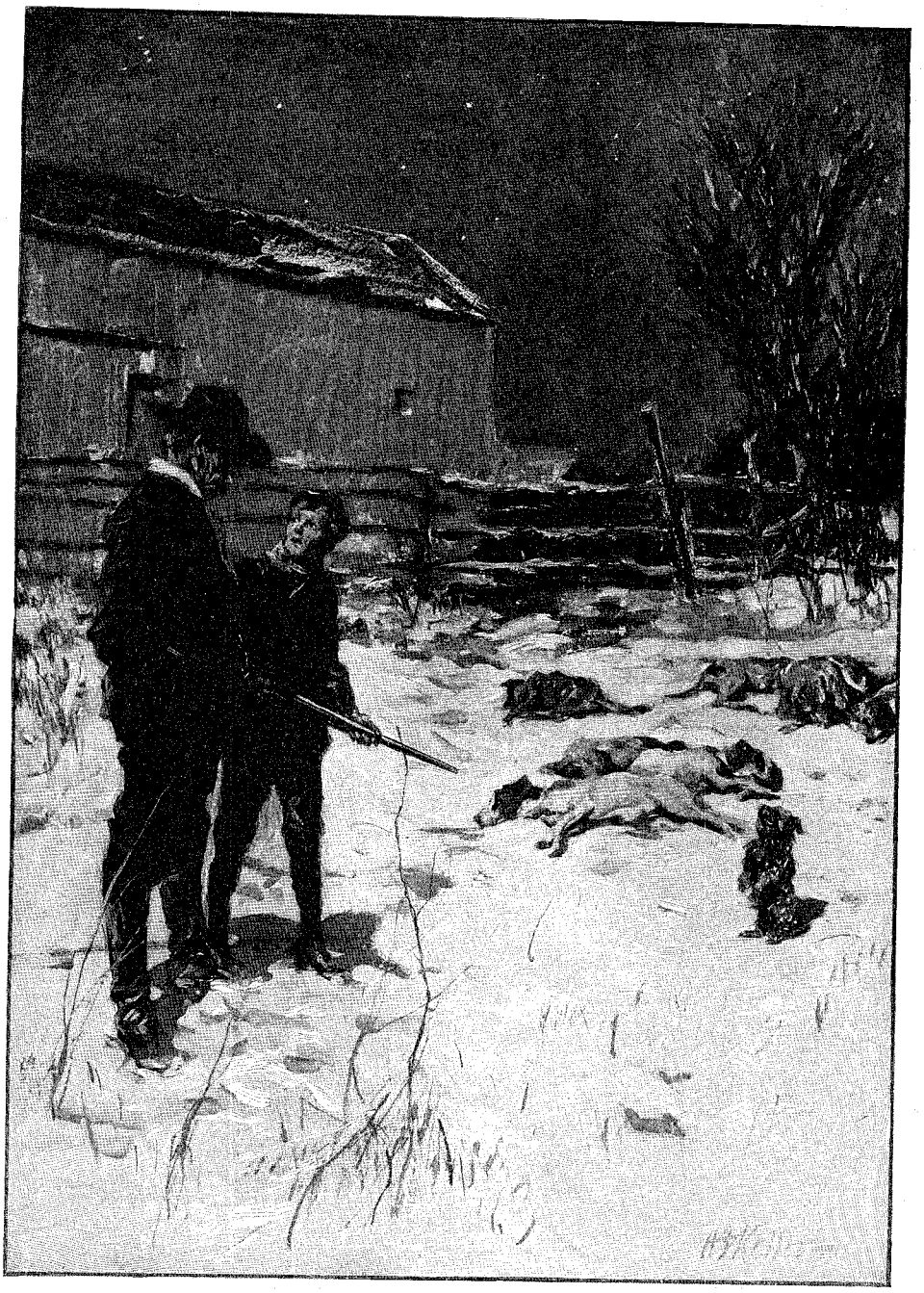

Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"Papa, I can't shoot that dog."—Page 681.

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lifted his nose high and started away without looking back, while the other dogs silently trotted after him. With a mystified yelp, Satan ran after them. The cur did not take the turnpike, but jumped the fence into a field, making his way by the rear of houses, from which now and then another dog would slink out and silently join the band. Every one of them Satan nosed most friendlily, and to his great joy the funeral dog, on the edge of town, leaped into their midst. Ten minutes later the cur stopped in the midst of some woods, as though he would inspect his followers. Plainly, he disapproved of Satan, and Satan kept out of his way. Then he sprang into the turnpike and the band trotted down it, under flying black clouds and shifting bands of brilliant moonlight. Once, a buggy swept past them. A familiar odor struck Satan's nose, and he stopped for a moment to smell the horse's tracks; and right he was, too, for out at her Grandmother's, Dinnie refused to be comforted, and in that buggy was Uncle Billy going back to town after him.

Snow was falling. It was a great lark for Satan. Once or twice, as he trotted along, he had to bark his joy aloud, and each time, the big cur gave him such a fierce growl that he feared thereafter to open his jaws. But he was happy for all that, to be running out into the night with such a lot of funny friends and not to know or care where he was going. He got pretty tired presently, for over hill and down hill they went, at that unceasing trot, trot, trot! Satan's tongue began to hang out. Once he stopped to rest, but the loneliness frightened him and he ran on after them with his heart almost bursting. He was about to lie right down and die, when the cur stopped, sniffed the air once or twice, and with those same low growls, led the marauders through a rail fence into the woods, and lay quietly down. How Satan loved that soft, thick grass, all snowy that it was! It was almost as good as his own bed at home. And there they lay—how long, Satan never knew, for he went to sleep and dreamed that he was after a rat in the barn at home; and he yelped in his sleep, which made the cur lift his big yellow head and show his fangs. The moving of the half-breed shepherd and the funeral dog waked him at last, and Satan got up. Half crouching, the cur was leading the way toward the dark, still woods on top of the hill, over which the Star of Bethlehem was slowly sinking, and under which lay a flock of the gentle creatures that seemed to have been almost sacred to the Lord of that Star. They were in sore need of a watchful shepherd now. Satan was stiff and chilled, but he was rested and had had his sleep, and he was just as ready for fun as he always was. He didn't understand that sneaking. Why they didn't all jump and race and bark as he wanted to, he couldn't see; but he was too polite to do otherwise than as they did, and so he sneaked after them; and one would have thought he knew, as well as the rest, the hellish mission on which they were bent.

Out of the woods they went, across a little branch, and there the big cur lay flat again in the grass. A faint bleat came from the hill-side beyond, where Satan could see another woods—and then another bleat, and another. And the cur began to creep again, like a snake in the grass; and the others crept too, and little Satan crept, though it was all a sad mystery to him. Again the cur lay still, but only long enough for Satan to see curious, fat, white shapes above him—and then, with a blood-curdling growl, the big brute dashed forward. Oh, there was fun in them after all! Satan barked joyfully. Those were some new playmates—those fat, white, hairy things up there; and Satan was amazed when, with frightened snorts, they fled in every direction. But this was a new game, perhaps, of which he knew nothing, and as did the rest, so did Satan. He picked out one of the white things and fled barking after it. It was a little fellow that he was after, but little as he was, Satan might never have caught up, had not the sheep got tangled in some brush. Satan danced about him in mad glee, giving him a playful nip at his wool and springing back to give him another nip, and then away again. Plainly, he was not going to bite back, and when the sheep struggled itself tired and sank down in a heap, Satan came close and licked him, and as he was very warm and woolly, he lay down and snuggled up against him for awhile, listening to the turmoil that was going on around him. And as he listened, he got frightened.

If this was a new game it was certainly

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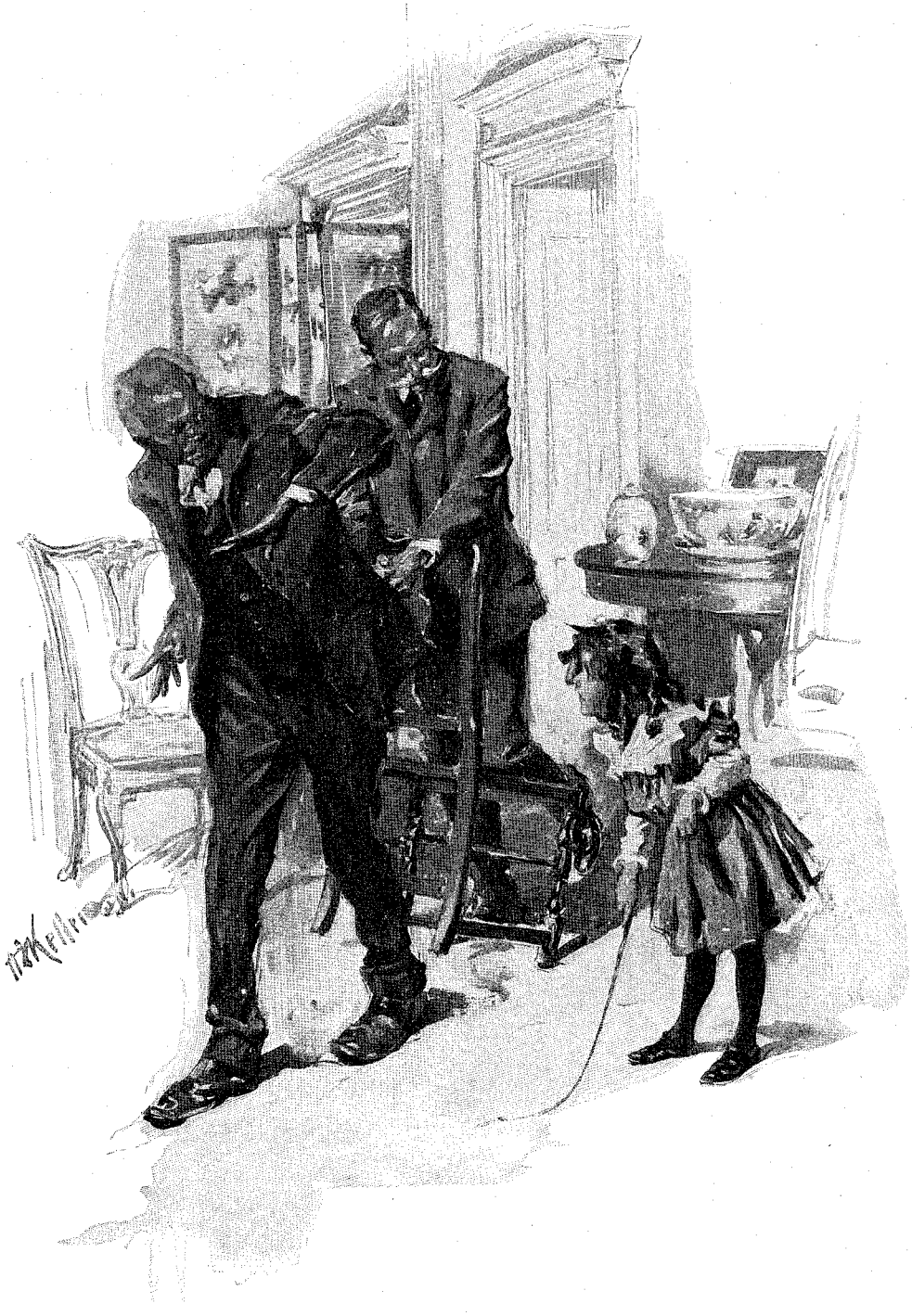

Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Billy, but I des got to whoop you a little."—Page 682.

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a very peculiar one—the wild rush, the bleats of terror, gasps of agony, and the fiendish growls of attack and the sounds of ravenous gluttony. With every hair bristling, Satan rose and sprang from the woods—and stopped with a fierce tingling of the nerves that brought him horror and fascination. One of the white shapes lay still before him. There was a great steaming red splotch on the snow, and a strange odor in the air that made him dizzy; but only for a moment. Another white shape rushed by. A tawny streak followed, and then, in a patch of moonlight, Satan saw the yellow cur with his teeth fastened in the throat of his moaning playmate. Like lightning Satan sprang at the cur, who tossed him ten feet away and went back to his awful work. Again Satan leaped, but just then a shout rose behind him, and the cur leaped too as though a bolt of lightning had crashed over him, and, no longer noticing Satan or sheep, began to quiver with fright and slink away. Another shout rose from another direction—another from another.

"Drive 'em into the barn-yard!" was the cry.

Now and then there was a fearful bang and a howl of death-agony, as some dog tried to break through the encircling men, who yelled and cursed as they closed in on the trembling brutes that slunk together and crept on; for it is said, every sheep-killing dog knows his fate if caught, and will make little effort to escape. With them went Satan, through the barn-yard gate, where they huddled in a corner—a shamed and terrified group. A tall overseer stood at the gate.

"Ten of 'em!" he said grimly.

He had been on the lookout for just such a tragedy, for there had recently been a sheep-killing raid on several farms in that neighborhood, and for several nights he had had a lantern hung out on the edge of the woods to scare the dogs away; but a drunken farm-hand had neglected his duty that Christmas Eve.

"Yassuh, an' dey's jus' sebenteen dead sheep out dar," said a negro.

"Look at the little one," said a tall boy who looked like the overseer; and Satan knew that he spoke of him.

"Go back to the house, son," said the overseer, "and tell your mother to give you a Christmas present I got for you yesterday." With a glad whoop the boy dashed away, and in a moment dashed back with a brand-new .32 Winchester in his hand.

The dark hour before dawn was just breaking on Christmas Day. It was the hour when Satan usually rushed upstairs to see if his little mistress was asleep. If he were only at home now, and if he only had known how his little mistress was weeping for him amid her playthings and his—two new balls and a brass-studded collar with a silver plate on which was his name, Satan Dean; and if Dinnie could have seen him now, her heart would have broken; for the tall boy raised his gun. There was a jet of smoke, a sharp, clean, crack, and the funeral dog started on the right way at last toward his dead master. Another crack, and the yellow cur leaped from the ground and fell kicking. Another crack and another, and with each crack, a dog tumbled, until little Satan sat on his haunches amid the writhing pack, alone. His time was now come. As the rifle was raised, he heard up at the big house the cries of children; the popping of fire-crackers; tooting of horns and whistles and loud shouts of "Christmas Gif', Christmas Gif'!" His little heart beat furiously. Perhaps he knew just what he was doing; perhaps it was the accident of habit; most likely Satan simply wanted to go home—but when that gun rose, Satan rose too, on his haunches, his tongue out, his black eyes steady and his funny little paws hanging loosely—and begged! The boy lowered the gun.

"Down, Sir!" Satan dropped obediently, but when the gun was lifted again, Satan rose again, and again he begged.

"Down, I tell you!" This time Satan would not down, but sat begging for his life. The boy turned.

"Papa, I can't shoot that dog." Perhaps Satan had reached the stern old overseer's heart. Perhaps he remembered suddenly that it was Christmas. At any rate, he said gruffly:

"Well, let him go."

"Come here, Sir!" Satan bounded toward the tall boy, frisking and trustful and begged again.

"Go home, Sir!"

Satan needed no second command. Without a sound he fled out the barn-yard, and,

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as he swept under the front gate, a little girl ran out of the front door of the big house and dashed down the steps, shrieking:

"Saty! Saty! Oh, Saty!" But Satan never heard. On he fled, across the crisp fields, leaped the fence and struck the road, lickety-split! for home, while Dinnie dropped sobbing in the snow.

"Hitch up a horse, quick," said Uncle Carey, rushing after Dinnie and taking her up in his arms. Ten minutes later, Uncle Carey and Dinnie, both warmly bundled up, were after flying Satan. They never caught him until they reached the hill on the outskirts of town, where was the kennel of the kind-hearted people who were giving painless death to Satan's four-footed kind, and where they saw him stop and turn from the road. There was divine providence in Satan's flight for one little dog that Christmas morning; for Uncle Carey saw the old drunkard staggering down the road without his little companion, and a moment later, both he and Dinnie saw Satan nosing a little yellow cur between the palings. Uncle Carey knew the little cur, and while Dinnie was shrieking for Satan, he was saying under his breath:

"Well, I swear!—I swear!—I swear!" And while the big man who came to the door was putting Satan into Dinnie's arms, he said sharply:

"Who brought that yellow dog here?"

The man pointed to the old drunkard's figure turning a corner at the foot of the hill.

"I thought so; I thought so. He sold him to you for—for a drink of whiskey."

The man whistled.

"Bring him out. I'll pay his license."

So back went Satan and the little cur to Grandmother Dean's—and Dinnie cried when Uncle Carey told her why he was taking the little cur along. With her own hands she put Satan's old collar on the little brute, took him to the kitchen, and fed him first of all. Then she went into the breakfast-room.

"Uncle Billy," she said severely, "didn't I tell you not to let Saty out?"

"Yes, Miss Dinnie," said the old butler.

"Didn't I tell you I was goin' to whoop you if you let Saty out?"

"Yes, Miss Dinnie."

Miss Dinnie pulled forth from her Christmas treasures a toy riding-whip and the old darky's eyes began to roll in mock terror.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Billy, but I des got to whoop you a little."

"Let Uncle Billy off, Dinnie," said Uncle Carey, "this is Christmas."

"All wite," said Dinnie, and she turned to Satan.

In his shining new collar and innocent as a cherub, Satan sat on the hearth begging for his breakfast.

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THE BIRDS' LOVER

By Edith M. Thomas

HE has conned the speech of birds
And can give it human words;
He has every call by rote,
And can answer note for note.
On the forest edge he stands;
Palm to palm he lays his hands,
And with whistled challenge clear
Bids the forest folk appear!
Many a shy, dark-loving sprite
Then will leave its greenwood night,
Flitting on from spray to spray,
Into unaccustomed day:
Fluttering wings and answering song
Follow, follow him along!

HE has conned those legends old
By the birds' own brothers told
(Brothers of the birds are they,
Who the Muses' call obey!);
He can tell you why the swallow
New, oblivious joys would follow;
Why the nightingale is fain
With sweet Sorrow to remain;
Why by streams that greet the sea
Ever stays Alcyone!
These dim legends he can tell;
Later lore he knows as well:
He hath news from lands afar,
Where the chosen havens are,
Of the redbreast and the thrush,

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When the winter here saith "Hush!"
Least and greatest bring him word,
From the crane to humming-bird;
This, from mild Floridian shore,
That, from sun-gilt Salvador!

TIME of nests and time of broods,
Singing-tides, and songless moods,
These he marks in order due;
And he marks the season, too,
When the goldfinch casts away
Winter-coat of ashen gray.
He the snowy owl hath found
Shedding slumber all around,
And the oven-bird's low nest
'Mid the shadows it loves best;
And when wild fowl southward go,
Dark across the afterglow,
He the hieroglyph can read
Which they trace as on they speed!

TO the birds he is akin;
More and more his thought they win:
Birdlike are his motions light,
Birdlike are his glances bright,
Birdlike is his voice—ah, well!
He some day with birds may dwell
(Changed, as in those fables old,
That the birds' kinfolk have told);
On some autumn eve unknown,
Far with them he will have flown,
And immortal will be crowned—
Since no dead bird have we found!

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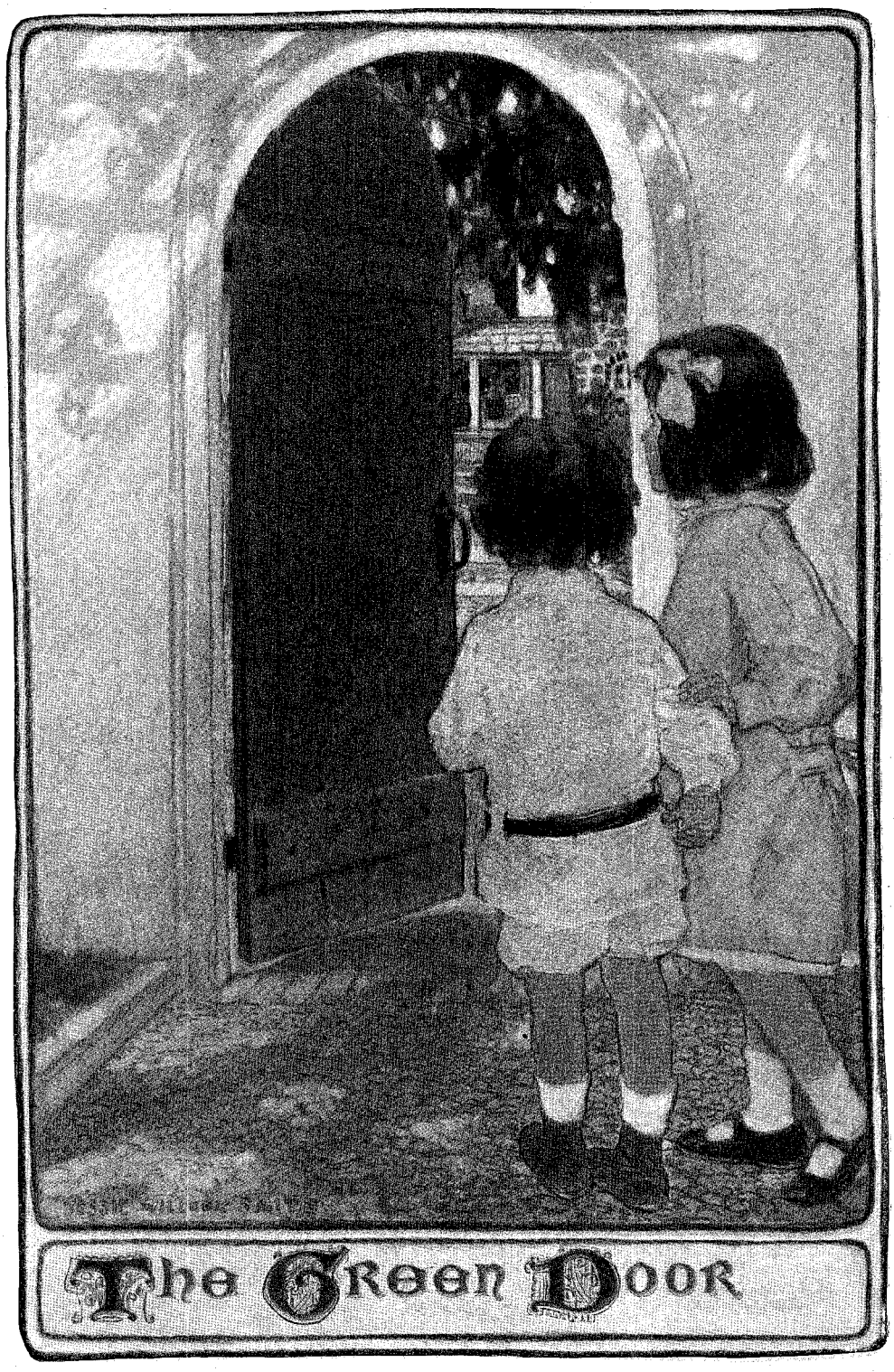

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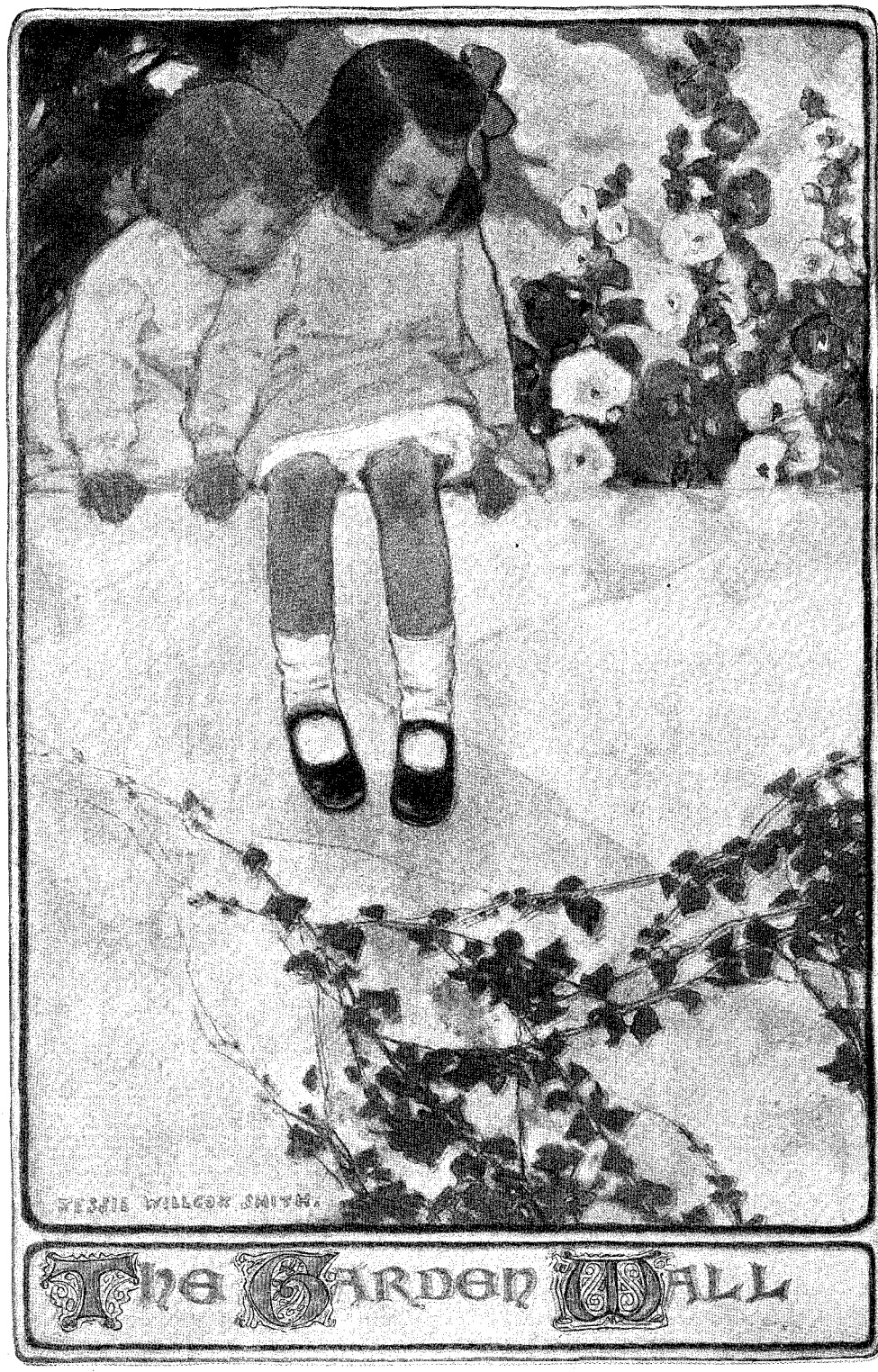

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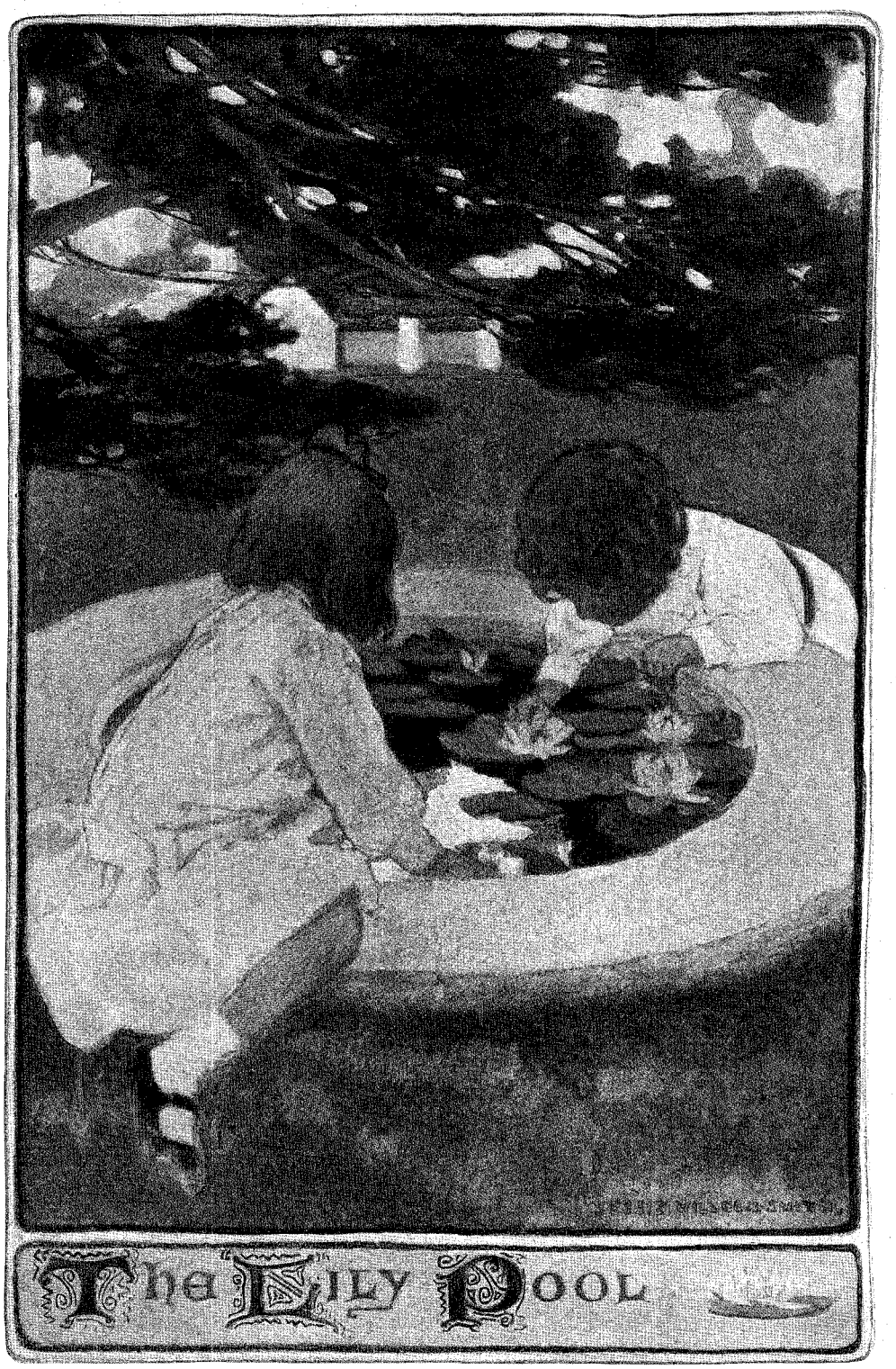

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A MASTER OF COBWEBS

By James Huneker

I

ALIXE VAN KUYP sat in the first-tier box presented to her husband with the heavy, accustomed courtesy of the *Société Harmonique*. She went early to the hall that she might hear the entire music-making of the evening—Van Kuyp's tone-poem, "Sordello," was on the programme between a Weber overture and a Beethoven symphony, an unusual honor for a young American composer. If she had gone late it would have seemed an affectation, she reasoned. Her husband kept within doors; she could tell him all. And then, was there not Elvard Rentgen?

She regretted that she had invited the Parisian critic to her box. It happened at a *soirée*, where he showed his savage profile among admiring musical lambs. But he was never punctual at musical affairs. This consoled Alixe.

Perhaps he would forget her impulsive, foolish speech—"without him the music would fall upon unheeding ears—he, who interpreted art for the multitude, the holder of the critical key that unlocked masterpieces." She had felt the banality of her compliment as she uttered it, and she knew the man who listened, his glance incredulous, his mouth smiling, could not be deceived. Rentgen had been too many years in the candy shop to care for sweets. She recalled her mean little blush as he twisted his pointed, piebald beard with long, fat fingers and leisurely traversed—his were the measuring eyes of an architect—her face, her hair, her neck, and finally, stared at her ears until they burned like a child's cheek in frost time.

Alixe Van Kuyp was a large woman with a conscientious head and gray eyes. As she waited, she realized that it was one of her timid nights, when color came easily and temper ran at its lowest ebb. She had begged Van Kuyp to cancel the habit of not listening to his own music except at rehearsal, and annoyed by his stubbornness, neglected to tell him of the other invitation. The house was quite full when the music began. Uneasiness overtook her as the "Oberon" slowly stole upon her consciousness. She forgot Rentgen; a more disquieting problem presented itself. Richard's music—how would it sound in the company of the old masters, those masters who were newer than Wagner, newer than Strauss and the "moderns"! She envisaged her husband—small, slim, with his bushy red hair, big student's head—familiarly locking arms with Weber and Beethoven in the hall of fame. No, the picture did not convince her. She was his severest censor. Not one of the professional critics could put their fingers on Van Kuyp's weak spots—"his sore music," as he jestingly called it—so surely as his wife. She had studied; she had even played the violin in public; but she gave up her *virtuosa* ambitions for the man she had married during their student years in Germany. Now the old doubts came to life as the chivalric tones of Weber rose to her sharpened senses. Why couldn't Richard——

The door in the ante-room opened, her guest entered. Alixe was not dismayed. She left her seat and closing the curtains greeted him. The overture was ending as Rentgen sat down beside her in the intimate little chamber lighted by a solitary electric bulb.

"You are always thoughtful," she murmured.

"My dear lady, mine is the honor. And if you do not care, can't we hear the music of your young man—" he smiled, she thought, acidly—"here? If I sit outside the world will say—we have to be careful of our unsmirched reputations—we poor critics and slave-drivers of the deaf."

She drew her hand gently away. He had held it, playfully tapping it as he slowly delivered himself in short sentences. He was a Dane, but his French and English

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were without trace of accent; certain intonations alone betrayed his Scandinavian origin.

Alixe could not refuse, for the moment he finished speaking she heard a too familiar motive, the ponderous phrase in the brass choir which Van Kuyp intended as the thematic label for his hero, "Sordello."

"Ah, there's your Browning in tone for you," whispered the critic. She wished him miles away. The draperies were now slightly parted and into the room filtered the grave, languorous accents of the new tone-poem. Her eyes were fixed by Rentgen's. His expression changed; with nostrils dilated like a hunter scenting prey, his rather inert, cold features became transfigured; he was the man who listened, the cruel judge who sentenced. And she hoped, also the kind friend who would consider the youth and inexperience of the culprit. To the morbidly acute hearing of the woman, the music had a ring of hollow sonority after the denser packed phrases of Weber.

She read "Sordello" with her husband until she thought its meaning was as clear as high noon. By the critic's advice the subject had been selected for musical treatment. Sordello's overweening spiritual pride—"gate-vein of this heart's blood of Lombardy," appealed to Van Kuyp. The stress of souls, the welter of cross-purposes which begirt the youthful dreamer, his love for Palma and his swift death when all the world thrust upon him its joys—here were motives, indeed, for any musician of lofty aim and sympathetic imagination.

Alixe recalled the interminable arguments, the snatches of poetry, the hasty rushes to the keyboard; a composer was in travail. At the end of a year, Rentgen professed his satisfaction; Van Kuyp stood on the high road to fame. Of that there could be no doubt; Elvard Rentgen would say so in print. Alixe had been reassured——

But sitting now within the loop of her husband's music it suddenly became insipid, futile, and lacking in those enchantments for which she yearned. Her eyes dropped to the shapely hands meekly folded in her lap, dropped because the bold, interrogative expression on Rentgen's face disturbed her. She knew, as any woman would have known, that he admired her—but was he not Richard's friend? His glance enveloped her with piteous mockery.

The din was tremendous. After passages of dark music, in which the formless ugly reigned, occurred the poetic duel between Sordello and Eglamor at Palma's Court of Love. But why all this stress and fury? On the piano-forte the delicate episode sounded gratefully; with the thick riotous orchestration came a disillusioning transformation. There was noise without power, there was sensuality that strove to imitate the tenderness of passion, and she had fancied it a cloudy garden of love. Alixe raised an involuntary hand to her ear.

"Yes," whispered the critic, "I warned him not to use his colors with a trowel. His theme is not big enough to stand it." He lifted thin eyebrows and to her overheated brain was an unexpected Mephisto. Then the music whirled her away to Italy; the love scene of Palma and Sordello. It should have been the apex of the work.

"Sounds too much like Tschaïkowsky's 'Francesca da Rimini,'" interrupted Rentgen. She was annoyed.

"Why didn't you tell Van Kuyp before he scored the work?" she demanded, her long gray eyes beginning to blacken.

"I did, my dear lady, I did. But you know what musicians are——" He shrugged a conclusion with his narrow shoulders. Alixe coldly regarded him. There was something new and dangerous in his attitude to her husband's music this evening.

Her heart began to beat heavily. What if her suspicions were but the advance guard of a painful truth! What if this keen analyst of other men's ideas—— she dared not finish the thought. With a sluggish movement the music uncoiled itself like a huge boa about to engulf a tiny rabbit. The simile forced itself against her volition; all this monstrous preparation for a—rabbit! In a concert-hall the poetic idea of the tone-poem was petty. And the churning of the orchestra, foaming hysteria of the strings, bellowing of the brass—would they never cease! Such an insane chase after a rabbit! Yes, she said the word to herself and found her lips carved into a hard smile, which she saw reflected as in a trick mirror upon the face of Elvard Rentgen. He understood.

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Of little avail "Sordello's" frantic impotencies. She saw through the rhetorical trickeries of the music, weighed its cheap splendors, realized the mediocrity of this second-rate poet turned symphonist. Image after image pressed upon her brain, each more pessimistic, more depressing than its predecessor. Alixe could have wept. Her companion placed his hand on her arm. His fingers burned; she moved, but she felt his will controlling her mood. With high relief she heard the music end. There was conventional applause. Alixe restlessly peered into the auditorium. Again she saw opera-glasses turned toward the box. "Our good friends," she rather bitterly thought. Rentgen recognized her mental turmoil.

"Don't worry," he said, soothingly. "It will be all right to-morrow morning. What I write will make the fortune of the composition." He did not utter this vainglorioously, but as a man who stated simple truth. She gazed at him, her timidity and nervousness returning in full tide.

"I know I am overwrought. I should be thankful. But—but, isn't it deception—I mean, will it be fair to conceal from Richard the real condition of affairs?" He took her hand.

"Spoken like a true wife," he gayly exclaimed. "My dear friend, there will be no deception. Only encouragement, a little encouragement. As for deceiving a composer, telling him that he may not be so wonderful as he thinks—that's impossible. I know these star-shouldering souls, these farmers of phantasms who exist in a world by themselves. It would be a pity to let in the cold air of reality—anyhow Van Kuyp has some talent."

Like lifting mists revealing the treacherous borders of a masked pool, she heard this speech with its ironic innuendo. She flushed, her vanity irritated. Rentgen saw her eyes contract.

"Let us go when the symphony begins," she begged, "I can't talk to anyone in my present bad humor; and to hear Beethoven would drive me mad—now."

"I don't wonder," remarked her companion, consolingly. Alixe winced.

The silver-cold fire of an undecided moon was abroad in the sky and rumors of spring filled the air. The pair parted at a *fiacre*. He told her he would call the next afternoon, and she nodded an unforgiving head. It was her turn to be disagreeable.

In his music-room, Van Kuyp read a volume of verse. He did not hear his wife enter. It pained her when she saw his serious face with its undistinguished features and dogged expression. No genius this, was her hasty verdict, as she quickly went to him and put a hand on his head. It was her hand now that was hot. He raised eyes, dulled by dreams.

"Well?" he queried.

"You are a curious man?" she said, wonderingly. "Aren't you interested in the news about your symphonic poem?" He smiled the smile of the fatuous elect. "I imagine it went all right," he languidly replied. "I heard it at rehearsal yesterday—I suppose Thelème took the *tempi* too slow!"

She sighed and asked:

"What are you reading a night like this?" His expression became animated.

"A volume of Keltic poetry—I've found a stunning idea for music. What a tone-poem it will make! Here it is. What color, what rhythms. It is called 'The Shadowy Horses.' 'I hear the shadowy horses, their long manes a-shake'——"

"Who gave you the poem?"

"Oh, Rentgen, of course. Did you see him to-night?"

"You dear boy! You must be tired to death. Better rest. The critics will get you up early enough."

Through interminable hours the mind of Alixe revolved about a phrase she had picked up from Elvard Rentgen: "Music is a trap for weak souls; for the strong as the spinning of cobwebs . . . "

II

It was pompous July and the Van Kuyps were still in Paris. They lived near Passy—from her windows high in the air Alixe caught the green at dawn as the sun lifted level rays. Richard was writing his new tone-poem, which the *Société Harmonique* accepted provisionally for the season following. "Sordello" had set the town agog because of the series of exhaustive articles by Rentgen it brought in its wake. He was a critic who wrote brilliantly of music in the terms of painting, of plastic arts in the

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technical phraseology of music, and by him the drama was discussed purely as literature. This deliberate and delicate confusion of æsthetics clouded the public mind. He described "Sordello" as a vast mural fresco, a Puvis de Chavannes in tone, a symphonic drama wherein agonized the shadowy Æschylean protagonist. Even sculpture was rifled for analogies, and Van Kuyp to his bewilderment found himself called "The Rodin of Music"; at other times, "Richard Strauss II", or a "Tonal Browning"; finally, he was adjured to swerve not from the path he had so wonderfully hewn for himself in the virgin jungle of modern art, and begged to resist the temptations of the music-drama.

Rentgen loathed the music of Wagner. Wagner had abused Meyerbeer for doing what he did himself—writing operas stuffed with spectacular effects. This man of the footlights destroyed all musical imagination with his puppet shows, magic lanterns, Turkish bazaars, where, to the booming of mystic bells, the listener was drugged into opium-fed visions.

Under a tent, as at a fair, he assembled the mangled masterpieces of Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and to a gullible public sold the songs of these music-lords—songs that should swim on high like great swan-clouds cleaving skies blue and inaccessible. And his music was operatic, after all, grand opera saccharine with common-place melodies gorgeously attired—nothing more. Wagner, declared the indignant critic, was not original. He popularized the noble ideas of the masters, vulgarized and debased their dreams. He never conceived a single new melody, but substituted instead, sadly mauled and pinched thematic fragments of Liszt, Berlioz, and Beethoven, combined with exaggerated fairy-tales, clothed in showy tinsel and theatrical gauds, the illusion being aided by panoramic scenery; scenery that acted in company with toads, dragons, horses, snakes, crazy valkyrs, mermaids, half-mad humans, gods, demons, dwarfs, and giants. What else is all this but old-fashioned Italian opera with a new name? What else but an inartistic mixture of Scribe libretto and Northern mythology? Music-drama—fudge! Making music that one can *see* is a death-blow to the lofty idealizations of art.

Puzzled by the richness of Rentgen's vocabulary, by his want of logic, Alixe asked herself many times whether she was wrong and her husband right. She liked to be loyal. His devotion to his work, his inspiration springing as it did from poetic sources, counted for something. Why not? All composers should read the poets. It is a starting-point. Modern music leans heavily on drama and fiction. Richard Strauss embroiders philosophical ideas, so why should not Richard Van Kuyp go to Ireland, to the one land where there is hope of a spiritual, a poetic renascence? Ireland! The very name evoked dreams!

When Rentgen called at the Van Kuyp's it was near the close of a warm afternoon. The composer would not stir, despite the invitation of the critic or the pleading of his wife. He knew that the angel wings of inspiration had been brushing his brow all the morning, and such visits were too rare to be flouted. He sat at his piano and in a composer's raucous varied voice, imitated the imaginary *timbres* of orchestral instruments. Sent forth, Mrs. Van Kuyp and Rentgen slowly walked into the little Parc of Auteuil, once the joy of the de Goncourts.

"Musicians are as selfish as the sea," he asserted, as they sat upon a bench of tepid iron. She did not demur. The weather had exhausted her patience; she was young and fond of the open air—the woods made an irresistible picture this day. The critic watched her changing, dissatisfied face.

"Shall we ride?" he suddenly asked. Before she could shake a negative head, he quickly uttered the words that had been hovering in her mind for hours.

"Or, shall we go to the Bois?" She started. "What an idea! Go to the Bois without Richard, without my husband?"

"Why not?" he inquired, "it's not far away. Send him a wire asking him to join us; it will do him good after his labors. Come, Madame Van Kuyp, come Alixe, my child." He paused. Her eyes expanded. "I'll go," she quietly announced —"that is, if you grant me a favor."

"A hundred!" he triumphantly cried.

III

To soothe her conscience, which began to ring faint alarm-bells at sundown, Alixe sent several despatches to her husband, and

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then tried a telephone; but she was not successful. Her mood shifted chilly, and they bored each other immeasurably on the long promenade vibrating with gypsy music and frivolous folk.

It was after seven o'clock as the sun slowly swam down the sky-line. Decidedly their little flight from the prison of stone was not offering rich recompense to Alixe Van Kuyp and her elderly companion.

"And now for the favor!" he demanded, his eyes contentedly resting upon the graceful expanse of his guest's figure.

She moved restlessly: "My dear Rentgen, I am about to ask you a question, only a plain question. *That* is the favor." He bowed incredulously.

"I must know the truth about Richard. It is a serious matter, this composing of his. He neglects his pupils—most of them Americans who come to Paris to study with him. Yet with the reputation he has attained, due to you entirely"—she waved away an interruption—"he refuses to write songs or piano music that will sell. He is an incorrigible idealist and I confess I am discouraged. What can be our future?" She drew the deep breath of one in peril; this plain talk devoid of all sham mortified her exceedingly.

She was thankful that he did not attempt to play the *rôle* of fatherly adviser. His eyes were quite sincere when he answered her:

"What you say, Alixe—" the familiarity brought with it no condescending reverberations—"has bothered me more than once. I shall be just as frank on my side. No, your husband has little talent; original talent, none. He is mediocre—wait!" She started, her cheeks red with the blood that fled her heart when she heard this doleful news. "Wait! There are qualifications. In the first place, what do you expect from an American?"

"But you always write so glowingly of our composers," she interjected.

"And," he went on as if she had not spoken, "Van Kuyp is your typical countryman. He has studied in Germany. He has muddled his brain with the music of a dozen different nations; if he had had any individuality it would have been submerged. His memory has killed his imagination. He borrows his inspiration from the poets, from Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, Richard Strauss. Anyhow, like all musicians of his country, he is too painfully self-conscious of his nationality."

"You, you alone, are responsible for his present ambitions," retorted the unhappy woman.

"Quite true, my dear friend. I acknowledge it."

"And you say this to my face?"

"Do you wish me to lie?" She did not reply. After a grim pause she burst forth:

"Oh, why doesn't he compose an opera, and make a popular name?"

"Richard Wagner Number II!" There were implications of sarcasm in this which greatly displeased Mrs. Van Kuyp. They strolled on slowly. It was a melodious summer night; mauve haze screened all but a few exquisite large stars. Soothed despite rebellion, Alixe told herself sharply that in every duel with this man she was worsted. He said things that scratched her nerves; yet she forgave. He had not the slightest attraction for her; nevertheless, when he spoke, she listened, when he wrote, she read. He ruled the husband through his music; he ruled her through her husband. And what did he expect?

They retraced their way. A fantastic bridge spanning the brief marshland, frozen by the moonlight, appealed to them. They crossed. A coachman driving an open carriage hailed confidentially. Alixe entered and with a dexterous play of draperies usurped the back seat. Rentgen made no sign. He had her in full view, the moon streaking her disturbed features with its unflattering rays.

They started bravely, the horses running for home; but the rapid gait soon subsided into a rhythmic trot. Rentgen spoke. She hardly recognized his voice, so gently monotonous were his phrases.

"Dear Alixe. It is a night for confessions. You care for your husband, you are wrapped up in his art work, you are solicitous of his future, of his fame. It is admirable. You are a model wife for an artist. But tell me frankly, doesn't it bore you to death? Doesn't all this talk of music, themes, orchestration, of the public, critics, musicians, conductors, get on your nerves? Is it any consolation for you to know that Van Kuyp may be famous? What is his fame or his failure to you? Where do you, Alixe Van Kuyp, come in?

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Why must your charming woman's soul be sacrificed, warped to this stunted tree of another's talent? You are silent. You say: he is trying to make me deny Richard! You were never more mistaken. I am interested in you both; interested in you as a noble woman—stop! I mean it. And interested in Richard—well—because he is my own creation . . ."

She watched him now with her heart in her eyes; he frightened her more with these low, purring words, than if he declared open love.

"He is my own handiwork. I have created him. I have fashioned his outlines, have wound up the mechanism that moves him to compose. Did you ever read that terrifying thought of Yeats, the Irish poet? I've forgotten the story, but remember the idea: 'The beautiful arts were sent into the world to overthrow nations, and, finally, life itself, sowing everywhere unlimited desires, like torches thrown into a burning city.' There—'like torches thrown into a burning city!' Richard Van Kuyp is one of my burning torches. In the spectacle of his impuissance I find relief from my own suffering."

The booming of the Tzigane band was no longer heard—only the horses' muffled footfalls and the intermittent chromatic drone of hidden distant tramcars. She shivered and shaded her face from him with her fan. There was something remote from humanity in his speech. He continued with increasing vivacity:

"Music is a burning torch. And music, like ideas, can slay the brain. Wagner borrowed his harmonic fire from the torch of Chopin"—— She broke in:

"Don't talk of Chopin! Tell me more of Van Kuyp. Why do you call him *yours?*" Her curiosity was become pain. It mastered her prudence.

"In far-away Keltic legends there may be found a lovely belief that our thoughts are independent realities, that they go about in the void seeking creatures to control. They are as bodiless souls. When they descend into a human being they possess his moods, his very existence——"

"And Richard!" she muttered. His words swayed her like strange music; the country through which they were passing was a blank; she could see but two luminous points—the nocturnal eyes of Elvard Rentgen, as he spun his cobwebs in the moonshine. She did not fear him, nothing could frighten her now. One desire held her. If it were unslaked she felt she would collapse. It was to know the truth, to be told everything! He put restraining fingers on her ungloved hand; they seemed like cold, fat spiders. Yet she was only curious, with a curiosity that murdered the spirit within her.

"To transfuse these shadows, my dear Alixe, has been one of my delights, for I can project my futile desires into another's soul. I am denied the gift of music-making, so this is my revenge on nature for bungling its job. If Richard had genius my intervention would be superfluous. He has none. He is dull. You must realize it. But since he has known me, has felt my influence, has been subject to my volition, my sorcery, you may call it—" his laugh was disagreeably conscious—"he has developed the shadow of a great man. He will seem a great composer. I shall make him think he is one. I shall make the world believe it, also. It is my fashion of squaring a life I hate. But if I choose to withdraw——"

The road they entered was black and full of the buzzing shadows of hot night, but she was oblivious to everything but his hallucinating voice:

"And if you withdraw?" Her mouth echoed phrases without the complicity of her brain.

"If I do—ah, these cobweb spinners! Good-bye to Richard Van Kuyp and dreams of glory." This note of harsh triumph snapped his weaving words.

"I don't believe you or your boasts," remarked Alixe in her most conventionally amused manner. "You are trying to scare me, and with this hypnotic joke about Richard you have only hypnotized yourself. I mean to tell Mr. Van Kuyp every bit of our conversation. I'm not frightened by your vampire tales. You critics are only shadows of composers."

"Yes, but we make ordinary composers believe they are great," he replied, acridly.

"I'll tell this to Richard."

"He won't believe you."

"He shall—he won't believe *you!* Oh, Rentgen, how can you invent such cruel things? Are you always so malicious? What do you mean? Come—what do you

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expect?" She closed her eyes, anticipating an avowal. Why should a man seek to destroy her faith in her husband, in love itself, if not for some selfish purpose of his own? But she was wrong, and became vaguely alarmed—at least if he had offered his service and sympathy in exchange for her friendship, she might have understood his fantastic talk. Rentgen sourly reflected—despite epigrams, women never vary. For him her sentiment was suburban. It strangled poetry. But he said nothing, though she imagined he looked depressed; nor did he open his mouth as the carriage traversed five or six avenues of processional poplars before arriving at her door. She turned to him imploringly:

"You must come with me. I shall never be able to go in alone, without an excuse. Don't—don't repeat to Richard what you said to me, in joke, I am sure, about his music. Heavens! What will my husband think?" There was despair in her voice but hopefulness in her gait and gesture when they reached the ill-lighted hall.

A night-lamp stood on the composer's study table. The piano was open. He sat at the keyboard, though not playing, as they hurriedly entered the room.

"You poor fellow! You look worn out. Did you think we had run away from you? Did you get the wires, the telephone messages? Oh, why did you keep us expecting you, Richard! We have had a wonderful time and missed you so much! Such a talk with Rentgen! And all about *you*. *Nicht wahr*, Rentgen! He says you are the only man in the world with a musical future. Isn't that so, Rentgen? Didn't you say that Richard was the only man in whom you took any interest? Say what you said to me! I *dare* you!"

The musician, aroused by this wordy assault, looked from one to the other with his heavy eyes, the eyes of an owl rudely disturbed. Alixe almost danced her excitement. She hummed shrilly and grasped Van Kuyp's arm in the gayest rebounding humor.

"Why don't you speak, *Maestro?*"

"I didn't join you because I was too busy at my score. Listen, children! I have sketched the beginning of 'The Shadowy Horses.' You remember the Yeats poem, Rentgen? Listen!"

Furiously he attacked the instrument, from which escaped accents of veritable torture; a delirium of tone followed, meagre melodies fighting for existence in the boiling madness of it all; it was the parody of a parody, the music of yesterday masquerading as the music of to-morrow. Alixe nervously watched the critic. He stood at the end of the piano and morosely fumbled his beard. Again a wave of anxious hatred followed by forebodings, crowded her alert brain. She desperately clutched her husband's shoulder; he finished the music in a burst of sheer pounding and brutal roaring. Then she threw her arms about him in an ecstasy of pride—her confidence was her only anchorage.

"There, Elvard Rentgen! What did you tell me? I dare you to say that this music is not marvellous, not original!" Her victorious gaze, in which floated indomitable faith, challenged him, as she drew the head of her husband to her protecting bosom. The warring of exasperated eyes endured a moment; to Alixe it seemed eternity. Rentgen bowed and went away from this castle of cobwebs, deeply stirred by the wife's tender untruths. . . . She was the last dawn illuminating his empty, sordid life—now a burnt city of defaced dreams and blackened torches.

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THE BATHERS

By H. G. Dwight

THE painter laughed as he splashed into the shallows. A million crabs were idling in the linked gold of the sun, and they scurried away or burrowed frantically into the sand at his irruption among them. He waded on, catching his breath delightedly at the freshness of the rising water. The fancy came to him that he was entering a new world by this downward path: he wondered how the clouds would look from the bottom of the sea—and the stars, and the scudding *bragozzi*. He glanced back a moment, to the world from which he had fled. The Alps filled the horizon with pale outlines of shadow. Between them and the long spit of the Lido were shining lagoon spaces, out of which the clustered towers seemed to look wistfully over into the unpent sea. With the vividness of mirage he recalled a placid water avenue winding green between its lines of awninged palaces. Then he turned from it all, in sudden hatred of his artificial life, of the restlessness to express. He envied the fisherfolk under their butterfly sails out there where the Adriatic swept bare and blue to the east. There were the true creators! They did not copy those colors to hang on a wall. They made them—to blow in the open sea, to toss unspoiled in the rains of heaven! They did not watch: they lived.

The painter threw himself forward with a great splash, opening wide his arms and ducking his head as if in homage. He laughed as he came up. Blinking and sputtering, he swam lazily to the full extent of his limbs in the joy of finding himself in a new element, untrammelled by the last conventionality of clothes. The joy of it filled him. As he moved over green abysses, somehow hanging miraculously as he chose, he seemed to be free from even so dogging a burden as Gravity. And his whole body—not merely hands and face—was alive to poignant sensations, to the freshness and rhythm of the sea.

A long time he drifted in the slow swell, jealous to take in the full *volupté* of sea and sun and sky through every pore. And as he idly floated there a shout suddenly startled him from behind, and a great dash of water half choked him. Then someone began to laugh, but stopped short. When at last he could breathe and see, he found a young man of his own age regarding him out of smiling eyes that tried to look grave.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer, who spoke in the slow dialect of the lagoon—so different from the slippery talk of the Venetians—"I thought you were my brother. He is of the *dazio* here at Alberoni, and I meant to surprise him. I would not have disturbed you if I had known."

"No matter," replied the painter. "There is room in the sea for both of us."

The other laughed, regarding the painter curiously.

The painter returned the gaze as frankly. With the skilled eye of his craft, yet almost as if his fancy were realized and this were the first met of a new race, he admired the clear brown skin, the set of the neck, the turn of the sinewy arm. He wondered how they would understand each other, forgetting that they had already spoken.

"You are not from Chioggia," said the stranger; "I know almost everybody there, and then you do not speak their language. I know the Pellestrina dialect too, and the Venetian, and the one they speak at Burano; but yours is different from them all. Where is your country? I am from Malamocco."

The painter smiled.

"Venice is my country now," he answered, "but I speak the Florentine dialect." Although he had picked up the speech of the lagoon his foreign accent always betrayed him.

"Ah, *Fiorenza!*" exclaimed the stranger, using the beautiful old name which the Florentines themselves have discarded. "That is on the mainland, isn't it? I have been only to places on the lagoon, like Campalto and La Rana. But I would like to

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see Florence, too. . . . You swim differently there, as well as talk differently," he added, watching the painter's stroke. "This is the way we swim." He struck out hand over hand, throwing his body from one side to the other with great splashes. He made such headway that the painter could not keep up with him. "If you swam that way I think you would go faster," he said politely.

"I am afraid not," returned the painter. "I don't swim very well."

"Can you dive?" asked the stranger. "Let's see who can bring up something first." He turned a somersault and disappeared glimmering into the green depths, whence presently he shot up waving a streamer of seaweed. "Didn't you get anything?" he asked, noting his companion's empty hand.

"I didn't even try," smiled the painter. "You swim much better than I."

"*Mah!*" exclaimed the other. "I have probably had more practice." He paused, half embarrassed. "I think I will swim out a little. Will you come?"

"Thank you, but perhaps not," replied the painter. "I have been out a good while. I am going in now."

"Well, have you forgiven me for drowning you?" laughed the stranger. "*A rivedersi!*"

The painter watched till the black head was a mere dancing speck in the water.

"That was amusing," he thought. "He wouldn't have called me 'thou' if I had had my clothes on. And he is a better man than I. . . ."

Back on the beach the painter abandoned himself anew to the joy of sensation. He did not think. He scarcely remembered. He simply felt in every nerve the glow of the sun, the caress of the air, the pulse of the sea lapping softly at his feet. As he lay there, happy and languid in the warm sand, the sound of splashing in the shallows came like an intrusion. But opening his eyes he saw the young man of Malamocco come up from the water, his whole shapely brown body glistening in the sun. It might have been a young sea god rising from the waves. The painter smiled as he watched the dripping apparition, so in keeping did it seem with his humor. The youth caught the smile and answered it. He came and threw himself down in the sand beside the painter. They looked at one another, the smile still in their eyes.

The painter was glad he had hidden his clothes. He felt how absurd were those distinctions in the world from which he came, of nationality, of belief, of rank. They could be laid aside with one's coat. This was another world, with other standards. He and the young man beside him —by what different roads had they travelled to this beach! But what influence in their lives had wrought upon them like that secret pre-natal influence which on different continents, among different races, had moulded them to identical form of limb? Here lay the two of them together by the sea, children both of Nature, without distinction or preference between them—unless that most ancient preference of Nature for the fit.

"How white you are!" exclaimed the stranger. "I am all black from the sun." He lifted his leg to notice how the darkness of the lower tan shaded into a tone but a trifle paler. "When we fish in the lagoon we often go like this. But even on the sea the sun burns through our clothes. I have always been black. I never saw anybody so white as you are—except perhaps women, and sick people, and the *signori* at the Lido."

Shame filled the painter—shame, and a passionate envy. He looked admiringly at the young fisherman stretched out beside him, followed all the curves of the sunburned muscular body, without a line of excess in its supple youth, and without one of deficiency. Then he glanced at his own lank white limbs. He felt the cut of being classed with women and sick people and *signori!* This was the only shame of nakedness, to have a body not worth looking at. Instinctively he took up handfuls of the fine sand and poured it over himself. The life he had fled from that morning surged back over him. How he hated the imprisonment of houses, the absurdity of ambition, the mockeries of pleasure, that had made him what he was! How he envied this fisherman his life of sun and sea, and his untroubled youth, and his unspoiled body!

"You take too little at a time," laughed the fisherman. He sat up to scoop out great handfuls of sand, which he threw

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over the painter's body until it was quite buried. Then he heaped a mound over himself, and looked inquiringly at the painter. "I know by your skin that you are not of my *mestiere*. But people in Venice do many things. What is your trade?"

The painter felt more comfortable under the sand, and the unsuspecting "*ti*" of the dialect touched him again.

"My *mestiere* is to paint," he said. "I make pictures."

"Ah, that is a nice trade! My cousin is on one of the Chioggia steamers, and he makes pictures of the *bragozzi* when he has taken the tickets. You should see how beautiful they are. Do you paint *bragozzi?*"

"Yes, and some other things: houses, and gardens, and people."

"It must be very difficult. Did you have someone to show you how?"

"Yes," answered the painter gravely. He thought of New York, and Paris, and the months in the great galleries.

"Ah! That is different. My cousin says people are very hard, unless you have a master. But he does *bragozzi* well because he knows all about them—his father builds them. He sold one once for ten francs. Do you sell yours?"

"Sometimes. But I make a great many more than I sell."

"So does my cousin. He gives them to people to hang in their houses. And in the shops he buys more cheaply if he gives a *bragozzo*. Do you do anything else?"

It was evident that the fisherman's conception of the picture market was based on the sale effected by his relative, and that his deductions regarding the painter's income were therefore not dazzling. The painter was pleased. He had feared lest a breach separate him and his companion too early in their relations.

"But who knows?" pursued the fisherman, encouragingly. "If you do nothing else perhaps you will come to paint big pictures with gold frames—like the ones under the *procuratie* in the Piazza San Marco. My cousin says the artists who paint those are *signori*. Then it will be a trade! I shall never be a *signor* at mine. Do you know how long it takes me to earn ten francs?"

The painter remembered how often he had seen fishermen in their long brown stockings and wooden shoes before the brilliant windows of the Square. Never before had he conceived of them otherwise than as a picturesque foil to the glitter of civilization.

"No," he replied. "But your *mestiere* is better than mine. It keeps you out of doors, and what you do is necessary to people more than what I do."

"*Mah!* It is a pleasure to be on the sea in a good wind. I would not like to be shut up in a shop, or anything like that. But we make so little. And the winter! Sometimes we do not even catch enough to eat. You can make a picture whenever you want, but I can't catch a fish whenever I want!"

"Yes, but you can eat your fish when you get him, while my picture is no good to me unless I sell it. I can't eat it, and it isn't the kind of thing that everybody wants to buy, like a fish."

"That is so. But if people don't like your picture you can ask them what they do like, and sit down and paint it for them. *Ecco!* And in the winter you can stay comfortably by the hearth in the kitchen and make your pictures of boats and flowers and summer and what else do I know, while outside it snows. But I have to go into the sea to get my fish, if I get shipwrecked for it."

The painter smiled, still envying the strong brown body buried in the sand beside him. And then he suddenly asked:

"Have you ever been shipwrecked?"

"Only once," answered the fisherman, as if it were an every-day matter.

"Tell me about it," demanded the painter eagerly, turning on his elbow to look at this creature who had been through shipwrecks and thought nothing of it.

"*Mah!* I was small then," began the fisherman apologetically, as if he would be less awkward now. "It was in my grandfather's *bragozzo*, one night in March. We were blown on to the Punta dei Sabbioni, and the boat broke in two." He stopped as if there were nothing more to say.

"Well, what happened? How did you get ashore?"

"God knows," replied the fisherman. "We fell into the water, and after a while I woke up with men rubbing me. My grandfather was there, too. My father and my brother were drowned."

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"And then?"

"What was there to do then? We went home."

The picture of this common little coast tragedy flared up in the painter's imagination. He was impatient that it should be told him so barely. He wanted a hundred dramatic details, and he could not think how to bring them out.

"What did your mother do?" he asked, desperate.

"What do women do? She cried."

"Did they find your father and brother?"

"My father, yes, but not my brother. This makes one feel sleepy after being in the water, doesn't it?" He closed his eyes, turning a little his head from the sun.

The painter stared in amazement. In the life back there among the sculptured palaces these were things read, things far away as Olympus and Troy—not things seen. He felt like a child in the presence of one who has come back scarred from the wars.

Feeling the power of eyes upon him, the fisherman finally opened his own.

"How warm it is here, eh? It is better than that time at the Sabbioni. Ee-ee that was cold!" He drew up his shoulders as if to shiver, and the sand ran from him in rivulets. "I love the summer. I wish it would never end. We often come to this same place to pull in the nets, but it is not always so nice as this."

The painter was full of curiosity about a life to him so romantic.

"Do you come here in a *bragozzo?*" he asked, with the respect due to a superior, fearful of offending by too many questions.

"Oh, no," answered the fisherman. "It is too shallow. We come in a *caorlina*, about ten of us, and plant the nets, and afterwards pull them up on the sand."

"Oh, yes!" cried the painter. "I have seen it at Sant' Elisabetta—three or four men pulling at each rope, and then the net squirming with fishes! And afterwards they beach the boats, and build fires on the sand and have their breakfast." He had often sketched the bare-legged men and boys tugging at the ropes, and had thought how good their fresh fish and *polenta* must be in the morning air on the edge of the sea.

"Yes, we go there often. But the nets are not always squirming with fish. Sometimes we get nothing but crabs, cast after cast."

"Do you do anything else besides go in the *caorlina?*" asked the painter.

"Hoo-oo!" exclaimed the fisherman in a high singing interjection, with an amused smile. "I go oftener in my uncle's *bragozzo*. We have none, because ours was lost when my father was drowned and we have never been able to get another. They cost more than the painted ones! We generally leave in the afternoon and stay out all night, so as to get the fish to Rialto early in the morning. That is nice—to lie on the deck after the nets are down, and watch the stars playing behind the sail and the light-houses here and at Cavallino winking their eyes. And then to run in when the sun comes up all wet and cool out of the sea, and the wind begins to blow! But in winter it is another affair, and when there are storms. Two or three boats are lost in every *burrasca*."

The painter's humility grew, as he inwardly compared the vicissitudes of studio life with this adventuring upon the deep.

"But you would rather live on the water than in a shop, didn't you say?"

"*Mah!* Now, yes—when the nights are a *delizia* and we have enough to eat. But in winter! Then it is another story." He propped himself up on his elbows and began excavating a reservoir, into which the water rose slowly. "No, I would not like to be in a shop. But I would like to be a *signor*, and have plenty of money without working, and eat meat every day, and in the winter always have a fire in the kitchen, and go as often as I liked to the *osteria*. And I would like to go to other places, to see Florence, and all the countries of the world. That is what I would like the best of all. Sometimes the steamers pass us in the sea at night, with all their little round windows full of lamps, and people singing on the deck—high over the top of our mast—and it makes me want to go with them. They pass so quickly, with the water white behind them, and their lights grow small and small in the dark, and disappear. Where do they go, the ships? I would like to know, and travel to the countries at the end of the sea." He looked across the painter toward the breakwater, where the sails of a pilot boat were bobbing up and down

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and where, far away, the sea ran blue to the sky. "But I never shall. I have to catch fish for my family. They would not have enough if I went away. . . . A boy I knew went to America, and now he sends home money to his mother—a great deal. He won a *terno* at the lottery, enough to pay for the steamer and then to keep him till he found a place. But I am not lucky. And even if I could go I could not take my wife, and my mother might have nothing to eat long before I could send her money. They speak another language there—and many things. Have you been to America?" He asked it nonchalantly, tracing arabesques in the damp sand of his reservoir, much as one might inquire, "Have you been to the moon?"

"Yes," answered the painter, absently, "I have been to America." He lay on his back, his hands under his head, looking into the sea. The gleam of its blue was curiously watered by ripples of shadow sweeping across it in shades from purple to the pallor of the sky. He wished that all evils were so calculable as winter, and he was touched by the simplicity of these ambitions, by the poetry of the lighted ships. He had not thought of a wife, the fisherman was so young. Discontent seemed inexplicable in such a case.

The fisherman turned instantly, forgetting his arabesques.

"You have been to America?" He sat up, edging nearer the painter and looking down at him with a strange and new curiosity. "You have been to America! Why didn't you tell me before? What is it like?"

The painter was sorry. But he looked up at the eager face bent upon him, and smiled.

"Oh, it is very much like this. There are fields and trees, and rivers run into the sea, and there is a sun every day, and sometimes there is a moon at night."

"A sun every day!" broke in the fisherman. "Sometimes there is none for a month here! I would like that. Is it like Venice, with *palazzi*, and gondolas, and the *campanile?*"

"No," answered the painter, "it is not like Venice. There are no gondolas and no *campanile;* and the *palazzi* are all new; and they don't have four, five, six floors, but fifteen, twenty, twenty-five."

"They must be as high as the *campanile*, then! And new! In Venice all the houses are so old. I like new things. Don't you?"

"Well—not so much," replied the painter. "It is hard to tell which of them will last. Old things are the ones that were good enough to last."

"Oh!" said the fisherman. "What are the people like?"

"The people? They are like you and me. Only perhaps they don't like to lie all the afternoon in the sun, the way you and I do," he added, stretching his arms out wide in the sand and following a gull into the sky.

"Are they good?" pursued the fisherman. Goodness as applied to character has come in Italian to mean complaisance rather than the sterner moral qualities expected in the North.

"Well, perhaps they are more apt to be 'bad,' if one is from another country. I think it is because they do not understand. They speak another language, you know."

"Can you understand it?"

"M-m-m, generally."

"Say some!" demanded the fisherman. And after it he required a translation of the painter's phrase. "It is curious," he commented. "When you say those words I can understand nothing, but you are saying the same things that we say in Italian!"

"Yes," said the painter. "They do not tell you new things in other countries. At first it sounds different, and then you find out that it is really the same. . . ."

"Why, have you been to many of them?"

"I have been to some others."

"Tell me about them. Were they like America?"

"Most of them were."

The fisherman edged a little closer, his eyes fastened on the painter as if to win the secret of his strangeness and his fortune.

"If you have been so far you must have been on a ship," he uttered slowly.

"Yes."

"I would like to go on a ship, especially at night. Did you ever put your head through one of the little round windows where the lights are, and look down at the dark sea, and find a *bragozzo?*"

"Yes," answered the painter, "and I have seen the light from the little windows

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touch the sails, and the faces of the men looking up."

"And then you passed and left them in the night. How I wish I could have done that! But I was down in the *bragozzo*, and you were up in the great lighted ship, going to the countries at the end of the sea."

The wistfulness in his face hurt the painter, to whom the sense of the superiority of that superb body, and of the simple life from which it had won its beauty and its power, was keener than ever. He had meant only to entertain his companion, not to sharpen in him the sharpness of desire. How could he put convincingly what he really felt? But the fisherman went on, his face hanging almost over the painter's.

"Have you been to all the countries in the world?" he asked.

"Oh, no! Only to a few of them. And I don't care to see the rest."

"Why not? If I were like you, and had no one else to think about, and could do my trade in any country, I would go to see them all."

"Why? You do not see new things when you travel. It is not worth while going on long journeys to see people who wear different clothes from ours, or have a different skin. They are always really the same. They are all born in the same way, and they all love and hate in the same way, and they all work to get bread and fish, and then they all die. These are the real things, the old things that people hide under their customs and their languages. You can see them here as well as anywhere else."

"It will be so," said the fisherman humbly. "You know better than I. But one gets tired of just the same thing every day, every week, every month, every year. It is like a week without Sunday. You have had your *festa*, but I never had mine."

"What you call *festa* was every day to me, and it did not make me happy."

"Then I wish I could have had your every day." He glanced out to sea a moment, where the fishing boats were tacking about as if to no purpose but to show off their butterfly wings. "Have you ever been hungry?" he asked, looking down at the painter again.

"No." The painter crushed a temptation to play with *double entendre*, and was ashamed to count the few dinners deferred that he could remember.

"I have," said the fisherman. "I have gone back to Malamocco on a winter morning after a night in the *bragozzo*, and I have had to show my empty hands to my wife who was waiting at the door. And I have seen the Porto di Lido white with *cavalloni*, when we tacked up and down outside, afraid to run in, until we were so cold and tired that I hoped the boat would go down. And I have seen my father's dead body washed up by the sea. These are the things that I have seen. But you——"

The painter sprang out of his lazy posture and put one hand on the other's knee, looking into his eyes.

"What are the things I have seen to these!" he cried, passionately. "What do I know of the world, compared to you? You have seen more of life there in Malamocco than I ever did in all the great cities I have lived in! It is nothing to know how men say 'Good-morning' in different languages and how they look in their *festa* coats, if you know what they say on the decks of sinking ships and how they look when they are washed up by the sea!"

For a moment the fisherman was silent, surprised by the other's vehemence. Then he said:

"Perhaps so. But what good does it do me to know these things? I would rather have your *mestiere*. It is not so monotonous. It is not so hard. It is not so sad——"

The painter leaped impatiently to his feet. He wanted to prove in some palpable way the inferiority of his manner of life, so that the fisherman could not help being convinced.

"Get up!" he cried. "Wrestle with me!"

"What shall I wrestle with you for?" asked the fisherman in astonishment, sitting back with his hands propped behind him in the sand. "I want to talk about these things."

"You shall talk about these things afterward," laughed the painter. "Now I want to see how easily I can throw you. Get up!"

The fisherman obeyed slowly and stood, loose-jointed, waiting to see what the other would do. The painter suddenly clinched him, at which the fisherman's muscles leaped instinctively into play. There was

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a short sharp tussle, and the painter found himself on his back in the sand, panting, the other's knee on his chest.

"You see?" demanded the painter.

The fisherman rolled down in the sand beside him.

"Excuse me," he said. "When I felt you catch me I didn't think, and I put you down."

The painter laughed.

"Do you see how much better your trade is than mine?"

"No. What have trades to do with it? One of us had to go under. Another time you would probably beat me. Let's try again. Come!"

He started to get up, but the painter pulled him back.

"You know perfectly well that I couldn't beat you if I tried all day! Look at that!" He held out his arm and made the fisherman do the same. "And look at that!" He stretched a slim white leg beside the fisherman's full brown one. The comparison made him wince, as in the frame beside him he noted again how toil and peril had only wrought like surpassing sculpture. He went on: "There is no reason why I should not be as strong and as *bello* as you. I am not much older, and I am not ill, and I have never been hurt. Then why are we so different? It is just this very thing, the difference between our *mestieri*. For when you were pulling up nets on the sand I was sitting in the house making little paper sunsets for people to buy—when they could have new and better ones every day for nothing by looking out of the window! And when you were watching the stars play behind your sail I was shut up in hot drawing-rooms. Lamps are not so good for one as stars! And when you were fighting the sea in storms, I was running about the world trying to find some new thing. And so you are what you are, and I am this!" He looked down at himself and laughed bitterly.

"That may be," said the fisherman, puzzled and a little embarrassed. "But what if I am strong? You are strong enough. You have not been prevented from enjoying. Was it worth while for me to do all those things just to be able to put you down? What difference does it make to me? I would rather have been in your place."

"No! Outside things cannot make you happy, unless they fit with something inside. And they are so few and so common that the smallest room in the world can hold them. They are the old, old things of the earth, the few necessary things that anyone can have anywhere. That is all the good my travels have done me—to teach me this. I know these things, but you have them." He stopped abruptly.

The fisherman looked at him a long time saying nothing. When finally he spoke it was humbly, as one lower to one higher.

"What you say must be true, because you understand and I do not. Still—I wish I could be once on a lighted ship at night, and go to one of the countries at the end of the sea. I have never been, and you have. . . ."

At first the painter did not answer, his eyes on the bronzed figure beside him. But then he smiled, curiously.

"Look!" he said. "We are all covered with the sand of the sea. We must brush it off and go back into the world."

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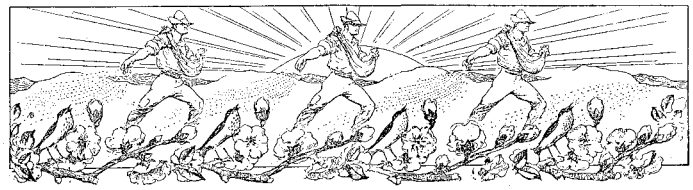

THE EARTH'S REMEMBRANCE

FOUR SONNETS

By Anne O'Hagan

In those still places dear to thee of old
The Spring, all tremulous, is waiting thee.
The willows fringe with frail green tracery
The winding river marges. Fold from fold
The maples blush to leafage, and in gold
The tasselled locusts deck them gallantly.
With song the woods are bannered, tree to tree,
The young year's nuptial hymn, ecstatic, bold.

O little heart, that loved this beauty so,
What lure has caught thee that thou comest not?
The tender Spring awaits. Hast thou forgot
Her loveliness—the green, the gold, the glow?
Hast thou forgot her wilding melodies?
What sounds enthrall thee, far away from these?

There fell a day of grief in thy green haunt,
And Spring, whose tryst thou wouldst not keep, slipped by.
Now Summer hails thee with a surer cry,
Full-bosomed Summer whom thou canst not daunt
With unresponsiveness. Her joyous vaunt
She makes that thou wilt not her call deny—
Her clarion call, blown to the wide-arched sky
Through rose-lipped trumpets, that the thick vines flaunt.

But to her round hallo of bloom and bird
Thou makest never answer ; and the breeze
Brings back but echo through the dark-leafed trees.
Oh, wherefore art thou mute? Hast thou not heard?
Dost not thou know thine own place waits for thee,
Resplendent, lone, in June's rich blazonry?

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Since glamour and since glory both in vain
Besought the praising of thine eyes, her last
Appeal thy comrade makes, and wealth amassed
She flings thy brethren. All the tawny grain
And russet fruitage that they count for gain,
Are but a little bribe from out her vast
Desire of thee, that, grateful, thou mayst cast
Thy silence off, forbear thy strange disdain.

See with what beauty she bestows the gift—
What veils of woven amethyst enfold
The teeming fields, what ruby and clear gold
Are piled across the hills in evening drift,
What pungent wines are spilled upon the air.
Dost thou deny her still, benign and fair?

Then said the earth, when the last hope was sped,
"All, all is vain; my comrade comes no more,
The one who loved me, whom I lovéd sore.
Die, all ye futile things, since she is dead.
Turn stone, my breasts; breed not as ye have bred.
Fall, foolish leaves, and bitter rains, downpour.
Rage thou a flood, slight brook, efface the shore,
Efface the paths that she no more will tread."

So was it done, and now, O little heart,
The place that thou didst love lies desolate
From far-rimmed hill to glade most intimate.
And yet—is it more lovely where thou art?
Does deeper silence fold thee there? Do snows
More wide and white enwrap thy soft repose?

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THE SUB-MASCOT

By Alden Arthur Knipe, M.D.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

MANY an alumnus, if he thinks back to the early days when the foot-ball games were played on the old field, will remember a small boy of six marching sturdily up and down the side-lines, holding tightly to the chain of a pure white bulldog. It was often a question between these two which was master, for sometimes the dog became aggressive and a pair of short legs, clad in the most diminutive of trousers, were taxed to their utmost to keep pace with this four-footed companion. When the days were warm the boy was dressed in a blue sailor's blouse with a red scarf, but usually he would appear in a man's sweater, rolled up at the bottom and sleeves, the collar of which came quite to his bobbed-off blond hair and pushed it out in a halo about his head. He made a queer little figure in this sweater with the 'Varsity initial nearly as large as himself; and at first the grand-stand, knowing nothing of the occult duties of a mascot, laughed at him: but in time these two were looked upon as a part of the regular accompaniment to every game. Down below,

Holding tightly to the chain of a pure white bulldog.

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where the coaches and "subs" sit nervously watching each play, there is a very different feeling. The care and devotion lavished upon the mascots is conclusive evidence of the faith the teams have in them; and never was there a more speckless bulldog nor a small boy with such abject slaves at his beck and call. Now and then, during the game, when the dog became wholly unmanageable, a big "sub-guard" would walk over to the boy to help hold it or, late in the afternoon, when the shadows lengthened across the field and it grew colder, he would wrap him in a blanket, pick him up very carefully and carry him to the bench. To this day Lawrence, who is a practising physician of more than local reputation, will tell you that the success of the team in those years was due entirely to the sub-mascot and, although the other members of the foot-ball squad may not be so willing to admit their superstitious beliefs, they are known to have excused one defeat because of the illness that kept the small boy in the house.

The dog became the property of the team quite naturally; he belonged originally to Burton, but soon gave evidence of superior endowments as a mascot and was at once appropriated by the athletes in need of his special gifts.

The boy came upon the scene abruptly. His name was Phil, and big Bob Struthers, he who pulled stroke on the Eight, had the honor of being his uncle. Struthers was a Junior "Medic" when Phil first appeared, and he came over from an afternoon lecture to find the boy alone in his rooms, seated on the floor absorbed in the colored illustrations of a text-book on anatomy. Struthers halted abruptly and looked down upon his nephew in utter surprise.

"Hello, Uncle Bob!" said Phil with a glad smile of welcome, "I've come to college."

"Oh! you have?" answered Struthers recovering his presence of mind, "I'm glad to see you; but where's the rest of the family?"

"Gone away on the train," answered Phil, soberly.

"Gone where?" asked his uncle.

Phil carefully placed the book on the floor, leaving it open at a lurid picture, and then rising, went to the table.

"Here's a letter Mover left for you," he replied, holding out a white envelope, "she said you were to tell her as soon as you found me. I've been waiting a long time and I'd like a drink of water."

Struthers produced the "drink" and while Phil returned to the book, read the following note:

DEAR BOB: I am nearly worried to death—Have just received a telegram calling me to Baltimore—Mother is ill and as absolute quiet is necessary I can't take the baby—He's an angel but *so* noisy—George is in Chicago and he can't stay alone with strange servants and the cook is going away on Friday—I thought of leaving the nurse with you too, but perhaps you would not have room for her to sleep and really Lena is the only person I can depend on to help me nurse Mother—I do hope you will understand and the baby is no trouble—He has his bath (temperature 90 degrees Fahr.) and goes to bed at seven-thirty—Give him only a light supper, of course but you'll know that without being told—I've put in heavy underwear in case it gets cold—Do be careful for he is such a delicate child—Be sure to get registered milk and don't take him through any crowds. There is much sickness around and he has never had a thing the matter with him in his life—You might consult your professor on babies about him perhaps he should be on a stricter diet—George thinks that I imagine things but I tell him one cannot be too careful—There are so many queer diseases now-a-days—Do put on his rubbers if it is damp also leggings—I'm so sorry that I did not think of bringing you Miss Winslow's "Advice to Young Mothers"—It is a most valuable work—The doctor thinks Mother is getting typhoid but he can't tell yet which seems to me very stupid—If I find that he is incompetent I'll telegraph you to let me know who to get in his place—You had better ask your professor on typhoid fever so as to be ready to answer promptly—Don't let Phil over heat himself but if he does he must cool slowly—Remember this is very important—*Cool Slowly!* And do be careful of what he eats, give him variety because he tires of the same things but—above everything—no mixtures! He takes a tea-spoonful of the medicine that you will find in the dress-suit case at ten minutes after eight in the morning and at quarter to five in the afternoon—He hates it but I'm sure he needs it—This is a volume but it's your own fault for not being in when I came—I have barely time to catch my train—I am disappointed not to have seen you—I could have explained so much better—Now I must go. Lovingly, your sister,

HELEN

P.S. The baby has found some picture books so he will be good till you come—Don't forget his bath before he goes to bed and put clean flannels on him to-morrow—also don't try to correct his baby talk; we want to keep him a baby as long as we can and Miss Winslow says "don't force the mind."

Had the boy not been sitting there in front of him, absorbed in medical litera-

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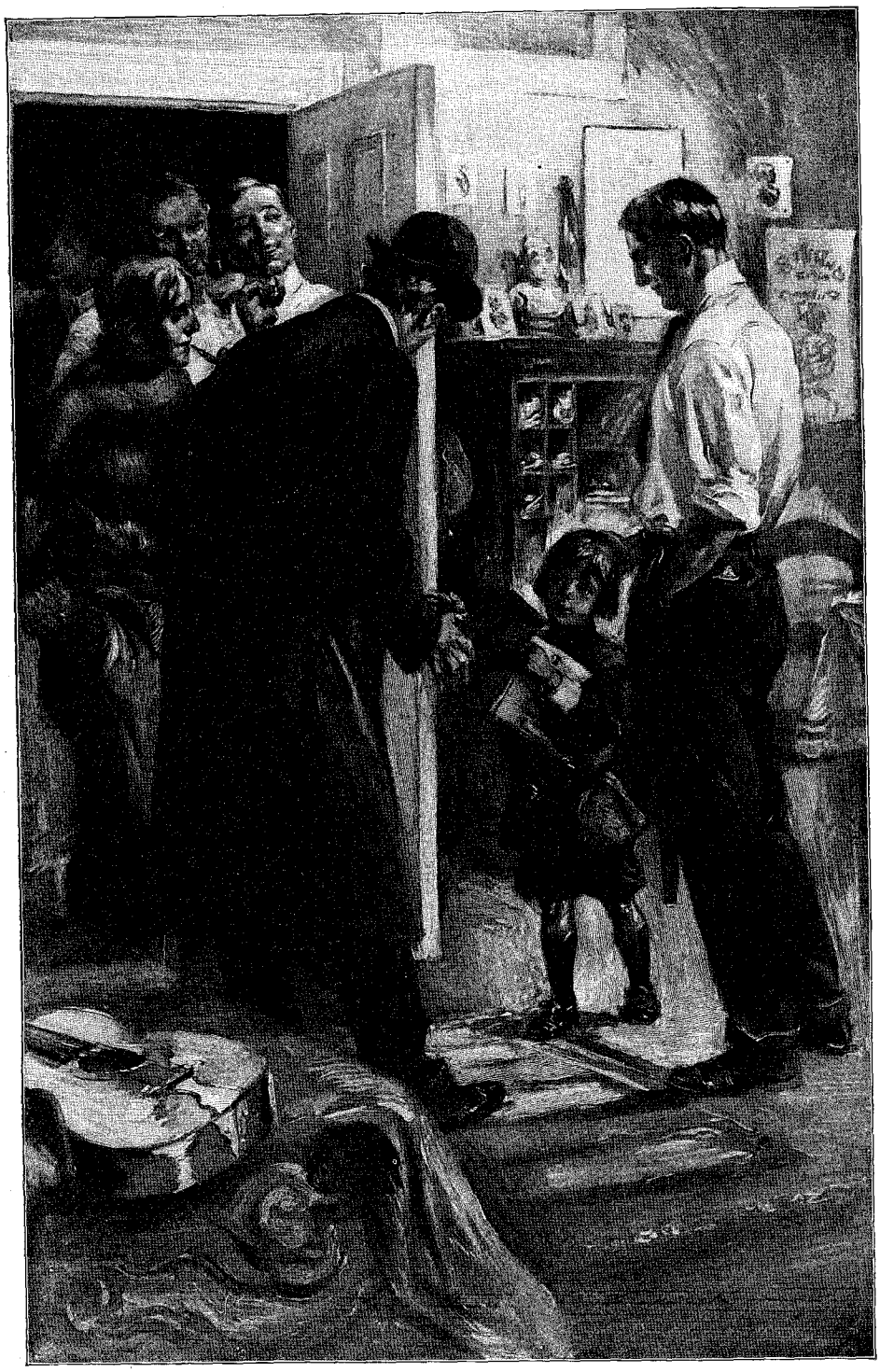

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

He held out a small hand to each of the men.—Page 712.

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ture, Struthers would have pinched himself to make sure it was not all a dream.

"Well, I'll be——" he began, and then Phil, at the sound of his voice, looked up and Struthers stopped in time.

Here was an unique situation, for it was not to be denied that the boy had been very carefully brought up upon the approved plans that enlightened mothers have adopted. Several volumes on nursery hygiene, two works on the psychology of children, not to mention the valuable contribution by Miss Winslow, formed the groundwork for an elaborate theory that as yet had failed to ruin Phil's rugged constitution. But it looked serious to Struthers.

"How did you get here?" he asked after finishing a second reading of his sister's letter.

"Mover brought me in a hansom with Lena. I'm going to college."

"It looks very much as if you were," laughed his uncle. "Where are your things?"

Phil pointed to the dress-suit case behind a chair.

"They are all in *it*," he replied, "and Mover said I was to do just what you tell me and to be a good boy."

"All right," said Struthers, "but you'll have to take 'pot luck' here. Your 'Mover' has been treating you like an infant long enough. You're a man now."

"Yes," answered Phil, "college man. Is that where I sleep?"

Then began a series of questions that continued until they were interrupted by the arrival of Maitland and Taylor, who halted at the door in utter astonishment.

"Why! we didn't know," Maitland began, "you never said a word about it, you know."

"Where have you been keeping him all this time?" put in Taylor.

"Where's his mother?"

"How old is he?"

"What's his name?"

"Don't be foolish, if you can help it," was Struthers's only reply to this string of questions.

But Maitland had entered into the spirit of the thing with his usual enthusiasm.

"Hey there! you fellows!" he called down the hall at the top of his voice. "Come see what Struthers has. He's been deceiving us."

There were sounds of hurried footsteps all over the house and they came crowding in, laughing and shouting, to the huge delight of Phil.

"Ho! ho!" sang out the irrepressible Forbes, "he looks like his dad."

"Come, Phil," said Struthers, "you'll have to know these idiots some time, so get up and shake hands with them."

Phil arose deliberately, lugging the big text-book with him as he held out a small hand to each of the men in turn, who, noting the sober way he went about it, stopped their laughter and the ceremony was conducted with due formality.

"Well," said Taylor, when this was over, "we can't afford to harbor suspects in this house. Tell us who he is?"

"He's my sister's baby," Struthers began, but Phil interrupted.

"I am'nt a baby," Uncle Bob, "I'm a man."

"Right you are," exclaimed Forbes, "and the youngest Freshman in the bunch."

"What's that book you're dragging about?" Struthers asked.

Phil came over to him and opened the book on his knees, displaying a colored anatomical picture of the muscular distribution in the human animal.

"It looks just like rabbits when the cook takes its feathers off," he explained, pointing to the page.

"But these books are not for Freshmen," his uncle told him.

"I like 'em," answered Phil, "they're so awful."

Amid the general laugh that followed this remark the men filed out of the room with a nod and a wink at the boy. But Struthers called Forbes back.

"Billy," he said, "I want you to read this letter."

Forbes began by chuckling, then, when he came to the reference about registered milk, he grinned broadly and at the end burst into a hearty laugh.

"On the square!" said Struthers, "isn't that the Tommyest rot you ever saw?"

"Thomas rot," echoed Phil, proudly.

Forbes instantly became grave.

"Miss Winslow says, 'Don't force the

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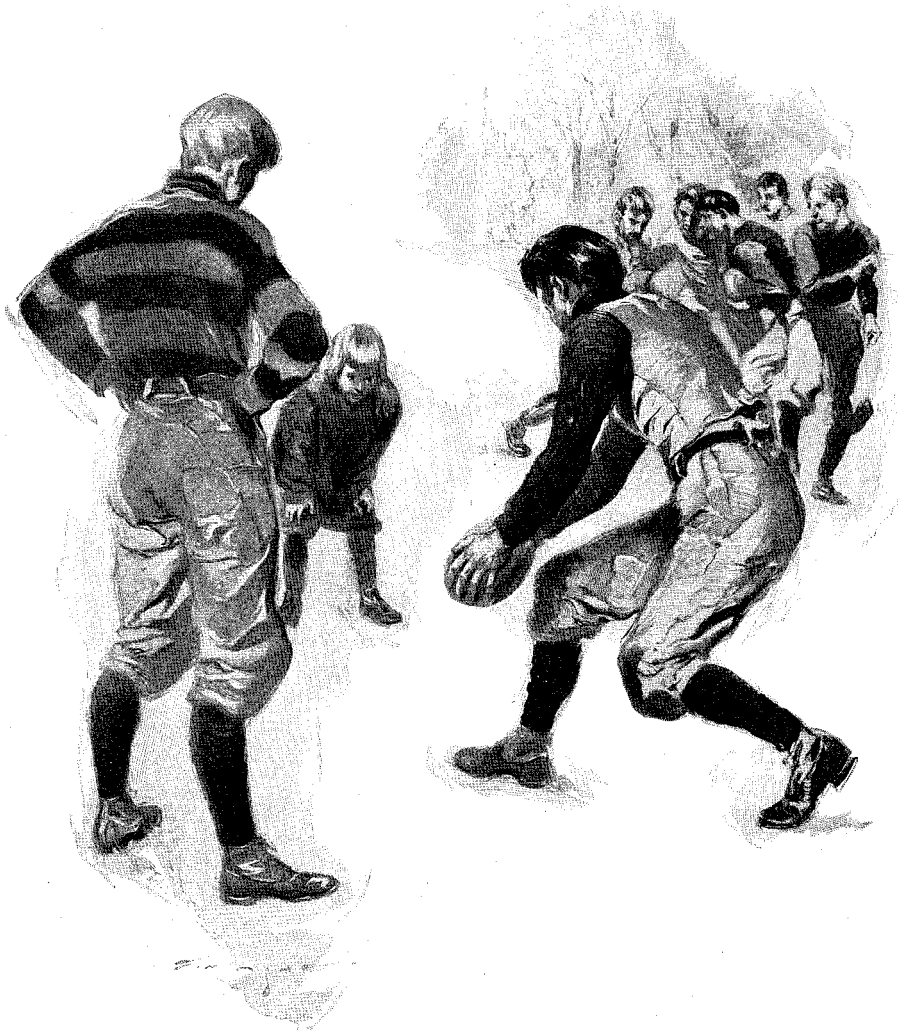

"Kick to me! Kick to me!' he would call.—Page 717.

mind,'" he quoted with a meaning glance at the boy.

"That's right," said Struthers suppressing his mirth, "we'll have to be careful."

"Let's get out of this, anyway," suggested Forbes, "and take a look at the foot-ball practice. Come on, Kid, get your coat."

From this time on the education of Phil progressed with startling rapidity, and there was hardly a minute in which his receptive baby mind was not impressed by a new experience. The letter containing the instructions was speedily forgotten, in fact, disappeared utterly, although Struthers suspected Forbes, and the only mandate remembered was the final caution by Miss Winslow which was referred to upon the slightest provocation.

At dinner that night the men vied with one another in their attentions to the boy. His plate was heaped with edibles that would have shocked his mother into hysterics and, although "Uncle Bob" made a mild protest against more than

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six pickles, he was out-voted promptly by the others, so that Phil had what he liked, and his heart was glad. Then he was taken to Struthers's fraternity house, where he was seized upon and made much of by the irresponsible youths who infest such places, and was at once pledged to membership when he grew a bit older. After many strange happenings, they returned to Struthers's rooms long after the boy's bed-time, with Halladay and Forbes, both of whom were now rivals for Phil's favor.

"Are you having a good time?" his uncle asked.

"Oh, yes, Uncle Bob!" he answered sleepily.

"Want to go to bed?" questioned Forbes.

"No!" said Phil, positively, "I'm not tired." And he straightened up with an effort.

Phil did not know how he happened to get to bed that night; he had a hazy idea at the time, but there was no memory of it in the morning. The men about him began talking of things he did not understand and their voices became more and more indistinct as he slid down in the chair for greater comfort. An hour later Halladay discovered him sound asleep and the three, speaking in whispers and going from place to place on tip-toe, took off his clothes and covered him up in the big bed. Then Halladay and Forbes went out, leaving Struthers alone.

"Don't forget," cautioned the latter in an undertone, as he closed the door softly, "that Miss Winslow says 'don't force the mind!'"

The next morning, after a vain effort to arouse his drowsy uncle, Phil slipped out of bed, put on a diminutive pair of slippers and began a tour of inspection all over the house. He renewed the acquaintances of the previous day and Forbes, who roomed on the same floor, soon had everybody up, whereupon they repaired in a body, clad in pajamas, to see Struthers. That individual awoke promptly when they filed in, headed by Phil.

"Uncle Bob's very sleepy," he said, "and I want my breppy."

"Want your what?" exclaimed two or three of the men at once.

"Want my breppy," Phil repeated.

"He wants his breppy," Forbes said with conviction. "Why don't you give it to him, Bob? Where is it, Kid? I'll get it for you."

"It's downstairs," answered Phil.

"Do you mean breakfast?" asked Struthers.

"Yes, of course, *breppy*; I'm hungry."

"But it isn't brep——"

"Hold on," interrupted Forbes, violently, "Miss Winslow says, 'don't force the mind.'"

"Sure," laughed Struthers, "I almost forgot. Come and get dressed and we'll all go to breppy."

"Yes, we'll all go to breppy," echoed the rest.

After shaking dice to see who would take the first bath, a performance that made Phil forget all about being hungry, they turned in and put on his clothes. Phil maintained he could dress himself; adding, so as to clinch the matter,

"I can put on my stockings, anyhow!"

Buttons and button-holes were finally fitted to the satisfaction of everyone, but it was not so easy as it seemed. Phil, pink and rosy after his bath, was tumbled about by these good-natured friends, twisted this way and that in their efforts to make things meet and, when two of them struggled to put a right shoe on an unresisting left foot, his merry laugh rang out heartily in pure joy. Then he waited until the others put on their clothes and they all went to "breppy," having adopted that word after repeated warnings by Forbes, who continued to quote Miss Winslow.

"If his mother could have seen that breakfast he ate," said Struthers on their way back from the dining-room, "she'd have a fit."

"What's a fit?" asked Phil, looking up.

"For Heaven's sake," exclaimed Forbes, "how many times must I tell you that Miss Winslow says, 'don't force the mind?'"

"For Heaven's sake," repeated Phil, stolidly.

"You'd better look out, yourself," Struthers retorted, "Miss Winslow says ——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Forbes, "we'll have to look out what we say every minute."

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"It's mine ball and I want it."—Page 719.

That morning Phil went to his first and only lecture with "Uncle Bob." He was a bit awed by the noise and confusion that always precedes the advent of the professor, and he held tightly to Struthers's hand, who, being a Junior, sat down with him in the front row. Now there is a law, written in bruises upon the bodies of unknowing underclass-men, that the first six rows of seats are reserved for the Seniors and Juniors. The process of maintaining this rule is simple, for if by any chance a Freshman wanders into the forbidden territory, he is gently (provided he is non-resistant) but firmly removed and passed over the backs of the benches to the top of the room amid the derisive cries of all present. He may sometimes resist, but he always goes. Therefore, when a cheerful student yelled, "Pass the Freshman up!" every eye in the big amphitheatre soon rested on Phil.

This cry was repeated and Struthers, seeing the good-nature in it all, let them have their way.

"Hold on, Phil," he told the boy as they picked him up and, with never a suspicion of fear, he was passed from one group of men to another group higher up until he arrived at the top hugely pleased himself and keenly admired by the entire class.

"Pass him down, he's a Special!" was the next cry, so down he came by the same process, too much delighted to notice that the room suddenly became very silent and that the last men to carry him had been rather hurried in their movements.

"Uncle Bob," exclaimed Phil, and in

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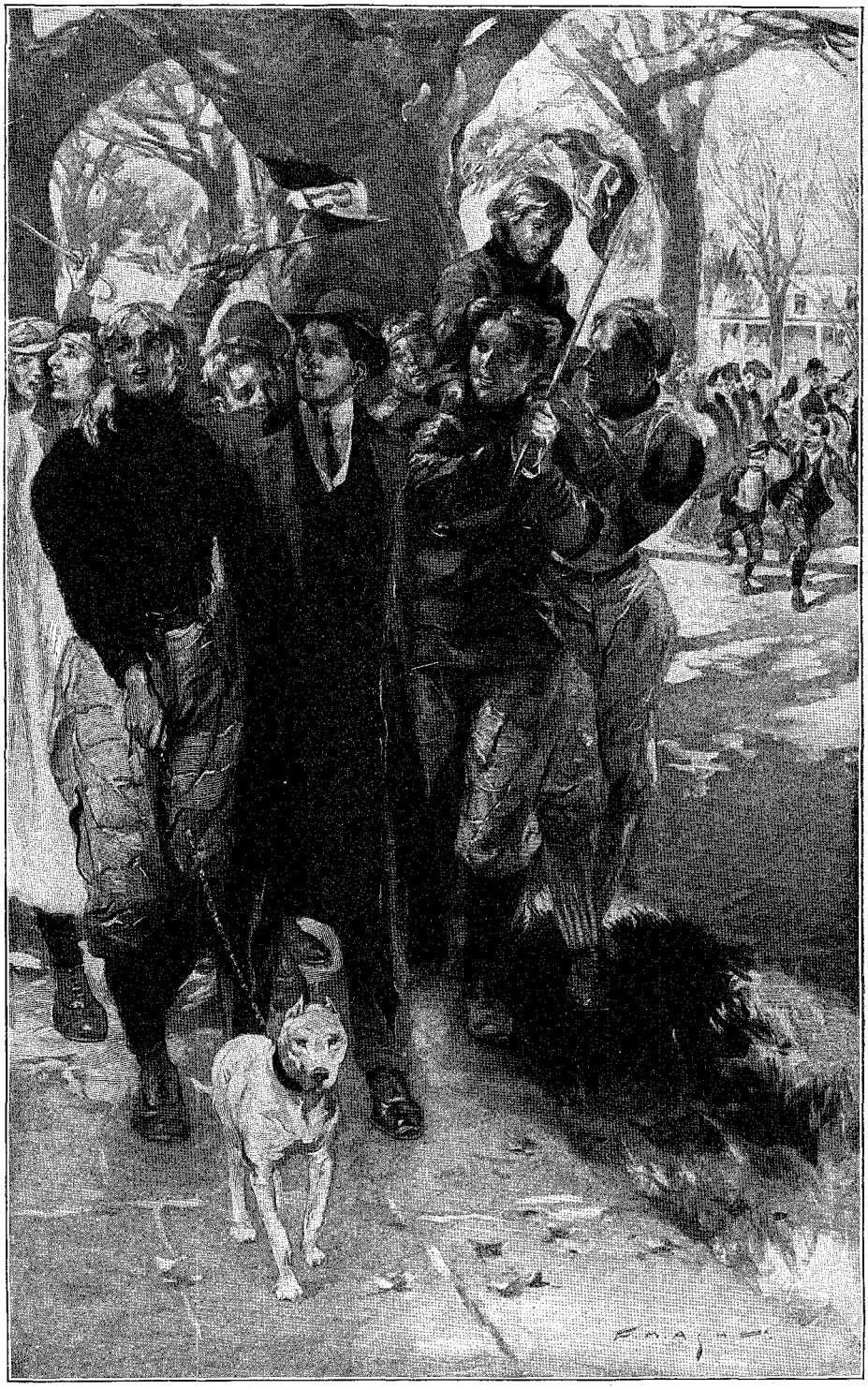

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

The University cheer was given again and again.—Page 719.

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the quiet room everyone could hear, "it's fun, isn't it?"

Struthers, however, was very red and paid no heed.

"But, Uncle Bob," persisted Phil, "I like lectures, it's fun. Please tell 'em to do it again."

Everyone laughed, even the white-haired professor, whom Phil finally discovered when he looked about him for an explanation of this burst of merriment.

He kept quiet for a long time vainly trying to make out the words; then the professor began to draw rude pictures on the blackboard to illustrate his lecture, and this was distinctly interesting. He watched the outline of a man being rapidly sketched in, amid the absolute stillness of the room. Presently the lecturer put down the chalk and turned to the class.

"Such a funny man, Uncle Bob," Phil's voice broke in, "he hasn't any eyes!"

The class laughed uproariously, while the professor obediently indicated the neglected eyes with a few strokes. Naturally Struthers was embarrassed, and he told Phil emphatically to keep quiet. By the end of the lecture the boy was fast asleep, and the professor in closing looked at the sleeping child and said with a twinkle in his eye:

"I hope you gentlemen don't envy that small boy; but many of you look as if you did, especially Mr. Struthers."

"Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob!" burst from every corner of the room and Phil awoke to find his big uncle very popular, or at least so it seemed, and for many a day Struthers was greeted as "Uncle Bob" wherever he appeared.

"Never again do I take you to another lecture with me," said Struthers on their way out, and he kept his word, for thereafter Phil was left in charge of a nurse at the hospital, where he promptly won every indulgence that the institution afforded.

So far the boy's career at college had been in the nature of a triumph. His manliness appealed at once to the students, who, after all, were older only in years, and this human plaything that had come among them was a novelty in the way of amusement. Within two or three days he was as well known about the University as any intercollegiate champion, and the foot-ball players, very great heroes in his eyes, adopted him outright. Every afternoon he went to the athletic grounds, and his education in the game was begun under the most expert teachers. Halladay, the captain of that year, was soon his obedient slave, while the two guards, quite the biggest men on the team, followed him about abjectly, running to get the ball after an erratic attempt of his to kick, or punting back to him very carefully, so that he might be able to catch it.

"Kick to me! Kick to me!" he would call, and his baby voice sounded strangely out of place on that field of battle wholly unaccustomed to the more gentle play of children. Nor was his cry ever unheeded, for when the coaches summoned the men to regular practice there was always a cripple or substitute willing to devote himself to Phil. They did everything possible to spoil him, showering attentions upon him morning, noon, and night, but he was a single-minded little chap, very intent on the matter in hand, and never realized that his own winning personality had anything to do with his great popularity.

"Say, fellows," said Halladay one evening during dinner at the training table, "Phil ought to be the mascot of this team. He's a lot better than a dog."

It is a fact that every man on the team was an ardent admirer of the boy, but this suggestion dealt with an element that did not allow of personal likes or dislikes, so Halladay's announcement met with no response. The dog had been tried for several seasons—seasons of almost unbroken victories—and it was not meet that any change should be made.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Halladay asked after waiting patiently for one of them to second his motion.

"He's an all-right Kid," Lawrence drawled, "but you can't change a mascot during the season unless your luck's so bad it couldn't be worse, and even then it's risky."

"That's right," put in Williams, "it won't do. We don't know anything about the Kid's luck and we do know about the dog's."

"Better let well enough alone," Miles growled.

"You're all too superstitious," Halladay replied in a disappointed tone.

"Humph!" grunted Lawrence, "when it comes to photographs you're worse than any of us."

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"Photographs are different," Halladay tried to explain. "I never knew a team yet that had a picture taken during the season that didn't lose. Look at last year's team up at Boston!"

"Oh! you're too superstitious," chuckled the silent Mathews, and they all laughed.

"I'll tell you what to do," said MacLellan, the manager with many schemes, "you've got substitutes for all the other positions, why not have a sub-mascot? Send the Kid out with the dog till he learns the business."

This arrangement met with instant approval, and at the end of dinner Halladay hurried over to Struthers's room to inform the candidate. Struthers had misgivings when he thought of his sister's letter; but Phil, although he had no notion of what a mascot was, hailed with delight the prospect of taking care of the dog during the games, and his uncle's feeble protests were useless. It was while they were talking it over that the irrepressible Forbes burst into the room.

"Thought you were at a quiz?" Struthers said in surprise.

"Let me tell you all about it," laughed Forbes. "I've just come from there."

"It can't be over yet," put in Halladay.

"Will you please let me tell my little story?" begged Forbes. "Doc Peters is giving us special lectures and, of course, I wasn't paying any attention; just sitting there sort of dreaming, not listening to a word he said, and maybe I had my eyes shut. At any rate, Pete yells out, 'Mr. Forbes, what is the first instruction given to nurses?' Now what do you think I told him?"

"Couldn't ever guess," Halladay answered.

"Well, I was rattled," Forbes went on, "and before I knew it, I blurted out, 'Miss Winslow says, Don't force the mind.' Oh! but Peters was sore. 'Who's Miss Winslow?' he growled. I had to make my bluff good, so I said something about 'Miss Winslow's Advice to Young Mothers,' and he fired me out of the class."

The sub-mascot began his official career the following Saturday. It was only a practice game and the coaches "laid off" all but four of the 'Varsity players in order to give the subs a much-needed "workout." The teams, therefore, were very evenly matched; more so than was appreciated by the partisan "rooters" in the grand-stand. Phil, wholly enveloped in Halladay's big sweater, held tightly to the chain of the bulldog and, as the game progressed, was soon forgotten by the men on the side-lines. Except for the yelling of the spectators, this game was much like the regular daily practice to Phil, so he devoted himself to the dog. Unnoticed, the two drifted about the field until the dog found a suspicious hole in the ground behind the goal-posts which he insisted upon investigating and refused to go farther.

The teams had come to a standstill not far from them and Phil saw Halladay standing irresolutely behind his line, facing him. Impulsively, the boy ran out on the field and, in the momentary hush, everyone inside the enclosure heard his voice:

"Kick to me! Please kick to me!" he called.

Now at that particular instant Halladay was sorely perplexed. The unexpected strength of the visiting eleven made it well-nigh impossible to gain ground, and in the game thus far (the first half was nearly ended) there had been a continual exchange of punts with no advantage to either side. By a fumble the ball was now in their possession on the opponent's thirty-five yard line, but two attempts to rush had netted little gain and Halladay hesitated, not knowing what signal to give. It was at this period of uncertainty that Phil came upon the field, and the big athlete saw the little figure standing alone in front of the coveted goal-line holding out his hands appealingly.

It was an inspiration. Halladay gave the signal for a drop-kick, the men settled down in their places, and the next moment the ball was sailing between the posts amid the cheers of the onlookers. "Halladay's got a great head!" was the general comment in the grand-stand.

But Phil paid no heed to the cheering that followed. The ball had gone high over his head but, knowing that it had been kicked to him, he proposed to get it. The misgruntled full-back of the other team, however, was ahead of him, and Halladay, who ran up to take the sub-mascot out of harm's way, heard his voice raised in angry protest.

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"You're dirt mean," Phil proclaimed, looking up at his grimy opponent. "It's mine ball and I want it."

"Get off the field, Kid," was the ungracious reply.

"I want mine ball!" Phil reiterated. "He'll make you give it to me!" he added, as Halladay came running up.

"Oh! I don't think he will," was the answer. Then he turned to Halladay, "You'd better take your coach off the field."

"Pretty good coach, don't you think?" returned Halladay, laughing.

"He told you what to do that time, any way. We all heard him."

"You bet he did," Halladay answered gayly.

"I want mine ball!" persisted Phil.

"Let us have it to finish the game," Halladay begged, "you may have it then."

"You'll have to win it first," put in the other man.

"Oh! we'll do that. Don't you worry." Halladay retorted as he led Phil off to the side-lines.

"You'll have to play a whole lot better than you have been doing. We're going to score right now."

"Fire away," answered Halladay, "you'll find us waiting for you—and the mascot, also," he added.

But Phil was not to be put off, and to satisfy him a sub was appointed to find another ball and the two exchanged kicks until his little leg became too tired for further effort.

Between the halves Halladay explained that his signal for a drop-kick was due entirely to Phil's intervention.

"I'd never have thought of it at that time," he told the coaches. "I wasn't at all sure it was the best thing to do even then; but there the Kid stood waiting for us to kick to him, and it seemed as if we ought. I tell you he's the kind of a mascot to have."

This being the story of a sub-mascot there is no need to detail the play that followed. The second half was a repetition of the first, except that there was never again a chance to make even a fieldgoal, for Halladay and his men were kept on the defensive throughout. Neither team scored, and as soon as the referee had blown his whistle to end the game, Halladay seized the ball and ran over to Phil. The score was five to nothing, and a good share of the credit of winning belonged to Phil.

The part he had played in the events of the afternoon had been whispered about and when the crowd saw the little chap perched on Halladay's broad shoulder with the ball clasped in his arms, an echoing cheer burst from the grand-stand.

"What's the matter with the sub-mascot?" shouted Halladay, and a thousand voices gave answer.

"He's all right!"

"Who's all right?"

"The sub-mascot!"

The University cheer was given again and again with the unrestrained enthusiasm that took possession of everyone. A large crowd pushed and jostled them as they moved slowly toward the exit from the grounds, laughing, cheering, crowding about Halladay to get a closer view of the diminutive hero, while Phil, perched high above the throng, his face radiant with pleasure and excitement, cheered with the good-natured students around him, never realizing that he was the centre and cause of all this demonstration. Up the street they went, the crowd gathering in size as they marched along, the University slogan resounding continuously, bringing the inmates of the houses to their windows, while people on the streets halted, wondering who this little boy with the yellow head might be, that all this noise should be made in his honor. Thus they proceeded across the campus, hemmed in by several hundred yelling undergraduates, toward Struthers's rooms.

Suddenly Phil's legs began to kick in Halladay's arms. At the same time there was a commotion on the outskirts of the crowd, and presently a woman with a flushed and anxious face forced herself into the centre.

"Mover, Mover!" cried Phil in ecstasy, "I'm the mascot!"

"Oh! my boy, my boy, what has happened? What are they doing to you, and where did you get that awful thing you have on? Please put him down," she pleaded, turning to Halladay.

"No, no!" exclaimed Phil. "I don't want to go down. I'm the mascot."

At which the crowd gave another cheer that turned the trembling woman pale.

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"He's all right," said Halladay reassuringly.

"You bet he's all right!" echoed the throng.

"But isn't there anything the matter?" she asked. "I was so frightened when I saw him being carried, with all these people about. Where is his uncle, Mr. Struthers?"

That individual had by this time forced his way in and answered for himself.

"Here I am," he said, weakly. "Don't get rattled. He's all right, and we're going up to the rooms now."

Which they did as expeditiously as possible under the circumstances, and his mother at last took her small boy in her arms, feeling him over to make sure he was still intact.

Four days later Struthers received the following letter, which he and Forbes read with unsuppressed mirth:

DEAR BOB:—Of all the absurd things I ever heard of the absurdest is the idea that your silly foot-ball nine can't win a game without my baby running the risk of taking cold and getting hydrophobia from that awful dog! It was bad enough to send him out there when I had to—and that he survived shows what early care does for even the feeblest constitutions. He only weighed ten pounds when he was born, and I've asked dozens of men and they all weighed fourteen so you can't dispute the fact that he was puny. And the things he has learned! His father nearly choked to death over something about "Jack Potts," a man I never heard of, that my innocent lamb said to him. He won't take his bath at night, and when I said "but Papa has his bath in the morning," he replied "We could shake dice to see who gets the first one." And Bob—I hate to mention it and I know it really does no good—but do be advised for once and stay away from the hospital except in pursuit of your profession. It seems that you left Phil at the hospital (which was certainly running a great risk) while you were at lectures and he made this remark. "She isn't a very good nurse but awful pretty," evidently a quotation about a Miss Regan whoever she may be. Beside, Bob, it's all in the uniform and cap. She's probably a frump in her everyday clothes. I shall throw my vote against your becoming a resident doctor at any hospital; it's such a foolish risk for young men to run. But as I said before you must see that the baby can't possibly be at the games. He coughed this morning and it really sounded almost croupy. And he says you gave him three sausages every morning for breakfast—but this I cannot believe because he looks so well and really I think I ought to thank you for being so careful of his diet and I feel sure now, for the first time, that you have chosen your profession wisely. Three sausages! Think of it and he's only six! I'm sorry, and I hope you'll not think me disobliging but his going out there is all superstitious nonsense. Lovingly, your sister, HELEN.

P.S. George says the boy is to go. I certainly disapprove but if his father insists I shall always go with him myself to see that he is not killed. I was impressing it upon him just now that if he did go out there he was not to sit on the damp ground with that awful dog.

"Now remember, Phil," I said to him, and what *do* you suppose he said? "Oh Mover, Miss Winslow says to 'don't force the mind.'"

P.P.S. He says it's an eleven.

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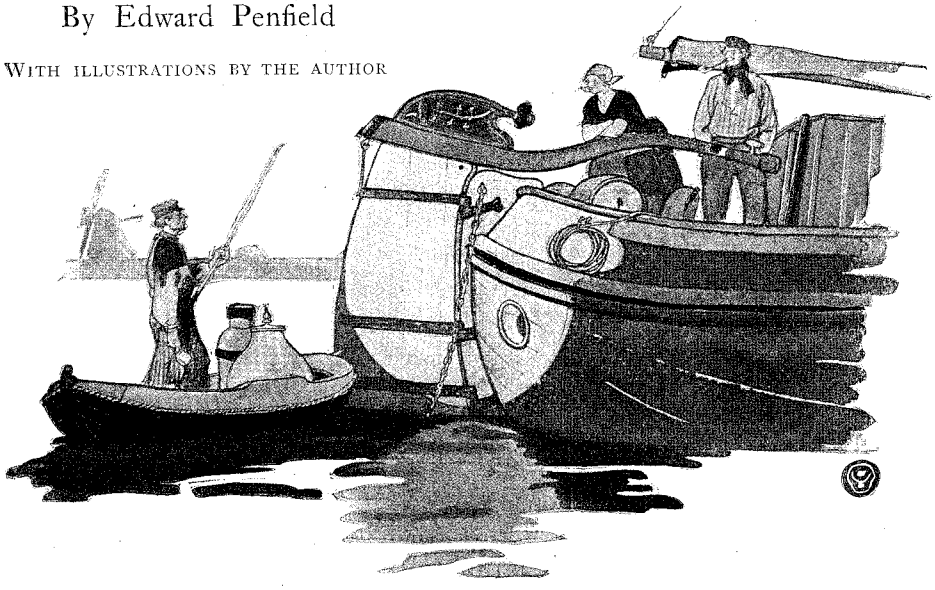
HOLLAND FROM THE STERN OF A BOEIER

By Edward Penfield

With illustrations by the author



ALONG the quay in the busy harbor of Rotterdam, the quaint Dutch boats are crowded, creaking rhythmically with the rise and fall of the water, side by side, stern to rudder-post, jostling one another in a great confusion of picturesque lines and gay carvings. At all the little cabin windows are clean lace curtains, and on the deck, brass and copper pots are drying in the sun. Hanging from spars and ropes, the family wash flutters its many hues against the windy sky. Chubby, red-cheeked children climb in and out of the cabin doors, or press their round noses against the tiny window panes. The women gossip in the sun, or clatter around in pursuit of their household duties, while the men lounge about, their hands in the pockets of their baggy breeches, and through clouds of tobacco smoke survey this scene of nomadic housekeeping with phlegmatic content.

My object was to find a boat to take me through the canals and across the Zuyder Zee to Friesland. Certainly here were boats enough for an invading army; but how, in the name of Neptune, was I to strike the bargain, with barely enough Dutch with which to order breakfast? As I stood pondering this weighty matter, the quaintness and charm of the scene was becoming more and more insistent, so that finally I began to jot down a few notes at random, like a greedy boy in a jam closet taking a hurried taste of each preserve. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," thought I, "the potter to his wheel," and the artist to his mooning; with which sage musing I gradually forgot my troubles and rested my full weight on Providence.

The sound of many sabots coming nearer and nearer soon warned me of a deepening interest on the part of the loungers, and on looking about I saw a semi-circle of stolidly curious faces, each face wreathed with tobacco smoke and each pair of steel-blue eyes fixed intently upon my note-book. There may be some heroic souls who enjoy that sort of thing. However, I assumed a look of sweet-tempered complacency, and went to work again. Soon I felt a warm breath at my ear and then a chin was rested confidingly on my shoulder. At this critical juncture my Muse mocked me and fled, and I turned with a wooden smile and saw a weather-beaten old face, with a fringe of sparse whiskers around it. A kindly face, too, and so far as it could express anything whatever, there was admiration and consuming curiosity. "Mooi! mooi!" he said, and as that means "good" in Dutch,

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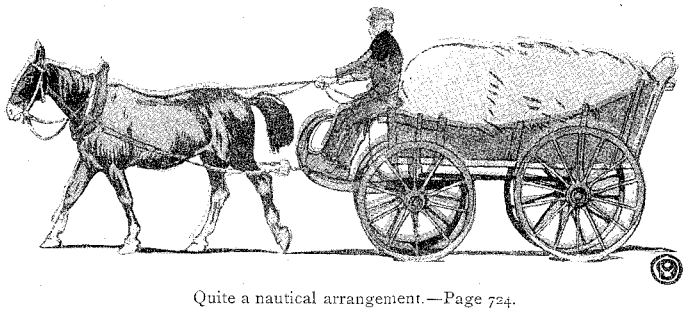
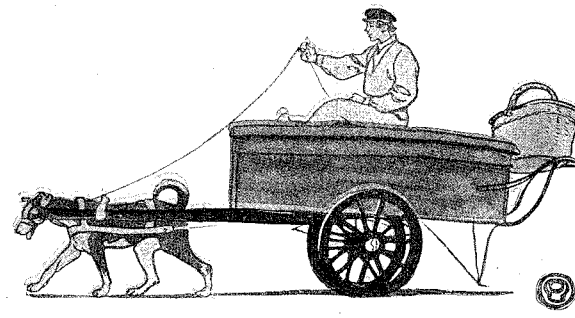


Quite a nautical arrangement.—Page 724.

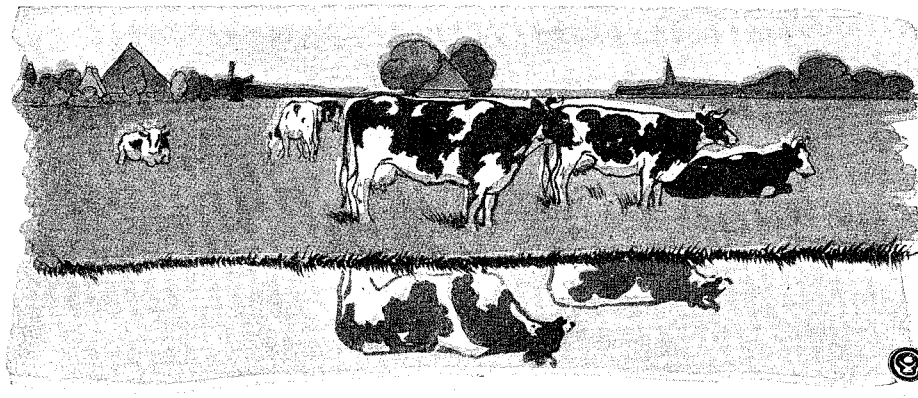
I felt myself growing a little stronger. Then, praised be the Patron Saint of Travellers! he spoke to me in English. A very quaint and Gothic English, it is true, but infinitely better than my Dutch. It soon developed that he had picked up his English on his frequent trips to London with cargoes of eels; that it was his boat which I had been trying to hand down to a doubtful posterity, and that she was now loaded with a cargo of clay bound for Friesland. "Yes, there was room for a passenger," and "we sail any time to-day." "Any time to-day!" How delightfully Dutch! Every one has time to talk and smoke, and no one is ever in a hurry. For a life of elegant leisure, commend me to Holland.

Early that afternoon the great brown sail was hoisted and our tubby boat waddled through the lock, into the placid canal, and out into the country. How fresh and clean and flat it was, and how vividly green was the grass! It usually rains twenty days in the month, but this was one of the bright exceptions, and there was a brisk wind blowing fresh from the rim of the ocean. The canals, little and big, ran in every direction, one moment sparkling brilliantly in the sun and the next obscuring under the soft gloom of a racing cloud-shadow. Here and there in the distance, the arms of a windmill were silently whirling, and occasional red-tiled roofs made a lovely note of color above their encircling trees.

A brick roadway ran along by the canal that we travelled, and I was constrained to make an occasional note of the people and traffic that passed to and from the town. I don't know why, but all the men seemed preternaturally grave. They were dressed —in many instances it would be more correct to say that they were patched—



Patient little slaves.—Page 724.



We were sailing through the heart of the dairy country.—Page 725.

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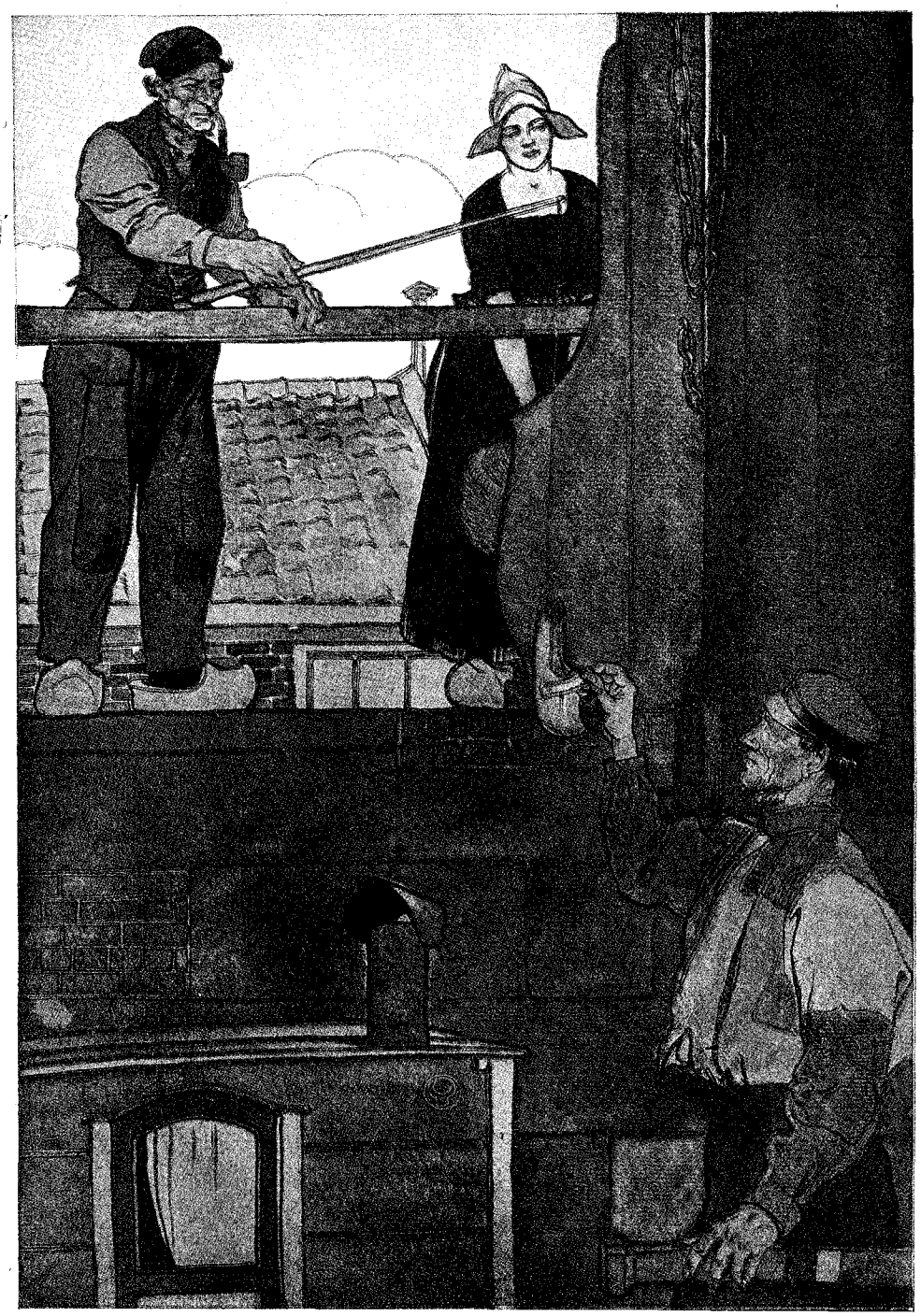

Drawn by Edward Penfield.

Taking toll.—Page 725.

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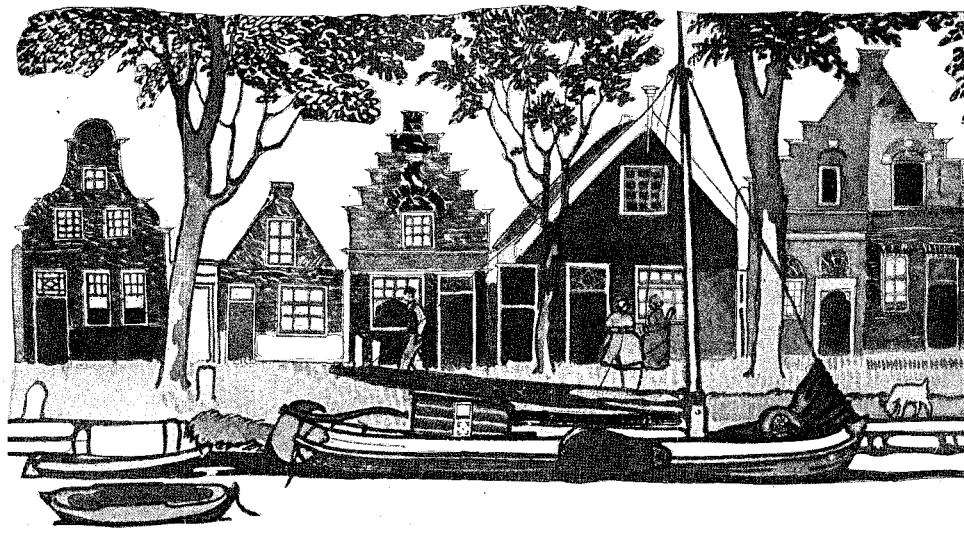

A perfect adjustment of space and proportion,

in blue and brown, with an occasional admixture of red. Holland is certainly the land of artistic patches. Take, for instance, our very worthy captain; a thrifty man, and prosperous, with a neat sum tucked away. Yet, see his shirt! Patched and re-patched—and patched again, in varying shades of red and brown, until it has been completely metamorphosed. As to the original color, no man knoweth, but here is a wonderful mosaic of soft tones, put together with infinite skill and patience. It is, moreover, still in a state of evolution, for the process may go on indefinitely. I take it that the purchase of a new shirt is a solemn rite, and not to be entered upon with indecent haste or thoughtlessness. Here is a prospective heirloom, and one's children's children may gaze with pride upon it. And yet Barney O'Toole, whose specialty is mortar, and who possesses nothing save a numerous progeny and a very doubtful insurance policy, would flee in terror at the thought of wearing it.

The women are not nearly so solemn, or so be-patched as the men, and they seem to be waging an incessant warfare against dirt and rust. Scrubbing pots and pans at the backs of the quaint little houses, scrubbing the door-sills and steps in front; and we passed one over-zealous soul, scrubbing a weather-beaten fence as if it were the one ambition of her life.

Here comes a cart at a brisk pace, drawn by a dog so small as to be ridiculously out of proportion to his burden. Patient little slaves and too often abused! Not infrequently the driver perches himself on the top of an already heavy load and uses his whip with an animation that would much better be employed elsewhere.

Occasionally we passed curiously fashioned wagons drawn by heavy, slow-moving horses. These wagons have no shafts. In their stead is a big rudder-like affair in front, with which the driver steers. Quite a nautical arrangement, this, and suggests a possible recourse to the water, when the roadbed grows irksome.

So through the bright afternoon we sailed, and on through the lingering purple twilight, until we seemed to be the only moving things in all the wide landscape. The traffic on the roadway had ceased; the restless arms of the windmills were stilled; the herds of cattle were contentedly chewing their cuds in the home fields, or lowing softly through the dusk, while a belated milkmaid, as she finished her evening task, crooned a sweetly simple folk-song.

We moored for the night beside the roadway, and I lay on the deck, industriously burning tobacco, and listening to the sibilant noises of the wind in the grass and the rigging. I saw the twinkling lights in the farm-houses disappear, one by one, and I

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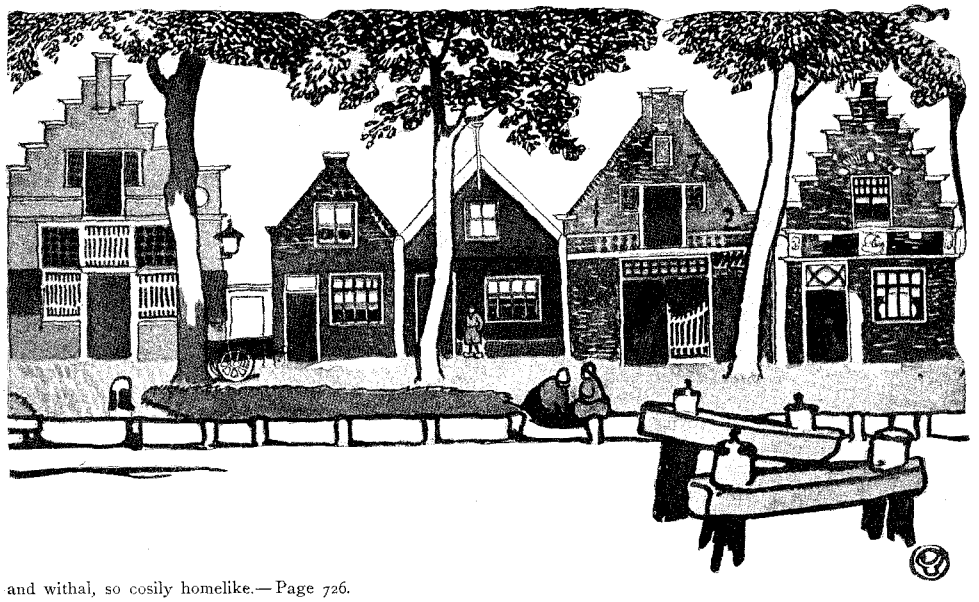

and withal, so cosily homelike.— Page 726.

felt the indescribable hush that settles over a sleeping country. But hark! what is that softly musical gurgle, from the direction of the companionway? It is the captain, pouring a libation to the Great God Neptune, and, incidentally, guarding against malaria. Oh! All-wise captain! I will haste and follow thy example.

I was aroused next morning by the clattering of the sabots on the deck above my head, and turned out just in time to see a man in a stubby little boat, deliver our morning supply of milk. He made quite a picture in his faded blue coat and baggy brown breeches; with his milk-pans in the bow of the boat; one white with wide blue bands about it, and the other copper, of a most beautiful design.

It was another fine day, and we were soon under sail, with a cracking breeze at our backs. Everything glistened with dew, the roofs of the farm buildings shining in the early sun as if freshly rained upon. The great sail bellied in the wind and the water curled merrily back from the blunt nose of the "Boeier." We were sailing through the heart of the dairy country, past the wide fields, whose insistent greenness was now broken by great patches of buttercups, shining like gold in the freshness of the morning; past herd upon herd of black-spotted cattle grazing; past groups of milk-maids, whose rosy freshness was good to look upon, and brawny picturesque chaps, carrying pails of foamy milk suspended from yokes across their big shoulders. A boat loaded down with sweet-smelling cheeses was towed slowly by, against the wind. And always the same flat distance, with little clusters of red roofs and wind-blown limes. The farm buildings, almost without exception, have high pyramidal-shaped roofs, the main building serving the double purpose of dwelling and barn. But as the stable is kept immaculately clean, this is not as unpleasant as it would seem at first glance.

Presently, away up the shining canal a town appears, its red roofs and church spires nestling in the trees. We soon approached one of the many little bridges that span the canals in the towns, and the captain inflated himself and blew a fierce blast upon a tin horn. The bridge was raised by the stolid keeper, who, as we passed, lowered a green sabot, attached by a string to a short fish-pole, into which quaint receptacle we dropped our toll. The bridges are worked by an ingenious arrangement of weights, and when we were past, the keeper simply climbed upon the slanting structure, and by the addition of his own weight, brought it back in position. This was a beautiful little town, and as we stopped there several days, I had a good opportunity to study its quaint charm.

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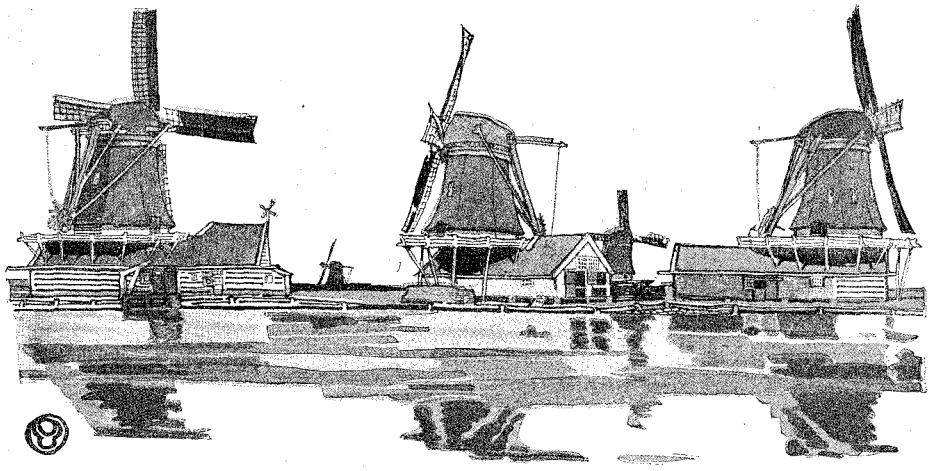
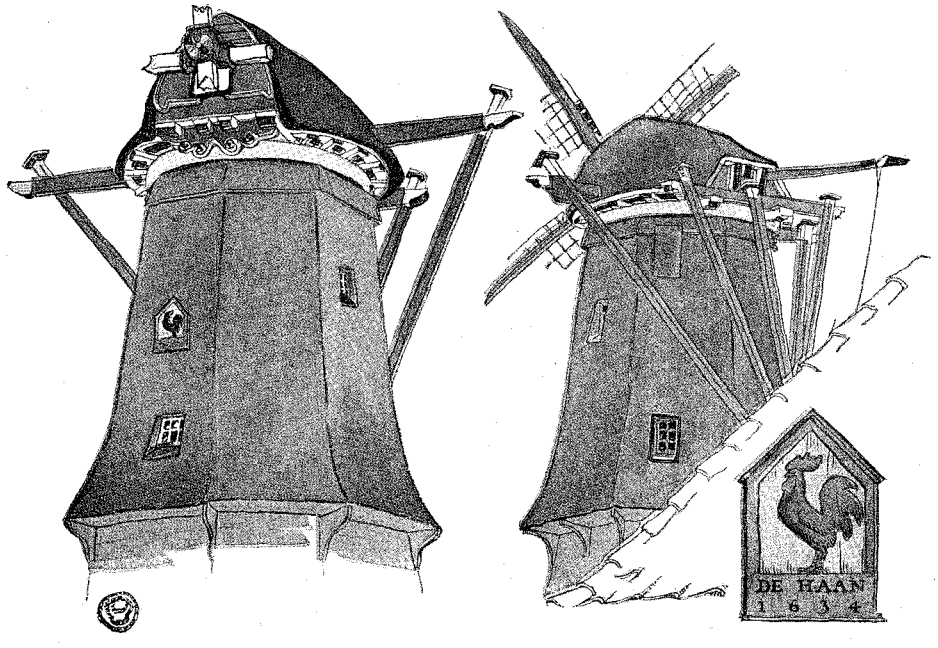


They stood crowded together on the canal banks.—Page 727.

Many of its buildings were very old, the tablet upon one of them being dated 1628, and I have no doubt that some were older still. One cannot but admire these beautiful examples of brick-work, the lines and colors of which have been so deftly softened by time: nothing jars, nothing is out of harmony; a perfect adjustment of space and proportion, and withal, so cosily homelike. The early Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam undoubtedly built in this fashion and it takes little imagination to picture Broadway at the Bowling Green as it was 250 years ago.

By reason of my clothes, I attracted considerable attention from the small boys, who mistook me for an Englishman. They followed me about in pestiferous little groups, occasionally enlivening the tedium of things by singing, "Long live the Boers."



The detailed study of the "De Haan" mill.—Page 727.

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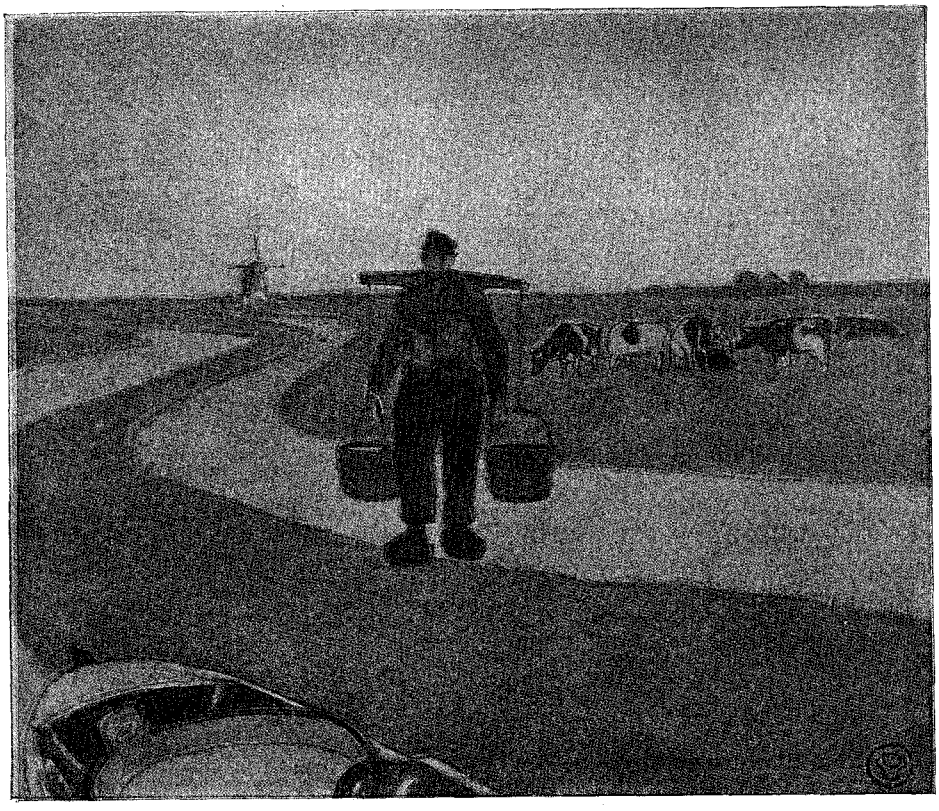

On through the lingering twilight.—Page 724.

Now I have no special objection to the Boers living to a ripe old age, but I did most decidedly object to having publicity forced upon me; so I straightway purchased a little Dutch cap and a pair of "Klompen" (sabots). These I donned, together with a sadly patched shirt which I bought from the captain, and went my way unmolested. The sabots are most sensible things to walk in, by the way, much cooler than leather shoes, and quite "dry."

At about this time, in a fervor of patriotism, I purchased an American flag—at least it was sold to me as such. They must have been pretty nearly out of stripes when they made it, for it was "shy" several, and the lovely azure in the corner was liberally sprinkled with four-cornered stars. This masterpiece I finally persuaded the captain to hang, after a heated argument.

I was beginning to feel quite at home in the little town, when we again got under sail, and beneath a leaden and threatening sky made our way slowly towards the north. We had passed a great many windmills, little and big, on our previous voyaging, but now we came into the windmill country, where they stood crowded together on the canal banks, so close that their great arms almost touched as they revolved. Sawmills and grist-mills and mills for pumping the water; old mills and new, and mills that have gone out of commission and have been superseded by the ugly brick powerhouse with its towering chimney.

In the construction of these mills, they generally hold to one pattern—the original one, evidently. The dull thatched body is relieved by green woodwork and striped with red and white. They are most beautiful in their lines, and on the front of each, where the arms attach, there is usually some fanciful carving, gaudily painted. Some of the mills bear tablets, showing that they were built in the seventeenth century. I made studies of one in particular, called "De Haan" (the cock), dated 1634,

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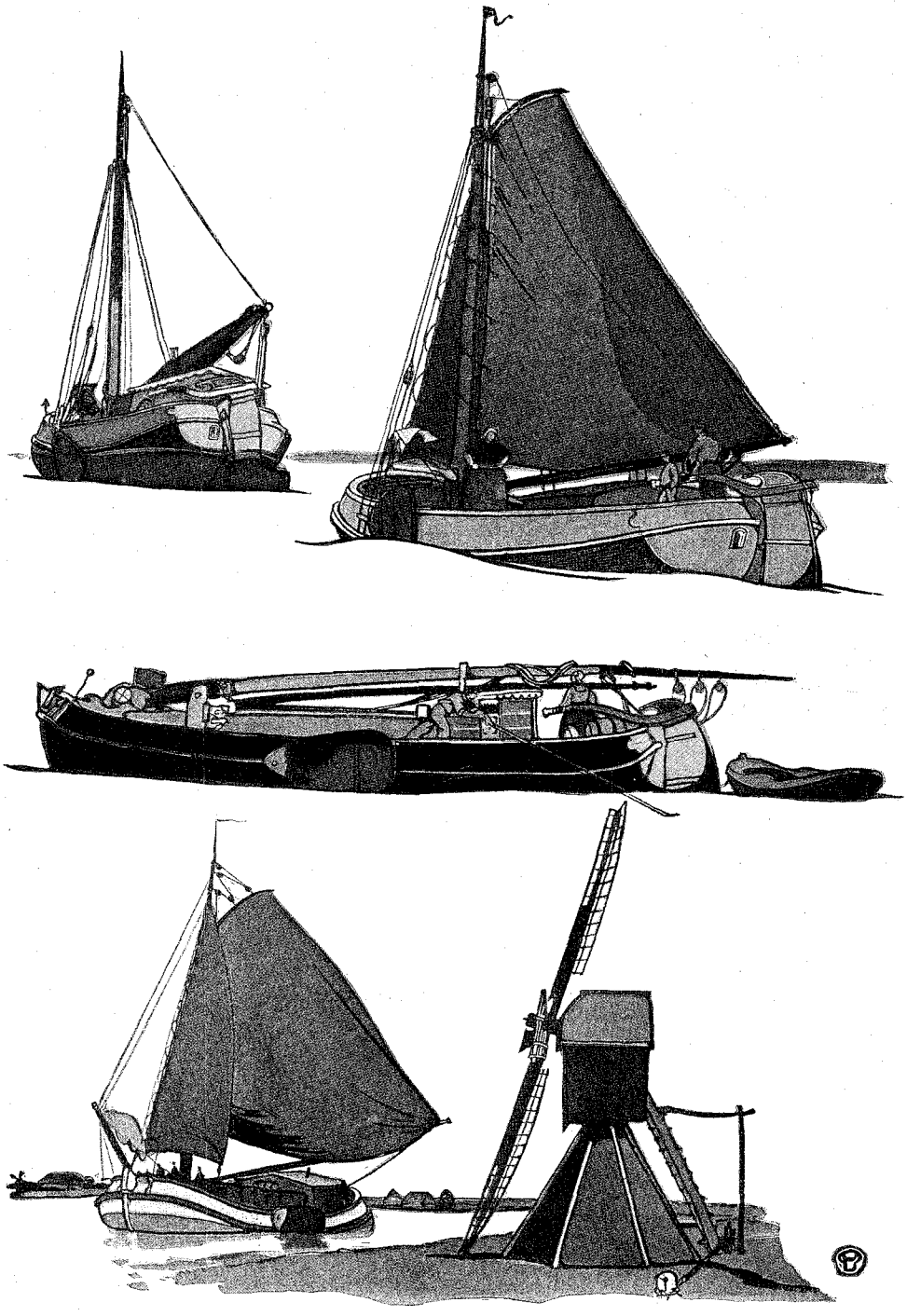

Drawn by Edward Penfield.

We passed many boats.—Page 729.

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which is a very good average example. The sails that are stretched over the wings or arms are generally stained some soft red, or green or brown, to preserve them from the weather. In the detailed study they have been purposely omitted, so as to show the decorations around the upper part.

At last we sailed out of the canal into the muddy, brown waters of the Zuyder Zee; the wind, which was blowing half a gale, drove a fine mist before it, and after contemplating the white-capped tumult of the "Zee," which stretched out before us, vast and menacing, I turned and looked longingly at the fast-receding shore, on which a solitary windmill loomed huge and ghostly through the mist. We passed many boats laden with merchandise, close reefed and with glistening decks. The fishing boats all bore a number and the initial of the home port on their patched canvas, and the sailors were the most picturesque beings I had seen in all Holland.

We arrived in Friesland wet, but happy, and at Leeuwarden, the destination of our cargo of clay, I packed my cap, sabots, and patched shirt, and bade the captain farewell.

In passing through the narrow, crooked little streets of Leeuwarden I chanced upon a sign that held my attention and compelled thought. It read:

This is faultless Dutch for Morning Waker, and it signifies that L. v. d. Zwaan will, for a paltry sum, leave his bed in the frosty hours of early morning, and putting sweet sleep behind him, arouse his slumberous clients. Truly, a worthy calling! Yet, tell me, you who are versed in occult things, who or what, in this somnolent land, wakes the Morgen Wekker?

NABOTH'S VINEYARD

By Robertson Trowbridge

My neighbor hath a little field,
Small store of wine its presses yield,
And truly but a slender hoard
Its harvest brings for barn or board.
Yet though a hundred fields are mine,
Fertile with olive, corn, and vine;
Though Autumn piles my garners high.
Still for that little field I sigh,
For ah! methinks no otherwhere
Is any field so good and fair.
Small though it be, 'tis better far
Than all my fruitful vineyards are,
Amid whose plenty sad I pine—
"Ah, would that little field were mine!"

Large knowledge void of peace and rest,
And wealth with pining care possest—
These by my fertile lands are meant.
That little field is called Content.

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THE JADE TEAPOT

By Ralph D. Paine

Illustrations by W. Sherman Potts

PRIVATE SAUNDERS, of the Ninth Infantry, was flushed and dazed with fever, but able to walk from the ambulance up a stone stairway into what looked to him like a huge and gilded warehouse. At first glance, he did not see the long rows of cots whose gray blankets blended with the carpet of dusk and shadow in the late winter afternoon. Monstrous golden dragons seemed to writhe and flicker against the roof beams far above him, or twist in play on lines of massive columns. Saunders dropped his kit and leaned on his rifle while he rubbed his eyes with a trembling hand. If this was the hospital of the American army in Pekin, he wished that someone would turn out the guard and capture the menagerie that had taken possession. Sliding uncertain feet across the flagged floor, he fell over a cot and gripped a protesting leg, whose owner sputtered:

"Get off o' me, you left-footed lobster. Ain't there no chance for a man to be sick without the roof fallin' on him? Why, hello, Jim, what in blazes is the matter with you? Brace up and holler for the orderly. He's somewhere down at the end of the line, packin' up what's left of Chase of P Company, who just passed in his checks."

Saunders sat on the edge of the cot and wept with the whimper of a tired child:

"Is it the hospital sure enough, Shorty? All them ten-foot dragons makin' faces at me in the dark ain't comfortin' to a man with wheels in his head. Guess this must be the Emp'ror's private temple. Why, here's a dozen o' my pals spraddled around over the floor. I've hit the right place, all right. Lead me to my bunk, an' get me bedded down."

The over-worked hospital corps private who was nurse and orderly for the ward, picked up the accoutrements of Saunders, and helped him crawl under the blankets of the cot alongside "Shorty" Blake. The contract surgeon, delaying to question a group of convalescents in the court-yard, came in to examine the new patient, and said "pneumonia" to the nurse. Saunders heard nothing of the consultation, for he was looking up into the gloom of the distant rafters, and trying to count the racing gilded dragons that would not be still and made his head ache intolerably. When lanterns were lighted at the ends of each aisle, the shadows danced worse than before, and to fevered eyes the great temple was populous with glittering shapes in terrifying agitation.

This, the largest of the clustered buildings in the park of the Temple of Earth, was an extraordinary hospital, even in daylight. Sacred to the annual pilgrimage of the Emperor in his worship of the Supreme Deity, these temples had been inviolate for many centuries until profaned by the conquering foreign allies. The walled park became the camp of the American forces, and one of the most sacred shrines of the land was used as a field hospital. A regiment could have been drilled on the marble pavement without crowding, and the two hundred sick soldiers scattered in the vastness of it, were bitten with a sense of chilling desolation.

Between flights of delirium, through his first night in hospital, Saunders heard the groans and restless muttering of many men, and his fancies magnified them into an army. There were neither screens nor walls to divide the wards, only the rows of cots between the carved pillars that marched across the temple floor, so that all individual suffering and the tenacious struggle of dying became common property. The soldiers who passed away in the night-time did not trouble their comrades so much as when death came in daylight, and the end was a spectacle thrust upon those in surrounding cots.

A little after midnight the tramp of stretcher bearers punctuated a thin and

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wailing outcry, coming from that which they bore, and the temple floor awoke with weary curses. Those near the doorway learned that a Chinese coolie, caught in the act of stealing coal from the quartermaster's corral, had been tumbled off a wall by a sentry's shot. The lamentations of the victim rasped sick nerves beyond endurance, and the hospital held no sympathy in its smallest crevice. The coolie was an old man and badly hurt. Opium had made him impervious to customary doses of morphine, and after he had been drugged in quantities to kill four men, he was no nearer rest. From a far corner of the temple the wounded coolie wailed an unending

"Ay oh"—"Ay oh"—"Ay oh!"

Soldiers rose in their blankets and made uproar with cries of—

"Kill him!"

"Smother the brute!"

"Give him an overdose!"

"Now, ain't this an outrage!"

"Hi, there, One Lung, give us a rest, for God's sake!"

"Throw him out in the yard."

Daylight brought to Saunders infinitely grateful respite from a world through which he had fled from flaming dragons that shrieked, as if in torture,

"Ay oh"—"Ay oh"—"Ay oh!"

The grip of his delirium weakened in a few days, and the surgeon called him a "mild case." At the end of a week, Saunders was able to sit up a little and talk with the men around him. But the violence of these early impressions in hospital had unstrung a system drained by long service in the Philippines, and by the contrasting hardships of the cold winter in North China. The gloomy temple frightened the soldier, for sometimes the private has nerves, but he kept his fears to himself, thinking them womanish. He fell to brooding too much of home, and the more he dwelt upon the distance between Pekin and those who loved him, the more insistent became his morbid fear that he would not go back with his company.

It happened almost daily that the Ninth Regiment band trailed through the hospital compound, playing a dead march. There was always a halt in front of the stone stairway, and after a few moments the dragging music sounded fainter and farther away. A little later those in the temple could barely hear the silvery wail of "taps" floating from a corner of the outer wall, where a line of mounds was growing longer week by week. Then the band returned, playing a Sousa march or a "rag-time" medley. The listeners in hospital filled in the gaps between the music, and the mind of Saunders was busiest of them all in picturing the routine of a soldier's funeral in Pekin.

The surgeons looked him over in morning inspection rounds, and said there was nothing the matter to prevent his recovery. "Shorty" Blake and "Bat" Jenkins of P Company strove to make Saunders take some interest in life, and would have been cheered if he had even sworn at the rations and the lack of hospital comforts. They bought him jam and condensed milk from the commissary-sergeant, which he refused to eat; they assembled around his cot the most vivacious convalescents, selecting as entertainers those valiant in poker and campaign stories. Finally Saunders was persuaded to overhaul his haversack and show his slender store of souvenirs gathered in Pekin. Blake and Jenkins moved over to pass opinion on the riches, and Saunders welcomed them tremulously:

"I was plannin' to take some things home to mother and sister," he began, "but I didn't have a chance to get much while the lootin' was busy. Wouldn't have done me any good if I had, when the captain had the tents searched and collared most of the company stuff. I ain't sorry I missed it on the loot, for the old lady 'ud throw out o' the window all the stuff I sent her, if she thought it wasn't paid for. She's fierce in backin' foreign missions, an' the Chinamen is her purticuler pets."

Shorty broke in with an oath: "Yes, I know all about P Company's captain and his hair-trigger conscience. He swiped all our loot, but he sent home forty-seven mail packages, duty free. I got that from the postal clerk. What you got left, Saunders?"

The invalid spread an embroidered panel of crimson satin and a roll of blue silk on the edge of his cot, and threw a handful of silver ornaments and a cloisonné snuff-box on the blankets.

"I didn't loot even this stuff," he said, with an apologetic air, "but bought it along

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the Chien Men road, so it could go to the home folks with a clean bill of ladin'."

The spectators sniffed incredulously, but with unexpected tact hid any livelier display of doubt.

"Why don't you mail the goods home with a letter, and send a good jolly?" said Jenkins. "We'll get 'em off for you. There's a mail wagon goin' to Tientsin early to-morrow mornin'. Tell the old lady you're fat an' sassy. She'll call in the whole village to show 'em the presents from her brave soldier boy out among them poor, benighted, gentle, murderous Chinese heathen."

Saunders rallied for the afternoon, scrawled a letter, and sent his gifts. Then he buried his head in the blankets and wept, the effort having stirred new depths of hopeless homesickness. Through the following week he failed to gain in strength and spirits, and the surgeon mentioned "nostalgia" once or twice in chatting with the nurse.

"He may lie there and flutter out, with no disease worth a diagnosis," said the "medico." "The poor idiot thinks he would die on the way if he was shipped across country to Taku, to connect with a transport; and he's sure he'll be buried if he stays here. If we can get a little strength in him, I'll see what I can do to get him started home."

Saunders was not yet a dying man, but the natural process of recovery seemed at a standstill. There came a sharp turn for the worse after "Shorty" Blake limped in with a letter, which he tossed to the languid private with a cheery shout of—

"Wake up, Jim; here's the latest news from home. Hurry and tell us the price of butter an' eggs at the corner store."

But Saunders read the letter in silence, and while he read, his thin young face twitched, tears came, and the helpless length of him moved in little jerks that rippled the blankets.

The chaffing queries of his comrades were unanswered, and the patient seemed to be asleep through the afternoon and evening. When the light of the next morning filtered through the latticed windows of oiled paper, "Shorty" Blake saw Saunders grope for the letter under the blanket roll that served him for a pillow, and read it again. His voice was weaker than before, as he beckoned Blake and Jenkins to the cot, and said:

"Here's what comes of my leavin' home to be buried in this muck-heap of a town—an' my folks turned out to starve. You might as well read it, tho' you can't do any good."

Shorty saw a woman's handwriting, and he took the closely written sheets with singular gentleness. The spelling was imperfect in spots, and there were many erasures, but he stumbled through the uncertain lines, which said:

MY DEAREST SON—

No letter has come from you since you left the Phillipines, but I'm sure you are all right, because no notice has come to me from the War Department as your next of kin. All I know is that your regiment is in Pekin, and I hope and pray you are with it, all safe and sound. Sister Mary and me are pretty busy, as there has been no one to help us with the place since your brother died last spring. I know your enlistment ain't up for another year, and it's wicked to desert, and they would shoot you for it anyhow, and whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; but it does seem kind of hard when we want you so much at home that you have to be fighting them poor Chinamen when I've been sending money for their souls these thirty-seven years. But as long as we all have our health there ain't any real troubles I suppose. I don't mean to find fault and you mustn't worry about us. I'm as active as a cricket and Mary hasn't been ailin' any to speak of. It's been a good long spell of dry weather, and that's good for my rheumatism, but it wasn't very encouraging for the crops. The mortgage on the house and farm is due in six weeks, and I can't get a renewal, tho' it's only six hundred dollars, as you know. The bank people is that haughty about the thing that I don't exactly see how we can get around them. But where there's a will, there's a way, and the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and if we ain't got any cash, there's others worse off. Your uncle Joseph is breakin' up fast, and he's ten years younger than me. He's the last of the tribe that's left on either side, and his family won't have anything to spare when he's gone. Of course it's hard to think of losing our old place, but I'm still pretty spry, and my black silk is good as new. I can't just quite tell where Mary and me will be if we leave home so soon, but you write just the same and the postmaster will know. You remember him, that stumpy, light-haired Jameson that married one of the Martins.

God bless you, my poor wandering boy.

Your loving

MOTHER.

Jenkins was reading over "Shorty's" shoulder, and several hairy faces framed in gray blankets had edged silently nearer.

"Well, what do you think of that?" said a Sixth Cavalry corporal. "And here's

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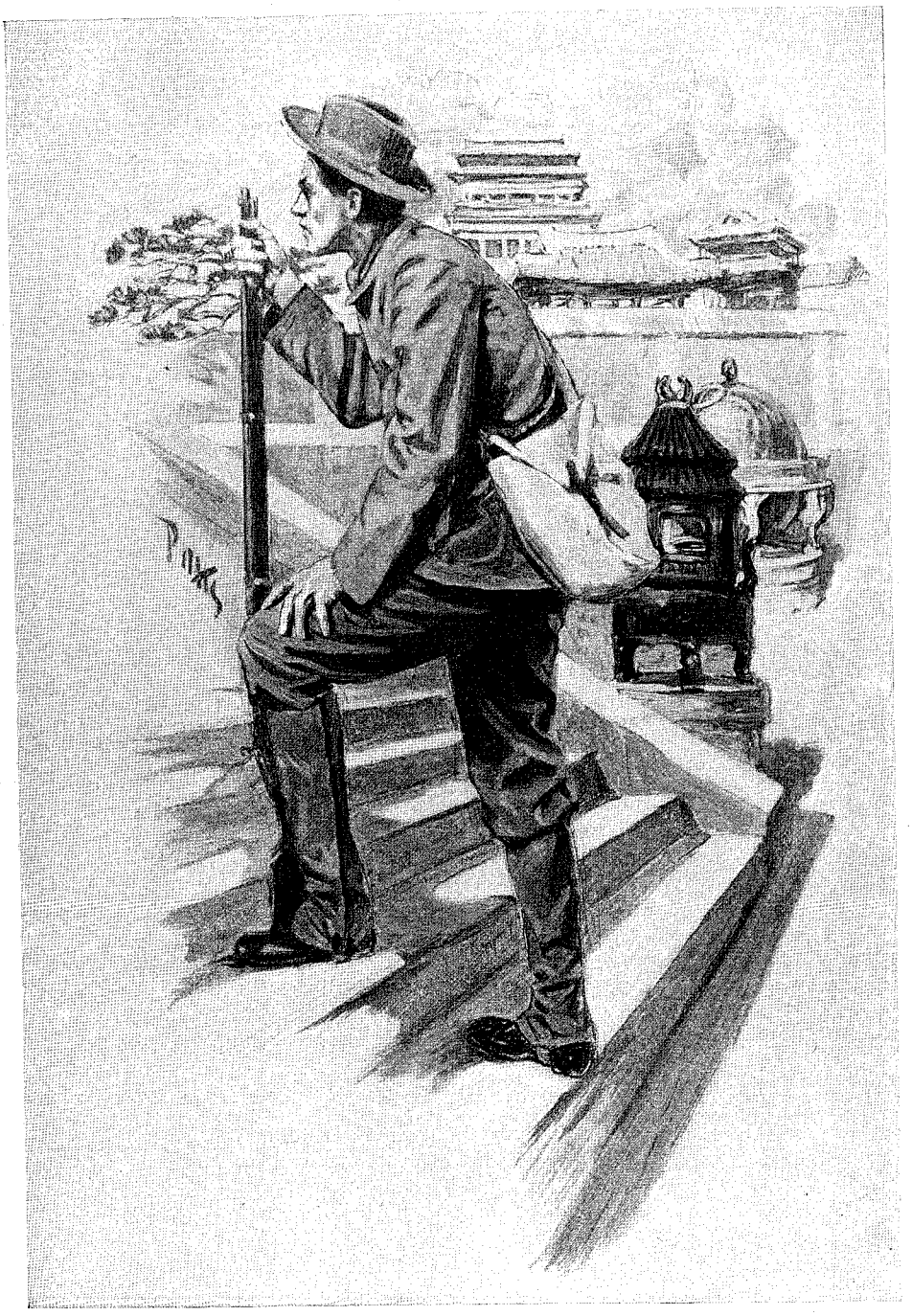

Drawn by W. Sherman Potts.

Up a stone stairway.—Page 730.

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It was a flawless bit of carving.—Page 735.

Saunders been givin' up the ghost without havin' any real troubles. Now it's time for you to brace up, and beg, borrow, or steal the dough and shoot it along to the old homestead. That letter was written more'n a month ago."

But Saunders had turned his face away and was a useless member of the ways and means committee, which convened with "Shorty" Blake as chairman. A praiseworthy burst of philanthropic ardor subsided when it met the cold fact that the paymaster had not visited camp in two months, and was not expected in Pekin before three weeks later. Investigation revealed also that nearly all the available cash in P Company had passed into the hands of three expert poker players, who were reported as being "hard as nails, and wouldn't give a dollar to save their own mothers from the poorhouse."

Saunders showed no symptoms of interest in these endeavors, largely because he foresaw their magnificent futility. He was in a condition of hopeless apathy, and beyond rereading the letter from home now and then, made no effort to rally. He kept a tally of the days remaining before the foreclosure of the mortgage, with a series of thumb-nail scratches on the frame of his cot.

There were twelve days to be marked off when "Shorty" Blake, who had been discharged as cured, clattered into the ward, and yelled as he leaned over Saunders:

"I lost track of my dates while I was in this gold-plated asylum, and my discharge is due to-day, and I was figurin' my enlistment wasn't up for another week. There's a squad of discharged men goin' down to Tientsin in a wagon-train to-morrow, and I've drawn my travel pay, got my papers, and I'm off for little old New York. Here's where I drop off on the way an' do what I can for your old folks in Kansas. Got anything you want to send them?"

Saunders became almost animated as he rolled over and tried to speak in a fluttering whisper:

"I ain't got any money for 'em; but tell 'em I was doin' well when you left me, and to keep their nerve, an' I'll get back as fast as I can. But speakin' between us, Shorty, there's nothin' doin' for me, and I'll be planted before you get to 'Frisco. Maybe I've got some little trick to send along. Wait a minute. Fish around

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under the cot and find me a roll of rubber blankets."

The uproarious "Shorty" opened the bundle and disclosed a jade teapot, in a wrapping of wadded silk. It was a flawless bit of carving, fashioned from a solid block of imperial green jade, no more than a pretty toy to the soldiers who examined it indifferently and wondered why Saunders wished to send it to his mother.

"It's the last thing I've got," he explained, "and the last present they'll ever get from me. I think they'd like to know I wasn't so blamed forgetful at the finish. Just lug it along, Shorty, an' if it don't get broke on the way, you can mail it when you cross the country."

The wish and the token were a sick man's whim to Blake, but he wrapped the jade teapot and tucked it in a soft corner

"If I didn't forget all about Jim Saunders and his teapot.—Page 737.

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of his haversack when he packed his kit late that night. He was vaguely aware that his purpose of finding the distressed family of Saunders would not survive the journey home, yet he meant it when he made the promise. He believed Saunders as good as dead, because he had seen men die of homesickness in the field hospitals of the Philippines.

"I'll send his silly teapot to his folks," he told another discharged private of P Company, as they climbed into a four-mule wagon next morning; "and I'm sorry I can't help him out, same as you are. If the doctor would pack the poor fool in a wagon and ship him to the sea, he couldn't any more than die on the way, and there 'ud be a fightin' chance he'd brace up."

With this farewell tribute of sympathy, the fortunes of Private Saunders slipped into the background among the varied interests which occupied the attention of the late Private Blake along his route to Taku Bar.

In the hospital, Saunders continued to let go his grip on life as gently as possible. Tangible woe and regret had become active agents in assisting the passive manner of his fading away. A new major-surgeon came up from Tientsin to assume charge of the hospital, and he was angry when he examined Saunders and heard the history of the case. "That man is dying of homesickness and worry," he growled to the hospital corps private in the ward; "and now he hasn't enough vitality left in him to risk moving in an ambulance. He'd snuff out like a candle on the way to Tientsin, and you can't keep him alive more than two weeks longer. He may as well die in some comfort as be jolted to death."

Much of the time in the following week, Saunders hovered along the border-land of dreams which were not wholly disquieting, for he had become on friendly terms with the gilded dragons on the shadowy rafters, and now and then they talked to him. The sick men of P Company had been sent back to duty, and Saunders did not know those who had taken their places along his aisle of the columned temple. When he noticed them, it was to whisper little inconsequential memories of home, and to tell passers-by of some new discovery gleaned from an intimate familiarity with numberless gilded dragons that never slept. He still noted the tally marks on the frame of his cot, and when he was too weak to reach them, the man in the nearest cot scratched a cross for him until only seven marks remained. The letter was no longer read, but the tragedy it told was woven through much of the delirious talk of the patient.

Meantime "Shorty" Blake had been routed with heavy loss among the canteens and other diversions of Tientsin, and, greatly the worse for wear, made his way to Taku and boarded a Japanese transport bound for Nagasaki. He went ashore in that entertaining port with three Mexican dollars as the melancholy remnant of his pay and travel allowance "to the place of enlistment," and presented his papers to the American quartermaster stationed in Nagasaki, who gave him an order for transportation on the next United States transport sailing for San Francisco.

Discharged Private Blake was much disconcerted when he was informed that no Government vessel was to stop en route from Manila in less than two weeks, and that he was stranded "on the beach," with several other recent losses to the fighting strength of the army in the Orient. A bundle of looted silk had been exchanged in Tientsin for bottles of astonishing Scotch whiskey made in Shanghai, and there was nothing else of cash value in the light marching order of ex-private Blake. He hired a room in a toy-like Japanese hotel, and late that night returned without his three Mexican dollars, but with the perverted energy of a runaway automobile. Charging headlong through the dainty paper walls of the hotel, rather than be annoyed by trying to find the door, mobilized a small army of Japanese policemen, and memory came back to Blake when he was dragged into the street, his haversack hurled at his head by the agitated landlord.

Daylight found him, very thirsty and nervous, wandering along the edge of the bay, waiting for a glimpse of a blue army blouse and the tenuous hope of a small loan. He leaned against the stone wall of the Hatoba, with his haversack under his tortured head, and twisted as his cheek rubbed a hard lump beneath the canvas. Ramming his hand into the haversack with a peevish curse, "Shorty" pulled out a package wrapped in wadded silk, and unrolled a teapot of green imperial jade. A stocky

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"Don't you want to buy a prime jade teapot?"—Page 738.

manakin of the Nagasaki police was standing near, and the soldier addressed him and the sleeping harbor without partiality:

"If I didn't forget all about Jim Saunders and his teapot, I'm a liar. An' he must be dead an' planted by this time, an' the old homestead gone to hell, an' nothin' left but this looney little teapot as his last will an' testament. I'll surely send it to Kansas all right, tho' it ain't goin' to cheer the old lady very much. The teapot must be worth as much as a dollar and a half."

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Then the demon of thirst gripped Blake by the throat, and the effort of swallowing fairly shook him. He slipped the teapot into his haversack, and to his credit it must be told that he struggled with temptation for several minutes. Then he muttered weakly: "I ain't goin' to sell it. The teapot will be all safe in hock till I can send for it or make a strike. Who's goin' to know the difference, anyway? Saunders had no business to pass away like a sick chicken, an' load me up with this billy-be-damned piece of bric-a-brac."

But shops and saloons were not yet opened, and "Shorty" Blake walked heavily along many blocks of silent streets, his thirst more raging and insistent as he found himself thwarted. Every scruple vanished and he was ready to sell the teapot for the price of a pint flask of anything searching and fiery.

The rattle of rickshaw wheels made him suddenly alert, and he stumbled toward the sound. As he turned a corner there was a collision, and the racing coolie in the shafts slid on his head, while the passenger barely saved himself from an ugly backward fall. The Japanese officer so nearly upset, accepted the awkward apologies of the soldier derelict and politely asked whether he had been hurt. "Shorty" pulled himself together and saluting instinctively, he spoke with breathless haste:

"No, sir, no damage done, and I hope you wer'n't shook up; but don't you want to buy a prime jade teapot, and help out an American soldier who's broke, an' ain't got no other means of support? I know it ain't worth much, bein' nothin' but a toy, but I need the price, whatever it is."

The officer bowed as if honored by the confidence, and replied: "It is not customary to sell jade teapots in the street so early in the morning, and I am in the hurry to arrive with my duty. But Japan and America are so great friends since Peking, eh? Is it not? A-h, is th-a-at the jade, and from Peking, eh? I do not know everything about jade, but there are many good times for you in that teapot; ha, ha! I think so. I am not so mean to rob the honorable soldier. You will make a borrow of this two yen—two dollars—all right, eh? And you will take my card and the teapot will come with you at my house at noon hour, eh?"

Before the beclogged brain of "Shorty" Blake had caught up with these directions, the rickshaw was whisking around a curve of the hillside, and the derelict was left staring after, the jade teapot in one hand, and two one-yen notes in the other. Visions of wealth made him tingle, and he rewrapped the treasure with reverent deliberation. Then began another battle with a battered fragment of a conscience, and the voice of Saunders was so distinct in his ear that he turned suddenly more than once to mutter to the empty street:

"I'm on the edge of the shivers. It's a bad sign when you hear voices as plain as that. It's that baby whine of his, always cryin' 'Ten days more an' the folks will be homeless and starvin', an' I can't do nothin'.'

"Holy smoke! I've heard that string of dates often enough to keep track of 'em. An' there's three more days leeway or I've missed my count. An' me with a fortune in this little monkey-doodle teapot, if that Jap wasn't stringin' me."

From stories told later to his "bunkie" on the transport, it is probable that "Shorty" Blake passed through great mental stress during the forenoon of his second day in Nagasaki, but that this ordeal was nothing compared with his torments after an interview with a wealthy dealer in curios at the home of a major of Japanese infantry on the hill. There is reason to believe that the discharged private of the China Relief Expedition kept his appointment in a fairly sober condition, although much shaken and easily startled. An hour later, the Japanese officer accompanied "Shorty" Blake to the telegraph office and the branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, with an air of anxious guardianship, as if determined to see a wavering project through to the finish. Shorty skipped references to his escort in subsequent narratives, as if the topic were painful, dismissing his interview with the sweeping summary:

"I had to go an' put that little Jap wise to the whole hard-luck story of Jim Saunders. Then he talked to me like a Dutch uncle, and had me on the mourners' bench in no time. Them Japs is strong on filial duty, and he never let up on me till the job was done."

Twenty-four hours later, the Signal

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"Then he talked to me like a Dutch uncle."—Page 738.

Corps operator at the American army station in Pekin copied a message addressed to "J. Saunders, P Company, Ninth Infantry, Field Hospital No. 1.

"Sold teapot for eight hundred dollars gold. Have cabled six hundred to old lady to bust mortgage. Will bust Nagasaki wide open with balance. If not dead, brace up.

(Signed) "SHORTY."

It seemed indecent to carry this telegram to the bedside of Private Saunders. He had lost all interest in the world of men and things, yet was inexplicably lingering, as if caught in an eddy as he drifted out. Fantasies had fled, and his mind was clearing, as if to pay some heed to the important business of ceasing to be. The message was first read by the major-surgeon, and there was more than professional interest in his tone, as he said to the nurse of the ward:

"Give that man ten drops of digitalis and a dose of brandy, and try to wake him up enough to understand this telegram. It's the only thing on earth that may pull him through. He told me his troubles, and this ought to be his salvation."

The powerful stimulants stirred a current of life in Saunders, and he heard and comprehended the tidings from "Shorty" Blake, and the heroic compromise of that distressed soul who had saved the home of his "pal," but could not let go his grip on the remainder of the windfall. The invalid gulped and there was almost the shadow of a grin in his stammering whisper:

"That b-b-blamed fool Shorty is a —— angel, ain't he? I-I don't b-believe I'm d-dead yet. Say, can I go home if I'll get strong enough to stand the hike?"

This effort exhausted Saunders and he slept awhile. The surgeon was taking his pulse when he awoke, and the friendly nurse holding a cup of beef tea to his lips.

"You seem to have quit making an ass of yourself," said the surgeon; "and I've seen your company commander this afternoon. If you can work up enough

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strength to stand the trip to the coast, I'll see that your discharge papers are made out. You'll be no more good to the army."

The same inducement had previously failed to interest Saunders, but now he had determined to live, in the mighty inspiration of joy and hope renewed. He drank beef tea and begged for more, and when he flashed a feeble sputter of profanity because he was not allowed a bit of bacon, the ward became noisily cheerful. The captain of P Company was not a hard man, but he had suspected Saunders of malingering until the major-surgeon told him the private's hospital history, and how he had been saved from death by the miraculous intervention of the departed and flagrantly notorious "Shorty" Blake.

"Saunders isn't a bad soldier," said the captain, "but he's always been a bit too sentimental and broody. And if he's decided to save another funeral in the company, you'd better ship him home before he changes his mind. We can't feed him on another batch of such stimulating news if he slumps again. I'll look after his discharge papers, if you will certify him for disability."

It was three weeks later when Saunders, very thin and somewhat wobbly, waited in Nagasaki for the next transport homeward bound from Manila. He met a discharged corporal of Riley's Battery whom he had seen in hospital, and the gunner was eager to tell a highly colored tale whose peroration ran:

"And I was just in time to see the finish of 'Shorty' Blake's bombardment of Nagasaki, and it must have been a wonder all the way. They took him off to the transport in a sampan, with four little Jap policemen sittin' on his head and chest, and him kickin' holes in the cabin roof. The only night I was out with him he was playin' a game of turnin' rickshaws upside down, and sittin' on the axle, with the passenger yellin' murder underneath until Shorty got ready to move on. I asked him where he got all his money for rum and police-court fines, and he was that twistified with booze, he says:

"'I ripped the mortgage off the old homestead like the hero in a play, and took my commissions like J. P. Morgan reorganizin' a railroad. If you don't believe it, ask the Jap whose name begins with a jade teapot.'"

GOD'S HOUR

By Julia C. R. Dora

O RESTLESS soul, canst thou not wait God's hour?
"Let there be light!" He said, and lo! the day
Gilded the mountain-tops, and far away
The dimpled valleys thrilled beneath its power,
Claiming the glorious sunlight as their dower.
A myth, a fable, that the wise gainsay—
An idle tale for children at their play.

Yet fable is fair truth's consummate flower!
Earth waited long till Day, unheralded,
Unsung, unprophesied, in splendor swept
A radiant presence through the Orient gates
Not unto us shall the last word be said;
Yet one sure secret have the ages kept—
Light breaks at last on every soul that waits!

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BILL THE TRAPPER

By Mary R. S. Andrews

Illustrations by Henry Hutt

THE long ribbons of Bill the Trapper's smart sailor hat blew against his face, and he shook them aside as he tightened the snaffle rein, and looked up anxiously to his big cousin's face.

"This is a very objectional horseback hat," he remarked. "I wish Mamma wouldn't make me wear it. And I wish Sir Galahad wouldn't always trot when I want to talk." Then he hastened on to the gist of the conversation. "Of course I know that dragons aren't a common thing. I suppose if there are any they're most extraordinary and unsuspected." Large words were a pleasure to Bill the Trapper, but he was not always fortunate in their use. "What I believe is that there may be just a few, just a very little few, of dragons left in the deepest wildernesses, that hardly anybody knows about. Don't you believe there might be just about that, Bob?"

The smooth forehead was wrinkled with earnestness and the innocent blue eyes were at once dreamy and keen; eyes from which looked out a buoyant soul that would see and seize joy and adventure in every dim place of childhood and of life.

"Don't you believe there are some dragons left, Bob?" The voice was of such tremulous eagerness that the cousin of fifteen hoary winters had not the heart to turn the hose of education on the fire of enthusiasm.

"It is hard to tell what there is in the world, Max," he said, and shook his head wisely. "Those big forests in South Africa, you know."

"Yes," assented the Trapper, with deep gratification. "In darkest Africa—that's where I hope to illuminate them. I'm going to—my plan is, you know, to go there when I'm big enough, and trap them. I shall invent monstrous traps of an entirely new kind—I've got the idea in my mind." The tense small face relaxed into a radiant smile, and the bow of his mouth puckered between dignity and pleasure. "That's why I call myself 'Bill the Trapper.' I wrote a poem about it—about dragons. Would you like to hear it?"

"Of course. A lot."

The little chap settled into his saddle happily, and his knees pressed Sir Galahad's fat sides as if caressing them. This was worth while. This new cousin was an immense improvement on John the groom, who knew nothing about dragons and touched his hat and said "Very good, sir," when Max recited poems. They walked their horses slowly through the sunshine and shadow of the bridle-path of Central Park, under the trees that were misty with the first golden leafage of spring, unconscious that other riders, trotting down the woodland way, all cast a second glance, or shifted in the saddle to watch admiringly the two handsome boys sitting so well their handsome mounts, and so prettily absorbed in each other.

"I call my poem 'The Fearful Night,'" Bill the Trapper announced, and turned his blue gaze inquiringly on his cousin. He was a trifle uncertain as to the title. But Bob's eyes were seriously attentive and

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reassured him, and as the words rolled unctuously from his mouth, he lost himself in the delight of authorship, and in the genuine swing of the rhythm.

"In the fearful night,
When the dragons in flight
Did frolic and dance in the tree-tops,
A hunter skulked low
With his trusty cross-bow.
And once he did turn
But could scarcely discern
The form of a dragon behind him.
The wind it was howling—
The dragon was growling,
But an arrow it sped
At the dragon's huge head,
And the big beast fell dead
While fangs fell from its head."

"Did you really write that yourself, Max?" asked the older boy, with a most satisfying astonishment. It was so long since he had been eight that he had almost forgotten what chaps of that age could do. The little cousin was an intelligent youngster, an agreeable surprise to Bob. He expected to find this ride rather a strain, and conversation with a mere baby an effort; but behold! he was enjoying it. Like the gentleman that he was, he set himself to furnish his part of the entertainment.

"Up in the club in Canada, where we camp in summer, you see lots of traps. All along the portages there are lines of different sorts. Little ones for the musk-rats and the mink, and others under the water for the otter, at the foot of their sliding places, their 'roulades,' as the guides call them. And there are traps for lynx and martin, and sometimes you run across a whopper for caribou. I saw a place once where a caribou had been trapped and a bear had gotten at him. They had a big battle—the ground was all torn up. But the bear won; the caribou's bones were thick around."

Bill the Trapper's soul thrilled with delicious horror and his eyes were intent and wide. Here was a man who had seen life! It was honor indeed to ride along through the Park on equal terms with an elderly, experienced person, a very perfect, gentle Knight of adventure, who talked to him without condescension on subjects of deep import to both. John the groom, who knew nothing at all of trapping, always talked down to his level as if he were a baby to be humored. When one is eight nothing is more exasperating than this intangible talking down.

"Will you tell me about some of the traps—how they are made?" he asked respectfully, yet with exhilaration of soul in the comradeship of the tall and all-wise cousin.

And Bob's boy face, as innocent, as clear-eyed as Max's own, lighted with interest, and with pleasure in the homage offered like incense to his prowess. It is the only compliment a normal boy cares for, one paid to knowledge and power that he has gained with effort. Bob had worked patiently over the lore of the woods, and he knew it for his own. So the fresh young voice rolled on smoothly with clear and simple descriptions that yet carried, for all their bareness, the breath of the hills, the sweet loneliness of the forest, the wild shy life—seen in glimpses through dim windows of waving leaf walls—of the creatures which are the inhabitants of that quiet house of God. And Max listened, fascinated, and punctuated the easy sentences here and there with the staccato of an eager question. Bob stopped with boyish abruptness.

"Those are about all the kinds of traps I know. Let's trot a bit."

The ribbons of the displeasing hat fluttered in the breeze; Sir Galahad, the fat pony, tossed his head with glee and threw out his short legs with pretence of high action, as they rode fast through sun and shade, around the Reservoir, under the bridges, down the long slanting curves of the bridle-path. Across Bob's cheeks lay a stain of color, his cap was in his pocket, his thick, fair hair blew free, and his dark eyes shone with joy of exercise. His horse broke into a canter, and Sir Galahad dashed after him with a mad gallop. But Bill the Trapper, sitting easily as a young trooper, never stirred the firm little hands that held the reins. His eyes were introspective and absent; he was far away from Central Park and Sir Galahad, in the heart of the fairy-land where imaginative children spend much of their happy lives. On that scene of romance he saw himself, a mighty hunter, strong and wise, stealing through thickets of unknown greatness and difficulty toward the dim, terrible forms of great beasts, scaled and gleaming and mighty, spouting fire and roaring hor-

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Drawn by Henry Hutt.

"You see the stone slab across it?"—Page 744.

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ribly, but doomed to fall before him. The grandeur of facing peril, the rapture of victory over fearful odds, was burning in his blood, was shaking the slender little figure, and his rapt look was bright with the imagined action of his dream.

Bob pulled in his excited horse with a long sigh of contentment. "Wasn't that a bully canter? Didn't they go well?" he demanded breathlessly, and Max came back slowly from the distant country of his vision. He patted Sir Galahad's arching brown neck thoughtfully.

"Don't you know any rather enormouser traps, Bob?" he asked. "Something big enough to catch a—a loathly beast?" His mind was still with the dragons in their lair.

Bob considered. He too had been nourished on fairy-tales and poetry; his own feet had but just emerged from the dewy stillnesses of the Enchanted Forest, the fragrance of its airs still wafted, its sweet uncertain shadows still played at times about his head. He knew a little what Bill the Trapper meant.

"Let's see," he ruminated. "Did I tell you about the trap where you bend over the branch of a tree, and have a slipnoose?" Max's eyes, with their curious mixture of keenness and dreaminess—an Edison expression as it might be—were glued on his cousin's face. "If you get a big enough branch, you know, you could catch an awfully big animal in that," said Bob, throwing himself into the question with abandon. "It's this way you make it." He looked about him searchingly, then stopped his horse, Sir Galahad following suit. "You see that gutter by the side of the path?" Max nodded, intent. "You see the stone slab across it? Well, suppose you cut a stick just long enough to fit under the edge, between the edge and the ground. Not tight, you know—just easy—but firm. You chop a notch in the stick and tie a cord—clothes-line, anything—around the notch, and then you bend over the sapling and fasten the tip of it—so it's taut—to the loose end of the line, whose other end is tied to the stick. Do you get all that?"

There was a pink spot in each of Bill the Trapper's cheeks. His eyes shone. But his voice was business-like. "Yes, I do."

Bob went on. "Then, out of more clothes-line, you make a good big slipnoose, and lay it foxily across the path, and the loose end of that is tied to the rope that holds the sapling. Then——"

But the Trapper cut in, gasping with eagerness. "I see it. It's lovely. The animal walks into the noose—that jerks the stick from under the slab—that frees the cord that holds down the sapling—and the sapling springs up bang! and throws down the dangerous beast, the slipnoose runs tight, and his paw is caught upward, and—and there you are!"

The executive side of the baby brain had fastened on Bob's description. With a question or two straight to the point, he understood exactly the making of the old woodsman's invention. Then he retired into the recesses of his mind and pondered, while the horses trotted steadily side by side and the older boy regarded the hands and seats and equipments of riders as they passed. In a moment Max spoke.

"I would like to set that trap about there." He nodded gravely where the footpath near the Seventy-second Street gate sinks into a shady hollow, and the shrubbery crowds thick about it. "There's a good big branch on that tree that would do, and I could hide in the bushes and watch—like other trappers. I wouldn't so much care what I caught—it would be magnificent practice."

Bob turned and stared at him for a moment with astonished eyes, and then broke into an untrammelled shout of high boyish laughter. It rang out with gay distinctness across the decorous shades of Central Park, but, with his bare head thrown back, his bright eyes half closed, he was as unconscious of himself as a young squirrel chattering on a branch. He did not see at all the girl and the man who, abreast of him at the moment, looked up sharply with curious interest that softened into a smile of friendliness, at the happy children. The smile died almost instantly on the man's face.

"What handsome boys!" the girl said, and he answered her with a moody word, and went back to what he had been saying. It meant much to him, and the boys meant nothing—or he thought so.

"What can I do, Suzanne, if you are not going to believe in me at all? Why can't you take something for granted? It was business—as I told you—and you know

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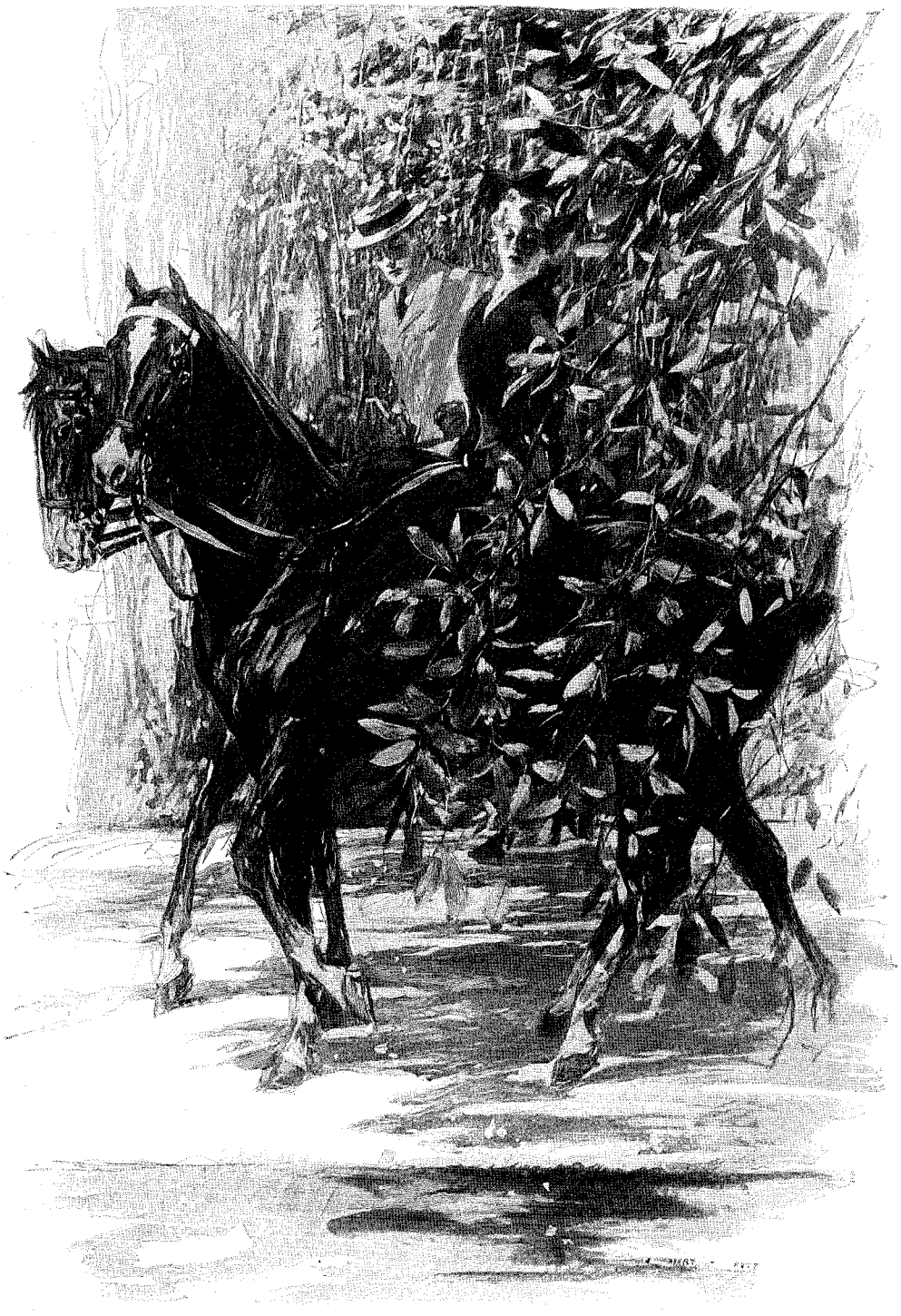

Drawn by Henry Hutt.

"What can I do, Suzanne, if you are not going to believe in me at all?"—Page 744.

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how I have been trained, like a religion, not to neglect business."

"I think—" the girl stopped.

"What?" demanded the man eagerly. "Say it—say it, Suzanne."

"You needn't urge me—you won't like it when I do say it."

The girl's face was cold, almost hard. "I was wondering if you meant always to neglect me, rather than business."

The man turned his eyes on her with a worried, indignant look. "It isn't like you to be unjust and unreasonable," he said. "I did only what I thought was right—what I thought I must do. You must know I would rather be with you than work till seven in the office."

"You might at least have sent word. I waited. I hate to wait for a man. It's insulting."

"I did try to telephone you," he said. "I couldn't get you."

"Why couldn't you telegraph?"

"I never thought of it," he said simply.

The girl's slim figure sat still more erect in the saddle, and the beautiful curve of her lips was not gentle. The man looked at her hopelessly—at the pure profile, the heavy braided gold hair that shone between black ribbon and black habit as if mica dust had been powdered over it. Every line of her was perfect, charming, and in every line he read uncompromising anger.

"I'm very tired of it all," she said at length, and her tone was quiet and cool. "It isn't the first time. If you really cared, you would take the trouble not to hurt me; you would think how it lowered my dignity to sit and wait for you without a word."

"I didn't know you would wait. I thought you would understand," the man answered in a low voice, a little too reserved, a little too effortless. "I thought you would know nothing would keep me unless it was important."

It was hard for him to explain. The words seemed to come stiffly, without feeling; he could not believe that a little thing such as this could be even a dark spot on the sunlight of his love for her—much less that it could mean an eclipse. When she knew the main fact, and that it meant his whole being, how could small, inevitable bothers of this sort count? But he could not find the words to say the thoughts that burned him, and he only stared on at her, every inch of her dear to him, in wretched silence.

The girl's even, soft voice began again.

"I can't wrangle with anybody—you or anybody. It has come near that once or twice lately. You can't care as I thought you did, or you wouldn't place me in such positions. It had better all end."

The man started as if at a blow, but quickly controlled himself. "You can't mean that, Suzanne. You know it's nothing—it's just my way—a different view of things. You can't mean you don't—you don't love me any more, Suzanne?" His voice lowered as he said the words.

The girl, her gray eyes shining with a deep-sea color and light under their delicate black brows, looked straight ahead at the vista of the shadowy bridle-path, and was a moment in answering. Her voice came with an effort, but unhesitatingly.

"I do mean that. I thought I—loved you, of course. But I don't feel anything of the sort for you now. You have killed it. I can't go on forgiving and making excuses for you always. And besides, I think—I am sure—I don't want to. I don't care enough for you."

The man's wide look shone on her a long minute as if uncomprehending, then his forehead contracted and his dark eyes smouldered beneath with the gleam of dull coals.

"If that is so," he said, "I have nothing more to say." He lifted the snaffle with a quick word to his horse, and they broke into a fast trot.

The leafy alley of the bridle-path seemed to the girl afterwards, as she remembered that day, the setting of a bad dream. As fast as one may ride and not be arrested they rode, but it was a little, heart-breaking eternity. To ride with him this way, the last time! With obstinate pride she repeated to herself that she did not love him, that she was glad—but it was queer that gladness should make her heart ache with this restless, sick impatience. Would they never come to Durland's? Could she never get out of his sight, crawl into her own quiet room and be free to—to what? Why should she cry if she were glad? It was merely to be away from him that she wanted—the sight of him was hateful.

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And she stole a glance, as his horse forged ahead, at the broad shoulders, the ease and mastery of his riding—she used to be so proud of his beauty and his horsemanship, in that old time, an hour ago, when they were engaged.

The five minutes at Durland's were over, and they came out of the big cavern into the gentle spring sunset—almost twilight it was now, for they had ridden a bit late.

"Are you going to walk? You will let me see you home?" he asked, with no inflection in the words, and looked at her with a curious, pent-up something in the calmness of his manner.

She had not thought of that, and her spirit blazed up in an agony of impatience. She must be alone—the strain of being with him was more than she could stand.

"No," she said; "*no*. I will not. I want to go alone."

He lifted his hat and stood aside.

But suddenly it flashed across her what he meant to do. He lived in the street next hers. He must be going home to dress for dinner. He would follow her, guard her, through the Park. She could not and would not bear the feeling that he was there, just behind her all the way. It would be unendurable.

"No," she said again, and her face, that tried to be cold and restrained, was pathetic. "No—please. I can't have you back of me. You go on first, and I can come as I choose."

He lifted his hat again without a word, and started, and neither of them cared or knew that they were being absurd. It was almost as bad this way, to walk through the well-known ways and see that familiar figure which seemed—only by force of habit, of course—still dear, still hers, swinging ahead always as she went. It was comfort to know that nothing would make the straight-set head turn; it was luxury to drink in his strong grace, his assured movement—no, it was not. She forgot—it was nothing to her—she did not love him now. But her eyes followed him as if they could see nothing else in the world, and if he disappeared around a curve her pace quickened anxiously till her glance caught him again. Suddenly—but something had happened in the meantime.

Bob and Max had turned from the Park after passing the lovers, and in five minutes more the doors of the stable of the big gray stone house on Riverside Drive had opened to them, and John the groom had received Max's curt refusal of assistance with a grin of admiration. He took Sir Galahad's head as the youngster threw a small leg across the pony's back and then stood with russet-booted feet wide apart and hands in his pockets, contemplating his pony.

"Rub him down particularly to-night, John," he ordered. "He's had a rather contaminating ride," and turned on his heel and swung off up the short driveway with a manly air, the man's eyes following him with smiling pride.

Bob, a born horseman, with a horseman's interest in detail, stayed about the stable fifteen minutes longer, helping to unsaddle, watching the quick, expert care of the animals. When at length, with a guilty thought of dinner-time, he dashed into the house, he was met by a maid.

"Didn't Master Max come in with you, Mr. Bob?" she asked. "We saw the horses down the street and I have his supper waiting for him upstairs, but I can't find him anywhere."

"He must be hiding in his room for a joke," said the boy. "I'll get him," and he flew up the stairway two steps at a time.

At the first landing the little boy's mother came out of her room. "Bob, is that you? Where's Max? Nobody seems to know what has become of the child. It's most extraordinary."

In ten minutes more the household was a search party. As in the case of Ginevra,

> In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
> They sought him wildly, but found him not.

And Max's mother was on the verge of hysterics, and Max's baked potatoes and steak were growing cold in the day nursery, and from attic to cellar maids and men were looking and calling for the young hope of the house, but no hope was found.

Half an hour, three-quarters passed swiftly, and suddenly Bob had a thought. With no word to anyone, as children do things, he fled down the stairs, and the great front door with its iron grill swung shut behind him, and as he ran lightly through Seventy-second Street, he knew, by the instinct of a boy, of a woodsman, that Bill the Trapper had passed this way

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before him. He was right, for not an hour ago, still in his riding-clothes, with a coil of clothes-line slung over his arm, a stout stick a foot long in his hand, the dignity of a great purpose in his soul and in his legs, the hero had pressed the stones of Seventy-second Street on the way to win his spurs and his name.

It seemed queer to be going through the streets like this, at twilight, without Antoinette, or John, or anybody. He knew quite well that he would not be allowed, if he had asked, but he kept his mind off that side of the question. How, indeed, might a person be a Knight of Romance and have a nurse go with him? Perish the thought! Such conventions are for the young, and Bill the Trapper, by this day's act, was taking his place with the mature, the responsible ones of the earth. He was going to do a deed—such was his thought—and in truth he was. Straight to the spot he had marked near the Seventy-second Street entrance, he went, down the dip of the shady path, quiet and lonely now, for the city was mostly at dinner. There was the fine young sapling he had chosen, there was the gutter with its convenient stone crossing at just the right distance—it was ideal. A man passed him, going down, and looked curiously at the handsome child in his smart riding-clothes, all alone at that hour in the Park. But Bill the Trapper, though he saw him, was engaged in thought, and paid no attention. He whipped out a glittering knife-blade and in two minutes had notched the stick and fitted it under the edge of the slab of stone. He climbed on a bench that stood near the young tree, and caught its upper trunk near the top. The bench tipped over and the conspirator bit the dust. It was a hard knock, but he was not daunted. He set up the bench and started again—with the same result.

Suddenly he realized, bitterly, that he was not strong enough to set the trap alone. He was a very young trapper and very ardent, and the blow was well-nigh mortal. It had all seemed so near accomplishment—so great a glory so close within his reach—there were tears in the adventurer's large blue eyes! It was cruel, impossible to give it up. If only there were someone to help him—some strong muscles to be the tool of his strong brain! In a flash he thought of the man who had just passed; he could see him now slouching dimly under the trees on his slow way down the Park. Without a second's hesitation Bill the Trapper, applying his handkerchief fiercely to his tears, ran after him. He looked a little like Morgan the coachman, he thought as he neared him—big and strong, but not as clean as Morgan, and—something. He bent his shoulders more, perhaps. But Max hailed him confidently as he drew on.

"Hi! You there!" he called.

The man wheeled sharply and looked at him with a snarl, and words that Bill the Trapper had never heard were ready to fall from his tongue—but they did not come. Max's quick eyes caught instantly the misery of the face, and his first instinct was sympathy. Before the man could speak, the little clear voice went on with a caressing accent.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked solicitously. "I'm afraid you've got a headache." Max's father had headaches, and he knew they were bad things. "Is it very severe? I was going to ask you to help me, but of course I won't disturb you if you are feeling under the leather." That sounded well, it seemed to him. The man regarded him a moment with sullen, bewildered eyes.

"What ye want o' me?" he brought out finally in a growl; but Max heard only suffering humanity in the slovenly accent, in the drink-hardened face saw only a man in pain. It may well be that the guileless eyes, looking to the soul of things, past accidents of birth and breeding and environment, saw the truth. As man to man, Max addressed the scum of the earth, and out of the bruised ruin a spark of human dignity rose up surprised and met the child—as man to man.

"I wanted you to help me in a—in a adventure. But I won't disturb you, you know, if you are going home to rest."

"Going home to rest!" The man laughed, and the child missed the bitterness of the sound.

"Oh!" he said eagerly, "aren't you so very bad? Do you think you could spare the time? Are you busy? Maybe it would assist—assem—assist your headache to stay in the air a little of a while longer. I'd be a thousand times obliged."

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The man stared at Bill the Trapper. Here was a queer thing. Someone was considering his feelings—treating him—he hardly knew how—like a gentleman. He could not remember that in his stormy, sordid life he had ever been spoken to in this way before. A little swell, too—he glanced at the miniature riding-breeches and boots, at the belted jacket and the despised sailor hat, and a half smile stole mistily over his heavy features. To look at him no one would have guessed that somewhere in Jemmy Slaggin's make-up lurked a liking for smartness. Bill the Trapper's well-set-up, well-groomed little figure was a luxury to him to gaze upon.

"I ain't so busy this minute," he said, and the sarcasm was lost on Max. "Whatcher want me to do for ye?"

"Now you're a good chap," said the lad heartily. "I knew you must be nice because you look like Morgan, our coachman, and he's lovely."

He put up his slender, brown little hand and patted Slaggin on his shoulder, and never knew that a thrill shook the dirty, greenish-black old coat. Then he slid his fingers into the great fist with a happy indifference as to cleanness and started back down the path, and the man followed on like a dog. As they went along, Max explained. As the plan filtered through Jemmy Slaggin's brain, he almost jumped, as Bob had done, with astonishment. Then fear, born of experience, took its place. This was matter for arrest if he were caught. Max talked on earnestly, excitedly, and Slaggin listened and weakened. The child had no thought of hurting anyone, and, after all, if anyone were hurt, it would be a joke that to Slaggin seemed ideal. He could never have planned it himself, but it appealed to his sense of humor. The world was against him—here was his chance to deal a kick to one at least of that cold, indifferent lot. And that it was the child's project appeared in some vague way to make it right. Before the two reached the appointed spot, Max's case was won. The big strength drew down the sapling and fastened it in short order; the slipnoose, artfully propped by little sticks so that a careless foot would be sure to catch, lay across the walk, an innocent-looking bit of rope, hardly visible in the dim light under the arching elms. Max stepped back and surveyed their work and found it good. The quaint, constrained smile of gratification that tried to conceal itself, worked at his mouth. He slipped his arm fraternally through the man's, cocked his head sidewise, and together they contemplated.

"It's very experiencedly done," Max gave opinion. "You must be a very good workman. *I* think you're one of the nicest men I've ever seen—ever."

Praise, confidence, friendliness—little of these had come into Jemmy Slaggin's checkered career. His soul drank them as baked earth drinks rain; he felt a bit dizzy; it seemed to him that he felt as he did sometimes when only a trifle drunk; there was the same gentle happiness of yielding to an influence. Only the influences had mostly been different from this. He did not want to lose the feeling of that friendly little arm against his side; he wanted to keep it close, to clutch it tightly, so that he might through it draw near to decency and cleanliness, and the unknown somethings of life that help a man to hold up his head and to look other men in the eyes—all that, vaguely, painfully working in Slaggin's brain, seemed quite possible while Bill the Trapper's brotherly hand lay against his own. All the things that—he glanced up toward the Seventy-second Street gate—the things that were not for him. The gleam of brass buttons on a large blue coat was visible through the leaves. What foolishness had he been dreaming? and all because a kid had treated him kindly. He had better be gone, and that quickly, or he would find himself in trouble, and he did not need more trouble. He dropped the electrical little arm with a pang of effort, and put out his hand with shy awkwardness.

"Gotter go," he remarked. "Would ye mind puttin' it there?"

For a second Max did not understand the idiomatic English; then he slapped his fingers into the man's with an eager heartiness that sent a shiver of pleasure through the hulking figure; but, unlooked for, suddenly, there came a wave of reaction. What was this child to him—the son of one of the hated class of millionnaires—the men who ground him and his like to the earth? Why should he have done the boy's bidding for the charm of the pleasant ways that an

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easy life had taught—a life that Slaggin had never tasted, never known how to dream? In a flash of bitter, bullying spirit he was angry that he had worked under orders from this princeling. For nothing, too—why should he? Why shouldn't he get something out of him if he could?

"Got any money? Got the price of a drink on ye?" he demanded roughly—but Max did not criticise a friend's manners.

"A drink?" his treble tones repeated. "Are you thirsty? That's too bad. I know how uncomfortable it is—I'm thirsty about half the time myself, you know. John said I was a tank one day. Are you a tank, too?" Max was pulling away under his Norfolk jacket. "It's funny you have to buy water," he remarked, as his hand broke into the trousers pocket. "But perhaps you're particular like Mamma—she won't drink Croton. Now where is that quarter? Uncle Tom gave me a quarter, and I'll give it to you—here!" He brought out the silver with a radiant smile. "Is it enough for a drink? I hope you'll get a good big one with it—it's so refreshive."

In Jemmy Slaggin's mind was going on a struggle such as that undisturbed gray matter had never known before. A fight for abstract honor, for gratitude, was holding its own with unexpected power over the accustomed ugly cupidity.

"I'll be danged if I turn the kid's money into whiskey," he growled half aloud, and suddenly, with a furtive look about the lonely Park, a glance at the policeman's back up on the bridge, he bent over, and guiltily, like a thief, he caught the ribbon that floated from Bill the Trapper's sailor hat and kissed it. Then he had turned and was shuffling away rapidly down the path, while the silver quarter still shone in Max's fingers and his eyes gazed widely after his friend. He could not know that a glow of aching self-respect was lighting the dark ways of a heart; he never guessed that, like the touch of a fairy's wand, the magic of his childhood had turned an animal to a man.

A few minutes later, to Bill the Trapper, lurking in ambush, his soul thrilled with the joy a dynamiter may know, came the sound of footsteps. His eyes stared out from the bushes like a deer's eyes from covert at the man in riding-clothes who, with unseeing gaze, marched down the asphalted way. Steadily he came, looking always sternly ahead, and Max tried to choke back the breath, coming fast between hope and fear, as the game neared the snare of the hunter. He was only twenty feet away when a snort of excitement got the better of the Trapper's breathing arrangements, but the man did not hear him. Ten feet—the swinging stride had made it six—three—snap-bang—whack—it was done! Bill the Trapper had won his spurs.

A shriek of rapture blew out from the bushes as if a safety-valve were forced open by steam, but the man did not hear. Queer. It had worked perfectly: one quick foot had stepped over the rope, had caught the edge; the catch stick had snapped out with the pull, the noose had slipped, the freed sapling had bounded up, and there was the prey with both boots five feet in air and his head and shoulders on the path. But why didn't he kick? Bill the Trapper wondered. What a stupid man to lie there as if taking a nap! Wasn't he going to gnaw himself loose, for example? It is etiquette, when caught in a trap, to try at least to gnaw one's self loose. Suddenly the situation was complicated. Rapid steps came up the path, the swish of skirts—there was a lady—running! Now what was the good of this? She dropped on her knees and caught the prostrate head in her arms.

"My dear! my dear! Are you hurt? Look at me! Larry! Please look at me—I love you! Larry, won't you open your eyes? I love you, dear!"

Bill the Trapper was disgusted. Why should loving make you open your eyes? A very foolish person. Suddenly she had laid the man's head gently on the pavement, and, springing up, was working at the knot about his feet. Max was worried. She would go and spoil everything. Couldn't she see that he ought to gnaw himself loose? But to the satisfaction of the ambushed plotter, she could not free the boot. The rope was strong, the knot drawn tight, and her fingers trembled. Her efforts only bumped the man's head slowly along the asphalt, and she stopped with a groan. As she looked down, the closed eyes opened and she knelt quickly again and lifted the helpless head.

"Larry! Do you know me—are you hurt? Larry dear!"

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But the man's eyes were fixed on his own feet, hung high in the foreground.

"Those boots! Is it me? What—" a vigorous kick resulted in a brisk lurch of the attached body, and the girl holding his head lurched with it and almost went over.

"Don't, Larry. I tried to unfasten it, but it can't be done. You'll have to bear it, dear. Only tell me——"

"Bear it!" His eyes stared at her indignantly from the pavement. "Do you think I'm going to spend my life with my feet dangling—with my head dangl—Suzanne, for heaven's sake don't twist me!" Then another perilous kick. "I can't get loose. What does it mean?"

"I don't know." The girl was half sobbing. "I only saw you—" a sound that was laughter and tears cut the sentence in two—"kick up your heels and—and they stayed up. And I ran, and you were lying—your head was lying—on the walk, and your feet were—" she turned her eyes upward, as a kneeling saint may look at an image of holiness.

The man stared up at her and in his eyes were pain, disgust, impatience; but fusing these there broke through suddenly a light, that was love.

"Suzanne," he said softly, and the swaying legs clicked together as he put his hand to her face, "you said you didn't care."

All times and all places are possible for true love, for with her sweetheart's boots swinging above her, with his head balancing precariously against her strained arms, the girl forgot for a second everything but their reconciliation. Swiftly, and somehow without upsetting, her mouth was on his, and the question in his voice was answered.

"I was horrid—unreasonable—I know it. I'll try to believe in you always. I'll remember you're not like other men and I'll never doubt you again. Only—if you'll telegraph! Oh, Larry, anyway, don't ever believe me if I say I don't love you!"

The wandering sentences made heavenly sense to the recumbent lover, and his eyes gazed up at her in a mist of happiness, while the blood rushed to his head and his legs swayed on high.

But the plot was growing uninteresting to Bill the Trapper. This man acted as if his mind was on something else—as if he didn't know he was trapped. What, for instance, was the object of kissing? It wasn't good-morning or good-night, that was plain. Bill never desired to kiss except on such occasions, though Mamma—but Mamma was exceptional. It was time that the master's hand took up the reins. Out of the bushes with a rustle stepped the *deus ex machina*, and the lovers clung, and stared at him.

"Gnaw!" ordered the Trapper. The girl flashed a puzzled glance at him.

"Run, little boy, run!" begged the man, seeing hope in this apparition. "Find a policeman; be quick!"

Bill the Trapper stood with his feet wide apart, his hands clasped behind him, and, regarding them thoughtfully, considered.

"That's not the way it happens most generally," he said, and his suggestions of eyebrows were drawn together with disapproval.

"The way what happens? What are you talking about?" demanded the man impatiently. "Don't you see I'm caught? My feet are tight in that rope. I want a policeman—I want to get loose."

"Yes, of course," assented the Trapper heartily; "but you know you ought to gnaw yourself loose. That's always the way with animals what's trapped. You'll enjoy it a great deal more if you gnaw a little."

Patrick Flannigan, Park policeman, at that moment stopped his majestic progress across the bridge to gaze down where voices ascended from the hollow. The animal that was trapped, his gaze being of necessity upward, caught the light on brass buttons adorning an expanse of chest.

"Officer! Officer there! Help!" And Max's argument was ended.

Three minutes later, as the man in riding breeches scrambled to his feet, as Patrick Flannigan sheathed carefully the big knife that had cut the rope, as the girl, half dignified, half shy, looked with shining eyes at her recovered lover, a tall fair lad, rosy-cheeked and breathless from running, stopped short on the slope of the path where, ten feet from the group, it came out from the shrubbery.

"I'd like to know who done this trick, that's all," he heard the policeman remark menacingly. The rescued victim was handling the rope curiously. Max

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turned his alert, sweet little face up to the massive guardian of the Park.

"You mean who set the trap, Officer?" he inquired proudly. "I did. It did work nicely, didn't it? I'm glad you like it." And again the happy, gratified smile flickered on his face, as he tried to hold his lips in restraint, and gazed down proudly at the ruins of his success.

There was a startled silence for a moment. Bob took a step toward his little cousin, but stopped again as the man in riding clothes spoke.

"Who are you?" he asked gently. "Who are you, my lad?"

Max looked about the circle of intent faces doubtfully, hopefully. It was a great moment. Would they feel its importance? Would they grasp the reality of Make-Believe? Would they know the intoxicating sweetness of the air one breathes in the land of May-Be? That wonderful game of "Let's Pretend," the beginning and the end of romance—would they play it fairly? His whole soul wanted this consummation of a beautiful, a successful effort. He would risk it. In grave silence they waited, these grown-ups, so hard to please, so hard to understand, and Max's hope grew in the stillness. With his legs wide apart, with his brows drawn anxiously together and the blue, innocent search-light of his gaze playing over them, with a seriousness that trembled to solemnity, he spoke.

"I'm Bill the Trapper," said Max.

A HOUSE OF MERCY

By Jennette Lee

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. TAYLOR

I

"AUNT MERCY, what are you thinking of?" The young man turned his head a little on the pillow to look inquiringly toward the door.

It was the door of Room 24 leading into the men's ward. Aunt Mercy had been standing there for five minutes, gazing intently before her into space. The serene face framed in the white muslin cap had a rapt, waiting look. It reminded the young man of a German Madonna that he had run across last summer in an old gallery corner, whose face had haunted him. "Aunt Mercy, what are you thinking about?" he repeated gently.

She turned slowly toward him, the placid look breaking into twinkles. "I was thinking I'd better turn Mr. Ketchell's mattress t'other end to, and put a bolster under the upper end. It kind of sags."

For a moment the young man on the pillow looked a little bewildered. Then he lay back and laughed till the iron bedstead rang and the men in the ward pricked up their ears and smiled in sympathy.

Aunt Mercy smiled too, stepping leisurely toward him.

"There, there," she said as she adjusted the sheet and lowered his pillow a trifle, "I dunno's I'd laugh any more 'bout that. 'Tisn't so very funny to change a mattress t'other end to."

He raised a hand and wiped the laughter from either eye. "But you looked as if you were thinking of angels and cherubims and things, Aunt Mercy."

She nodded placidly. "I gen'ally do," she responded, "but that don't hinder knowing about mattresses and bolsters. . . . I wouldn't laugh any more for a day or two if I was you. The bandages might get loose." She slipped a careless hand along his forehead, gathered up a cup and plate from the stand beside him, and slid plumply from the room.

His eyes followed her through the door, down the long ward as she stopped here and there for a word or a question. Once she raised her hand sternly at a bed and sniffed. The cap-strings bristled fiercely.

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"He's catching it," muttered the young man from the private room, "I knew he would. You can't keep a baccy pouch in the same room with Aunt Mercy." He sighed a little and glanced, without turning his head, toward the window where the spring clouds sailed and filled with swelling whiteness. A breath of freshness stole in softly. On the sill was a bowl of pansies. He lay looking at them idly. His lids fluttered and closed—and lifted again and fell shut.

Out in the ward the men were laughing and talking. Sanderson, robbed of his baccy pouch, was sullen and resentful, and the men were chaffing him. Aunt Mercy drifted through the swing door at the end of the ward. She placed the cup and plate on a dumb waiter and crossed the hall to the women's ward. A nurse met her as she came in at the door. "Mrs. Crosby is worse. Temperature a hundred and four," she said in a low voice.

Aunt Mercy nodded. She went slowly down the ward. White faces on the pillows greeted her and followed her. Aunt Mercy beamed on them. She stopped beside a young girl and bent over to speak to her. The girl's face lighted. It lost its fretted look. Aunt Mercy had told her that she was to have a chop for her dinner if she was a good girl, and that there was a robin out in the apple tree. She turned her gaunt eyes toward the window. Her face listened. Aunt Mercy went on. . . . A nurse coming in handed her a slip of paper. She glanced at it and tucked it into her dress. It was a telephone message from Dr. Carmen, asking to have the operating-room ready for an appendicitis case in ten minutes.

The girl with the gaunt eyes called to her.

"Aunt Mercy." The voice was weak and impatient.

Aunt Mercy turned slowly back. She stood by the bed, looking down with a smile.

The girl thrust an impatient hand under her cheek, "Can I hear him in here?" she demanded.

Aunt Mercy glanced toward the window. "The robin? Like enough, if he flies this way. I'll go out and chase him 'round bime-by when I get time."

The girl laughed—a low pleased laugh. Aunt Mercy's tone had drawn a picture for her: The robin, the flying cap-strings in swift pursuit, and all out-doors—birds and trees and sky. She nestled her face on her hand and smiled quietly. "I'm going to be good," she said.

Aunt Mercy looked at her with a severe twinkle. "Yes, you'll be good—till next time," she said.

The nurse by the door waited, impatient. Aunt Mercy came across the room.

"Get 15 ready. . . . Find the new nurse. . . . Send her to the operating-room. . . . Send Henry to the ambulance door. . . . Tell Miss Staunton to have things hot and put out the new ether cones. It wants fresh carbolic and plenty of sponges." The nurse sped swiftly away.

Aunt Mercy looked peacefully around. She gave one or two instructions to the ward nurse, talked a moment with one of the patients, smiled a kind of general benediction on the beds and faces and sunlit room, and went quietly out. . . . At the door of the operating-room she paused a moment and gave a slow, comfortable glance about. She changed the position of a stand and re-arranged the ether cones.

The next minute she was standing at the side door greeting Dr. Carmen. The ambulance was at the door.

"It's a bad case," he said. "Waited too long."

"Woman, I suppose," said Aunt Mercy. She was watching the men as they put the trestles in place.

"He looked at her. "How did you know?"

"They're 'most always the ones to wait. They stand the pain better'n men." She stepped one side with a quiet glance at the litter as the men bore it past. "She'll come through," she said as they followed it up the low stairway.

"I wish I felt as sure," responded Dr. Carmen.

Aunt Mercy glanced back. A man was standing at the door, his eyes following them. She looked inquiringly toward the Doctor.

"Her husband," he said. "He's going to wait."

Aunt Mercy spoke a word to a nurse who was coming down the stairs, with a motion of her hand toward the man waiting below.

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The little procession entered the operating room, and the door was shut.

II

THE man in the reception-room was waiting. He was thick-set, with dark hair and eyes and an obstinate chin. He looked up with a doubtful flash as Aunt Mercy came in.

"How is she?" he demanded. He had sprung to his feet.

Aunt Mercy descended into a creaking chair and folded her hands quietly. "Sit down, Mr. Dalton," she said, "I'm going to tell you all about it."

The words seemed to promise limitless details.

He sat down, chafing a little, and looking at her eagerly.

She smiled on him. "Hard work waiting, ain't it?" she said.

His face broke a little.

"Did she get through all right."

Aunt Mercy nodded. "Yes, she got through." She rocked a little in the big chair. "She's standin' it pretty well, considering," she added after a pause.

"Will she get well?" The question burst at her.

She looked up at him slowly—at the dark eyes and obstinate chin. "I don't know," she said. She waited a minute. "I suppose you'd rather know the truth," she asked.

"Yes,—yes."

"I thought so." The muslin strings nodded. "When my husband died they didn't let us know how sick he was. I've always thought we might 'a' saved him—between us—if we'd 'a' known. They wanted to spare my feelings." She looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes." He waited a little less impatiently. The world was a big place. Everybody died. . . . Would Edith die? . . . He looked at her imploringly.

She returned the look with one full of gentleness. "I don't see how she's going to live," she said slowly. The face under its white cap took on a trance-like look. The eyes were fixed on something unseen. She drew a quick breath. . . . "But I guess she will," she said with a tremulous laugh.

The man's lips parted.

She looked at him again. "If I was you, Mr. Dalton, I'd go home and feel pretty big and strong and well, and I'd hope pretty hard."

He looked at her, bewildered.

She was on her feet. She ran her eye over his face and person. I'd wear the cleanest, freshest clothes I could get, and I'd look so 'twould do her good just to set eyes on me."

He flushed under the two-days' growth of beard, and ran his hand awkwardly across his chin. "But they won't let me see her?" he said.

"Well, I don't know," responded Aunt Mercy. "It'll do her good—whether she sees you or not," she added energetically.

He rose with a smile, holding out his hand. "I believe you 're right," he said. "It gives me something to do, anyway, and that's worth a good deal."

"Yes, it's something to do," she responded, "and I don't suppose any of us knows just what cures folks."

"Could I see her to-morrow, perhaps?" he asked, watching her face.

She shook her head emphatically. "Not till I think best," she replied with decision.

His face fell.

"And not then," she said, "unless you're feeling pretty well and strong and happy."

He gave a little abrupt laugh. "Oh, you've fixed that all right. I sha'n't sigh—not once—in a dark room—with the lights out."

Aunt Mercy smiled serenely. "That's good." At the door she paused a moment. "I wouldn't reckon too much on seeing her," she said. "I sha'n't let anyone see her till she asks. She won't pay much attention for three-four days yet."

A peculiar look crossed the man's dark face. "That's all right," he said. "I can wait."

Outside the door he lifted his face a little to the fresh breeze. His eyes stared absently at the drifting sky. "Now, how did she know Edith wouldn't want to see me?" he said softly, "how did she find that out?"

III

EVERYTHING connected with the hospital was under the absolute control of Aunt Mercy. Each member of the white-capped corps of nurses looked to her for

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She ran her eye over his face and person.—Page 756.

direction, and the cook and the man who ran the furnace refused to take orders from anyone else. It was no unusual sight for the serene, white-framed face, with its crisp strings to appear among the pipes and elbows of the furnace-room, and leave behind it a whiff of common sense and a series of hints on the running of the hot-water boiler. Even Dr. Carmen himself never brought a patient to the House of Mercy without asking humble and solicitous permission of Aunt Mercy.

There was a current belief that the Berkeley House of Mercy belonged to Aunt Mercy herself; and I am not at all sure that Aunt Mercy did not think so—at times. The hospital had been endowed twelve years before by a rich woman in gratitude for her recovery from a painful disease. She had wished to reward the surgeon who had cured her. And when Dr. Carmen had refused any payment beyond the usual fee, she had established the Berkeley House of Mercy over which he was to have absolute control. He, in turn, had installed Aunt Mercy as matron of the

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hospital—not with the understanding that she was to have absolute control, but as being, on the whole, the most sensible and reliable woman of his acquaintance.

The result of the arrangement was as has been stated. It was not known that Aunt Mercy had ever refused him, point-blank, permission to bring a patient to the hospital. But she sometimes protested, with a shrewd twinkle in her eye, "Oh, I can't have that Miss Enderby here. She's always wanting to have her own way about things!" Then Dr. Carmen would laugh and bring the patient. Perhaps he gave her a hint beforehand. Perhaps the fame of Aunt Mercy's might had reached her. Perhaps it was the cool, firm fingers. . . . Whatever might be the reason, it is safe to say that Miss Enderby did not once have her own way from the day that she was carried into the wide doors of the House of Mercy, a sick and querulous woman, to the day when she left it with firm, quick step, and turning back at the door to fall with a sob on Aunt Mercy's neck, was met with a gentle little push and a quick flash from the white-capped face. "There, there, Miss Enderby, you run right along. There's nothin' upsets folks like sayin' good-by. You come back some day and say it when you're feeling pretty well."

IV

Aunt Mercy was thinking to-day, as she went back along the wide corridor to Room 15, that the new patient was not unlike Miss Enderby. There was the same inflexible tightening of the lips and the same contracted look of the high, level brows. The lips had not opened except for low moans, and the eyes were closed. As Aunt Mercy stood looking down at them, they fluttered softly. They opened for a moment and closed again with a dull look.

Aunt Mercy bent her head and listened to the heavy breathing. Then she spoke softly to the nurse in charge, who listened obediently and went away. It was not an unusual thing for Aunt Mercy to assume control of a case at any moment. Perhaps she was most likely to do this about three or four o'clock in the morning when all the hospital was asleep and a chill had crept into the air. The nurse in charge of a critical case would look up to find Aunt Mercy standing beside her, fresh from a cold bath, with a smile on her big, restful face and a whispered command on her lips that sent the tired nurse to bed with a clear conscience.

The patients that Aunt Mercy assumed in this peremptory fashion always recovered. Perhaps they would have recovered in any case. This is one of the things that no one knows. It may be noted, however, in passing, the patients themselves as they came into the new day, holding fast to Aunt Mercy's hand, cherished a belief that had it not been for that firm, plump hand, the new day would not have dawned for them. . . . They had no strength and no will of their own. But through the cold and the darkness, something held them; and when the spirit came creeping back with the morning, the first thing that their eyes rested on was Aunt Mercy's face.

V

The woman's eyes opened suddenly. They looked for a moment, dull and unseeing, into Aunt Mercy's. Then they fell shut. Aunt Mercy's fingers noted the pulse and passed once or twice across the high, fretted brow. Slowly a look of sleep passed over the face and the strained lines relaxed. Aunt Mercy, watching it, gave a nod of satisfaction Out in the orchard the robin sang his twilight song, slow and cool and liquid, with long pauses between, and the dusk crept into the white room, touching it.

Aunt Mercy sat passive, waiting, the eyes under her white cap glowing with a still, deep look. All the threads of life and death in the hospital gathered up and centred in the quiet figure sitting there. Not a pulse in the great building beat, or flickered and went out, that Aunt Mercy did not know it. But she sat waiting while the twilight deepened, a look of restfulness in her big face. Now and then she crooned to herself, half humming the lines of some hymn and falling silent again, watching the sleeper's breath.

The night nurse paused outside the door, and a little rush of gaslight flickered in. Aunt Mercy rose and closed the door and shifted a screen noiselessly to the foot of the bed. The long night had settled down for its sleep. And Edith Dalton's soul was

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keeping watch with death. Slowly it sank back into the grim hold . . . only a spark left, with Aunt Mercy keeping guard over it. . . . So the night passed and the day, and another night and another day . . . and the third day dawned. Edith Dalton would have said, as the spark glowed higher and blazed a little and lighted her soul, and her eyes rested on Aunt Mercy's face, that the figure sitting there had not left her side for the three days. Down through the deepest waters, where death lulled her and heaven waited, she had felt a touch on her soul, holding her, drawing her steadily back to life; and now she opened her eyes and they rested on Aunt Mercy's face and smiled a little. Then the lids fluttered together again and sleep came to the face, natural and sweet.

Aunt Mercy's eyes grew dark beneath the white cap. She touched a bell and gave the case over to the day nurse that came. "She will be all right now," she said. She spoke in the low, even voice that was not a whisper and not a tone. "Give her plenty of water. She has been very thirsty. But there is no fever. Don't call me unless there is a change. . . . Then send at once." She departed on her rounds.

No one would have guessed, as the fresh, stout figure moved in and out among the wards, that she had not slept for two nights. There was a tradition that Aunt Mercy never slept and that she was never tired. Dr. Carmen laughed at the tradition and said that Aunt Mercy slept as much as anyone, more than most people, in fact, only she did it with her eyes open—that it was only a superstition that made people think they must shut their eyes to sleep. The Hindus had a trick worth two of that. Aunt Mercy knew the trick, and she might tell other folks if she would, and save the world a lot of trouble.

But Aunt Mercy only shook her head, and smiled, and went her way. And when the fight with death came, she went with each one down into that other world, the world of sleep and faith and unconscious power, on the borderland of death, where the soul is reborn, and waited there for life. She had no theories about it, and no pride; and if she had now and then a gentle, imperious scorn of theorists and bunglers, it was only the touch of human nature that made the world love her.

VI

It was the sixth day, and Edith Dalton was doing well—that is, the wound was doing well. As for the woman, she lay with indifferent eyes looking at the white wall of her room and waiting recovery. The only time that the look in the eyes changed was when Aunt Mercy appeared in the doorway for a moment, or sat by her bed. Then it would deepen to a question and flicker toward hope.

"Doing well?" Aunt Mercy would say. "They give you good things to eat, don't they?"

The woman smiled faintly. "Yes."

"That's right. Eat and sleep. And hope don't hurt—a little of it."

"Aunt Mercy?" The voice had a sharp note. It was the tenth morning, and the invalid was resting against the pillows that had been raised on the bed.

"Yes?" Aunt Mercy turned back.

"Hasn't he been to see me—once—my husband?" There was a shamed, half-imperious note in the words.

Aunt Mercy sat down comfortably by the bed and looked at her. Then she shook her head, chidingly. . . . "I've never seen a sick person yet that wa'n't unreasonable," she said.

The woman's face relaxed. "I know," she said, apologetically, "but when one is sick the days are long."

"You told me—that was four-five days ago," said Aunt Mercy, "that you didn't want to see him or hear his name mentioned. At least, that's what I understood."

The woman was not looking at her.

"So when he's been here, time and again—three times a day, some days—I've told 'em you couldn't see anybody—not even your husband. . . . I thought that was what you wanted?"

"Yes," said the woman, faintly.

Aunt Mercy nodded. "And now you're acting hurt and keeping yourself from getting well."

The woman flushed a little. "I don't think I am."

"Yes, you are," said Aunt Mercy, comfortably. "Of course it don't make any real difference. You'll get well some time. . . . Only it seems foolish. Well, I must be going on my rounds. Keep up

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good courage." She stood up and moved toward the door.

"Aunt Mercy."

"Yes."

"You haven't time to stop a few minutes?"

"Why, yes. I've got plenty of time, if you want me. There's two operations this morning, but everything's ready."

"Two operations?" The woman's lips grew white.

"One's a man with five children. Got to lose his leg. . . . His wife's plucky. She's gone right to work earning money. But she's coming this morning to be with him for the operation. She said he'd stand it better. I guess she's right. They seem pretty close together. . . . That's the only thing I really envy in this world," said Aunt Mercy, slowly, . . . "having a husband that loves you and cares." She sat quietly watching the locust leaves outside the window. They shimmered in the light.

The woman raised a hand. "You don't understand," she said.

"Like enough not," said Aunt Mercy. "It's hard work understanding other folks' feelings. I don't more'n half understand my own. . . . I suppose you were kind of disappointed in him . . . ?"

"I don't know——" The words faltered.

"They be, mostly."

"Is everyone unhappily married?" the voice flashed at her.

"Well, I didn't say just that. But most of 'em find it different from what they expected—men being men. . . . Women are women, too. I'll have to go, now. It's time for the man, and she'll be waiting in the parlor. I told her to wait there." She rose slowly. "You don't want to see him, if he should happen to come to-day?"

"No." The lips trembled a little and closed over the word.

"All right," said Aunt Mercy, soothingly. "Take plenty of time to get well. He can wait. He's a good kind to wait, I can see that." She had drifted out.

The woman's eyes followed her eagerly with a question in them. She put up her hands to cover them. When she took them down the eyes were filled with tears and a gentle light glowed in them. "Dear old Tom," she said, softly, "he can wait."

As Aunt Mercy opened the parlor door he sprang to his feet. He was radiant with a look of courage, and his eyes glowed as he came toward her.

She shook her head, smiling a little. Then she turned to a young woman waiting by the door. She was strong and fresh and a look of purpose gleamed in her face. Aunt Mercy looked at her approvingly. Go down to Room 20, Mrs. Patton, on the left-hand side. I've told Dr. Carmen you're to be there. It's all right."

As the young woman left the room she turned to him again.

"Won't she see me?" he asked.

"Come to-morrow about ten o'clock," she said, slowly, "she'll be wanting to see you then."

"How do you know?" He reached out a hand.

"I don't know, but I seem to feel it in my bones. She's most well. . . . She's well all through."

And she left him standing there, a glad light in his eyes, while she went down the corridor to the man waiting in Room 20.

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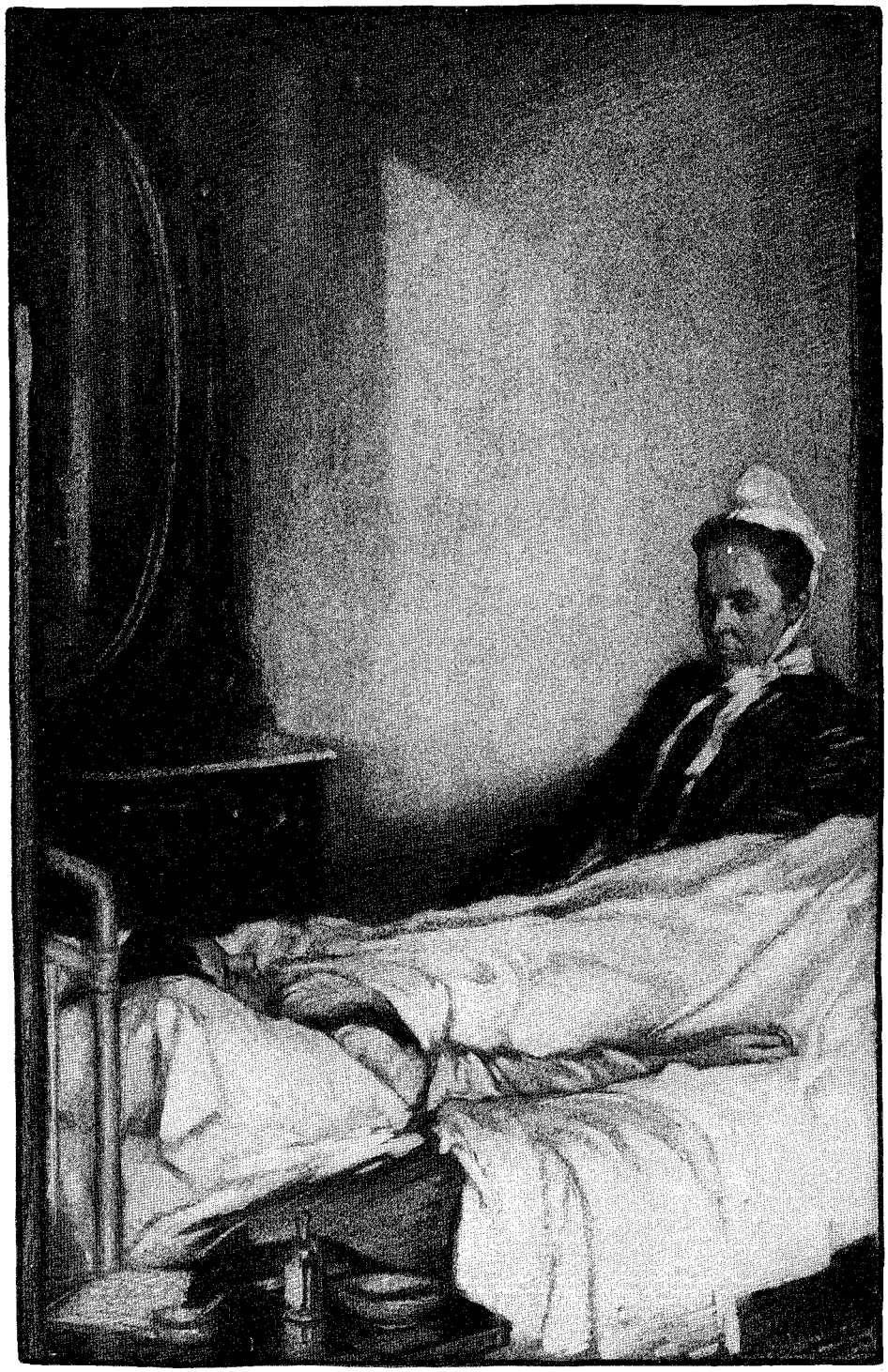

Drawn by F. W. Taylor.

She sat waiting while the twilight deepened.—Page 758.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THEY are telling us that our great wave of prosperity has about rolled by, and that nobody is likely to leave any more unexpected bags of gold on our doorstep for some time to come. They do not predict anything very dreadful—merely a return to the normal, a lull in conditions which have made us for a time a people envied for our astonishing commercial success. No doubt the crops will still grow and we shall still sell wheat and oil and cotton to our neighbors, and still wear clothes and shoes and live in houses, and eat and drink, and educate our children. A great many of us will hardly know the difference between flush times and duller times, and many of us whose incomes are fixed, will profit by the decline in prices. Still, it tries the nerves a little to be told that things seem to be on the down grade, and to see the winnings of the stock market thrown month after month to the bears.

A Grace After Meat

But there are great compensations for so much of a tumble as we have had so far, and probably for all the discipline there is in store for us. We needed discipline; needed it badly. We had so much prosperity that it was making serious trouble in the family. A newspaper that comments dolorously on the situation has declared that our good times have engendered neither rest nor content; that the increase of wealth among all classes, and the general betterment of our people, has had quite the contrary result from what might have been expected, and that instead of universal goodwill, we have universal unrest, mistrust, and hostility. There is an appearance of truth about that, for with a great treasure to divide, there has been much strife over the terms of division. Corporation has fought corporation, capital and labor have both tended, each for itself, to combine for the elimination of competition. The unions have striven to control all labor and fix the price of it and the terms on which it should be furnished. The multiplication of trusts and railroad combinations has been the sign of a like thrifty purpose on the part of the employers of labor. The trust idea, mishandled and carried to extremes, has brought woe on its victims in the stock market, and the kindred excesses of the labor trusts will quite as surely bring their punishment. And the worst of it is, that many of the victims in both cases will be personally blameless, and will atone vicariously for other people's sins. But it does not appear that the prosperous farmers of the West, who have sold crops and paid off mortgages with honest money, are suffering ill effects from the late good times. They have been less pestered with the disconcerting problems of division. They have sold their crops and got their money, paid their debts and accumulated balances, and the resulting improvement in their circumstances has probably sweetened their tempers and improved their spirits.

Happy are the farmers, in that they do not have to be organized! We have had somewhat overmuch of the organization of labor. It has long been preached to us as a panacea for tyrannies and iniquities of all sorts; and now we have got it, and it bids fair to be the most galling tyranny and the biggest iniquity of all. Organization of labor means the submission of the many workers to the leadership of the few. It means, to be sure, the rule of majorities, but often of majorities that cannot think, and are controlled and driven by a few energetic spirits. No doubt its legitimate ends are worthy and its legitimate uses vastly important. No doubt it has come to stay; but it has not come to override law, flout justice, and put shackles on arms that should be free. We seem to have been so prosperous that we could better afford to bribe than to resist. Our time has been so valuable that we could not spare enough of it to enforce the laws, and especially those laws which should protect every man in earning his bread in any honest way that suits him.

Yes, in some, in not a few particulars, we

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have been more prosperous than was good for us; and though the country is the stronger because the western mortgages are paid and the railroads reconstructed, and because we have bought back our securities from Europe, it will not hurt us if there is enough of a lull in money-making to leave us due time to attend to the pursuit of righteousness and the training of our great family.

The love of money being the root of all evil, perhaps if for a time there is somewhat less money in sight for all of us to covet, and to make the on-looking world envious of our lot, there may come to be some cessation of clashes and some timely growth of good-will. The scramble for fat purses is more intense than the scramble for lean ones. The purses our people have scrambled for have been fat. "It has been a glorious period for riches," says a newspaper, "but a disastrous one for morals;" and it adds: "The insane rush for wealth, with every scruple thrown to the winds, cannot show itself and boast itself in the stock market and in dazzling schemes of promotion, without firing the imagination and reducing the integrity of people all over the country." Its effect reaches even to the young. A schoolmaster, discussing why some boys cared little for scholarship, said the other day: "When sons of well-to-do parents see wealth no longer caring for recognition from culture, but culture paying court to riches, it is not surprising that they should attend our best schools and colleges for other than scholastic ends."

Almost all of us find money so useful, and need so urgently a little more of it than we can get, that there is always danger that speech in derogation of the pursuit of it may degenerate into cant. But it is absolutely true that the price of money may be put too high, and the pursuit of it may, under special circumstances, be far more eager than is consistent with sane living and the common welfare in the long run. And it seems virtually true that if our flush times had lasted until every American family had a forty-horse-power devil-wagon standing at its door, they would have left us all organized into predatory groups seeking what we might devour.

Let us praise the Lord, then, for His mercy in implanting in some diseases the seeds of cure; and while we diligently strive as heretofore to earn our livings honestly, and to make our incomes coextensive with our wants, let us put a part of our minds on something else than money-getting. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Seek what? Truth, fair-dealing, honesty, justice, good-will. Seek the liberty of the individual in obedience to the law. Seek a fair application of the golden rule in world politics. Seek not only to live, but to let live; not to engross, but to share; not to find a profit in another's loss, but in his welfare. There is no such thing as being beyond the reach of want. Riches and righteousness are not the same, and though some measure of riches commonly rewards righteousness, it is by no means safe to expect that righteousness will follow riches. When it doesn't, and there is riches in store and righteousness to seek, that is a state of want, pressing and grievous. That that may not be our case is for every one of us to provide, doing what he may to insure that whether riches wax or diminish, righteousness shall still abound.

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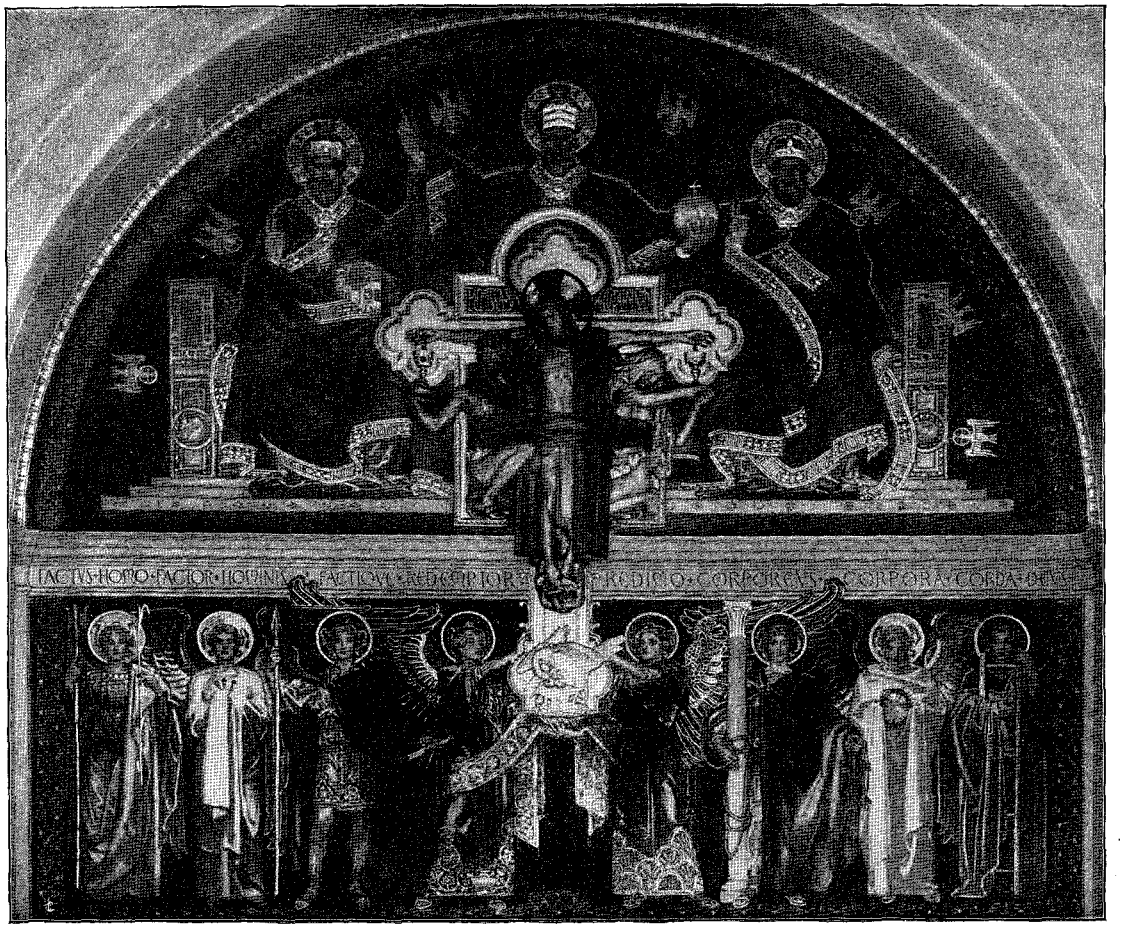

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Sargent's new wall painting (Boston Public Library).

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THE FIELD OF ART

SARGENT'S NEW WALL PAINTING

As seen by the Decorative Architect and the Portrait Painter

I

EIGHT years ago the first "decoration" by Sargent was put up in the Boston Public Library. It covers one end of the long gallery at the head of the stairs, in the third story above the sidewalk.

During the winter of 1902–3 the second decoration by this artist was put up, filling the wall at the extreme opposite end of the same gallery. This hall, which is properly named from the artist whose work is to adorn all its walls and its vaulted roof, is twenty-three feet wide and twenty-six feet high to the top of the barrel vault, and the length between the walls which enclose it on the extreme ends is eighty-four feet. The large well-hole of the main staircase occupies perhaps a quarter of the floor-space, and a heavy parapet of stone separates this opening from the solid stone floor. The walls themselves are covered below with the same gray stone, and it is above this dado that the Sargent paintings are ultimately to fill the whole surface of the wall and roof. The hall in question is not very successfully lighted. Small and unarchitectural skylights in the curve of the vault above succeed one another throughout the length of the gallery, and the result is a somewhat confused series of lightings from different points, the rays impinging upon the painted wall at very different angles, while none directly from the sky can reach the upper part of the picture, in either case. The reflection from the as yet unpainted walls and from the floor is counted on for much: and how the pictures can be seen at all when the walls are painted throughout is at present left in doubt. As things are to-day (September, 1903), on a brilliant day and with a good opera glass of no great power, a person with normal vision can see the paintings fairly well in all their parts; but it is only the lower frieze, limited at top by the chord of the vault at the height of about fourteen feet from the pavement, that can be seen as such paintings should be seen. It is so much a matter of course in the study of architectural decorations that the paintings should *not* be well lighted, that the reader is advised not to lay too much stress on the above statements of fact. Few are the important frescos of the Italian prime, fewer still are the culminating works of the Venetians on the flat ceilings of church and palace, which can be seen with such choice of relative position and such abundance of light as one would desire if a favorite picture of his own were in the course of examination.

II

THE display of painting at the north end is more complete than the newer one in that not only is the end wall covered with the decoration, but also the first and rather narrow bay of the side wall. That is to say, the flat painting of the end wall is accompanied by, and as it were framed in, the broad painted band formed by the adjoining (the northernmost) division of the barrel vault, and the corresponding panels of vertical wall space. In the newer decoration, that at the south end, the band of the roof and walls, formed by the adjoining bay, has not been painted as yet; but studies for it are in an advanced state.

Now to compare the two decorations even under these untoward conditions, it is to be noted that the more complete one—that first put into place—that which has excited so much interest and curiosity as embodying a theory of the Jewish religious belief, in which monotheism and polytheism are at odds and struggle for the mastery—is painted in the brilliant, swift, vigorous, dashing way which students of Sargent's portraits know well and would hardly fail to understand. It happens by the most fortunate circumstance that some twenty of the latest portraits by this artist were for three months

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exhibited in the Museum of Fine Arts, not five hundred feet away from the hall where these decorations had been newly placed; and one who would study the style associated so generally with Sargent's portraits, would see it still farther developed in those recent works. Still, the general character of the treatment, in the portraits and in the decoration at the north end, is the same. Consider the simplest part of the older library decoration, the Frieze of the Prophets, whose strong horizontal lines tie together the vast composition which fills the lunette and the vault above. Every one of these figures of the prophets is in a way a separate study. Each is an interesting personality, a human being in expression, in gesture, even in the wearing of the voluminous drapery which the composition required. Of course it is not a picture of subject—not a descriptive picture at all; the prophets of the frieze are not addressing one another, nothing is going on among them, they are not engaged in sympathetic or in antagonistic action. Each one appeals to or addresses the public of spectators, and therefore the conditions of mural decoration are not even in thought violated by any too great introduction of incident and narration. On the other hand, the frieze is so far lacking in unity that these figures draped in dark gray, in what passes for black, in what is assumed to be white—the gray, the black, and the white of a master of painting who gives to each hue in his art those mellow gradations which, though different from the gradations of Nature, are as attractive as hers—each figure stands by and for itself, is in a way disconnected with the other figures of the frieze. It is, indeed, a Frieze of Prophets: but anyone who supposes that it is therefore a frieze of continued or united action, like the frieze of the Parthenon, or that of Phigalia, or that of Gjölbaschi, will be mistaken. The very presence in the middle of this frieze of the magnificent Moses modelled in relief, resting his hands upon the two great Tablets of the Law, and endowed with the cherub wings which the people of Palestine evidently got from Babylonia in the origin, even as the Assyrian artists did—even that single introduction of the powerful figure named, supported as it is by the figures of Elijah and Joshua, each in a pose of vigorous action, suffices to remind the spectator of the essentially individual character of the figure subjects and the lack of a common character uniting the whole. There is of course no lack of a common character—no lack of unity—in the technical treatment of the composition.

Sargent's superb technique unites the whole composition into one splendid Painting; and if a picture like this were glorious in color, the student might ask no more. One takes a Paul Veronese wall or a Correggio cupola without too much inquiry as to the inner significance of the design. But in any work of art less favored in that supreme glory of the colorist we ask for the inward significance of the work and turn gladly from that which seems less consummate in its intellectual achievement to that which answers all requirements.

III

THIS is what the student will do who enters Sargent Hall now that both the end walls have received their decorations. He will go with the delight of a satisfied lover of mural painting from the north end to the south, from the older work to the newer, from the more informal and swift technique to the compact and severe design, the pervading harmony of thought, and the unsurpassed decorative sense, which are embodied in the newer decoration. It is impossible to go on with this discussion without the statement of that impression which it makes at first glance, during the first ten minutes of eager searching, upon the experienced student of what Europe possesses in the same class of art production. And when the student feels that the composition is suffused with thought, it is not that he cares very much for the ecclesiological way of regarding art or that he is of necessity an ardent believer in the supreme importance of religious enthusiasm to the most glorious achievements of painting. The thoughts here summoned up are those which are not the exclusive property of the devout, of believers, even of the religiously inclined. We are in front of a composition which embodies the mediæval view of Christianity. It exists for us in a thousand tomes and in hundreds of works of graphic art painted on the vellum of the codex, on the wet plaster of the Italian wall, worked in tesseræ on the vaults of Venice and Palermo, as well as in Constantinople and throughout the Byzantine East. The doctrines, and more than the doctrines, the

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point of view of the mediæval world; the conviction that the physical and visible world was of minor importance in view of the fact that the spiritual world was close at hand, believed in without dissent, accepted as an almost tangible reality, assumed to be efficacious in the daily lives of men—these convictions, otherwise inexpressible in graphic art at all, took the form of a lofty symbolism understood by all men of all degrees and, with scarcely an exception, of all the nations of Europe. Indeed, there are no symbols which would not have been readily understood in the East as in the West, except only those concerning which there was direct issue taken between the East and the West. Then indeed, as hostility blinds and deafens, so the symbol which expressed the hostile doctrine would be misunderstood and abhorred.

The photograph, page 764, is partly explicatory of the composition before us. The figures of the Saviour on the cross and of the progenitors of mankind are in very high relief, almost as if modelled in the round, and there is perhaps a certain excess in this, for the cold gray of the painted plaster limbs is in a way out of harmony with the glow of color about. The fault, if it be taken as a fault, is a slight one, and no one but an eager lover of color-harmonies would object to it. The harmony of color is there indeed. Nothing can exceed the splendid effect of the solemn blue firmament which fills the lunette and seems to grow more intense in color toward the top, upon which as upon a background are relieved the manifold reds of the drapery and the broken-up patterns of the borders and the uprights of the seat. So in the frieze of angels below: a technician in painting would say that this work is hardly "painted" in the highest sense. It is stained rather; the large surfaces of plaster are colored as if by some other process than the slow manipulation of the brush. The draperies are extremely large in their treatment, the folds never exaggerated in depth of shade or glitter in the high-lights; and this comparative flatness of treatment is emphasized by the extremely rich bordering of their robes, in tracery of a metallic appearance like embroidery in silver and in gold, and in some cases an obvious metallic affix. These rich patterns too are emphasized in a way, and their importance in the composition insisted on by the very-well-designed border which surrounds the whole lunette. It is a marvel, by the way, to see this dexterous and dashing portrait painter enjoying himself in the invention of conventional patterns wrought in the flat. The pose of the angels is altogether severe and deliberate—architectural, one is inclined to say. The figures, in short, are abstract and decorative in exactly the same way that the symbolic figures of a sixth-century mosaic, of a fifteenth-century fresco, of a sixteenth-century painting would be; and as for the technical treatment of the whole, there was never anything seen more attractive than this subduing of the swift and dexterous hand, the almost unrivalled freedom of touch, to the conditions of a mural decoration.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

IF one who is sensitive to the fine things of art, one who has kept in touch with its examples in the great ages of the past, and with its multiform expressions in the present, mounts the staircase leading to the hall in the public library, which is in the course of embellishment by Mr. Sargent, he will doubtless become conscious of a distinct sensation of satisfaction as he catches a glimpse of the latest and recently placed decoration by that painter. Although it is only half revealed in thus approaching it, this sensitive person will feel confident that he is about to confront a work that it will be of interest to study, and perhaps before he has reached the top and taken a position for the proper viewing of a panel of its dimensions, he will recognize that here is something in mural art and mural fitness that he has never before, in this country at least, been called upon to consider. For mural it certainly is, and no less surely is this sober and restrained production decorative. A constructive surface of a wall has been ornamented; a picture has not been painted here, but a thought, an idea, has here been expressed by a painter, within the limitations and in obedience to the demands of conditions previously imposed by the finished work of the architect who has preceded him. With all the restrictions that have been indicated in the paper which precedes these comments on this recent decoration by Sargent, the inadequacy of lighting, accidental reflections from sidewalls and pavements, lighting perhaps the most serious handicap, the painter has in this panel accomplished a task from which little future vicissitude can detract.

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The mind that conceived and carried out this page of decoration has without doubt anticipated the effect of the completed hall. As an instance of splendid mental detachment from the things and life of to-day, the production of this mural surface for a public hall seems, in this period of art, unexampled. This artistic abstraction is more noteworthy still when we remember it is found in a painter possessed of an almost unequalled fidelity of vision and obedience of hand in reproducing the material things of sight. This subservience, therefore, of a marvellous technical address to the requirements of another and most rigid form of art expression is one more quality that stimulates our interest in the study of this wall. To verify this intimation that Mr. Sargent has, in this instance, suppressed this skill in order to comply with the exigencies of the problem, one has only to turn to the other extremity of the hall and to compare the treatment of, let us say, the Frieze of the Prophets with that of the corresponding passage in this later work. In the earlier design the figures are swept in with much the same *bravura* touch that has always characterized the painting of Mr. Sargent's portraits; the result is real, corporeal, and physically fine; but the mind is not so satisfied with this skilful work done upon a wall, as it is when its declared purpose, as in a portrait, is to vividly represent a human being and a human character. Consequently, as a mural painting the Frieze of Prophets is less successful than this later row of angels, whose immobility and archaic treatment are in perfect keeping with the symbolic significance of the theme. And yet, it is not that Mr. Sargent has not employed the methods and the science of the present—he has made use of them, but he has subdued them. Nor has he become slavishly archaic. There is indeed little that is primitive in the splendid modelling of the pelican at the foot of the cross, nor in the sinuous manipulation of the serpent, as modern as Barye, nor in the beautifully designed borders of the various robes—these, archaic in sentiment, are, in execution, "felt" with the freedom of to-day.

Let us look at the sculptural features of this work. The cross with the framed panel back of it, which encases the crouching figures of fallen man, typified by Adam and Eve, bound to the crucified Christ by a broad band of red drapery—this cross, gilded to relieve the ornament of this human group, which it supports, dominates majestically the entire pictured surface of the wall. All the other gilded portions—borders, wings, or ornaments—lead to this centre of interest, so that its dominion and significance are supreme. And in the sculpture we remark the happy union of early elemental feeling with later craft; done with such judgment that nothing disturbs the spirit, nor the sentiment, nor the purpose of the work. The rigid and pathetic Christ and the crouching figures are modelled with knowledge, but with no obtrusive skill. It is this well-judged use of the resources of modern means which contributes so much to the nobility of the work as a whole. For there is nothing startlingly grotesque in its primitiveness, such as would stamp it a copy, or at least an attempt to revive the methods of the past. All is harmonious, all is reverent, all seems "felt" to a degree which surprises one in a work of art produced in this doubting age. The justness of feeling, then, on the part of the painter when engaged upon a theme of this nature, in conjunction with its very effective workmanship, has made of this panel one of the great treasures of our art.

The rather colossal figures forming the upper portion of the lunette, representing the Godhead, are robed in dull red bordered with gold, and relieved against a background of a noble quality of blue. The angels in the lower part of the panel, that below the string-piece, are clothed mainly in a subdued green, relieved by the same blue that exists in the upper half. These, toning in with the nimbus-crowned heads, and the prevailing incidents of gold throughout the composition, give the whole a kind of quiet splendor—Byzantine, if you will. It all seems far removed from a creation of to-day. The marvel, then, to the sensitive man is this projection upon the wall of a twentieth-century library, of a work which breathes a love of art for its own sake—a cherishing of form, a delight in pure design that recalls the training of the Guilds of Florence, and an ardor of spirit which inspired the icons of Ravenna.

FRANK FOWLER.

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